

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



VOLUME 162 NUMBER 1

JULY 1938

---

## CRASH IN THE DESERT

BY ANTOINE DE SAINT EXUPÉRY

I PAID my last visit to the Weather Bureau. Like an alchemist intent upon his crucibles, M. Viard was compiling the day's pressure charts, plotting out their elements. With my friend Lucas beside me, I watched the winds stream out across the map in long lianas spiked here and there with thorns. A large brownish-yellow chart — the color of the soil of Asia — displayed the world's depressions.

'We shan't hit that one before Monday,' I remarked.

Another tangle of wind streams writhed like some black demon spread-eagled above Norway and Russia, while a pygmy devil gyrated over Basra.

'That little chap's a nuisance,' Viard observed.

'A sandstorm?' I inquired.

I was due at Basra after dark. It was a disagreeable prospect, landing in one of those Mesopotamian sandstorms which turn the air into a yellow furnace, obliterating mountains, towns, and rivers, and blending earth and sky in one vast conflagration. The thought of plunging down across the darkness into the chaos of a world in the making, of weltering elements, dismayed me.

'No, that's not a sandstorm.'

Greatly relieved, I cast a glance around the room. The laboratory atmosphere pleased me; this place was insulated from all that was not science. As he took off his coat and hat and hung them on yonder peg, Viard had discarded, too, the outside world; on the threshold of this room, as on the threshold of a wireless operator's cabin, a hermit's cave, or an observatory, domestic and financial worries, the importunities of sentiment, lapsed into nonentity. Viard was one of those men who, between four bare walls, secluded in their cells, enter into communion with the universe.

I noticed him rubbing his palms gently together — a sign that he was pondering.

'No,' he murmured. 'That's not sand, and I'll show you why.' With his forefinger he pointed to certain other patterns on the chart. . . .

It was four in the morning when Lucas shook me into consciousness.

'Wake up! . . . This paper shows the state of the moon, d'you see? You'll have an hour or two of moonlight to-night, till ten or thereabouts. Not much, however — it's a new moon. And

*Copyright 1938, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, Mass. All rights reserved.*

there's your "sun," in G. M. T. with the local time beside it. These are your maps with the capes inked in, and here —'

'And here,' my wife broke in, 'here's your kit for Saïgon.'

A razor, one clean shirt. How good it is to travel light, almost as light as air!

It was time to set out for the airport at Le Bourget. Meanwhile, under cover of the darkness, destiny was planning its campaign, stage by gradual stage consolidating its positions. The moonlight that was due to fail at ten, those favoring winds that were to turn, were part of a concerted scheme.

At the airport it was cold and dark. The *Simoon* was rolled out of her hangar. I inspected my plane, running the back of my hand over the wings — almost a lover's caress! I had flown her eight thousand miles, and not once had the engine let me down, had a single bolt worked loose. A splendid machine she was, destined to save our lives on the coming night and marvelously outride the crash.

Friends had come to see us off. There is a family likeness about the starts of long-distance flights, an atmosphere which, once experienced, one can never do without. There is a particular thrill in everything — in the wind, in the rain-swept dawn, the low-pitched drone of the engine as it warms up, the immaculate, enameled surfaces of the great machine poised for its leap into the void. Already you have a foretaste of the far-flung glories of the route, the green and brown and yellow pageant of the maps, the rosary of sonorous names you are to tell, and all the hours that one by one will be caught up and cast behind on your long sunward progress.

There is glamour even in the little cabin where one moors the Thermos flasks, spare parts, and tiny handbags; in the fuel tanks replete with power; and, above all, in the magic instruments that glow star-scattered on their panel like a pale constellation on the night sky. One comes to love the steely glint of artificial

horizons, of gadgets built to plumb the depths of air. The little cabin is a place apart where a man can feel at home.

I took off. Despite the heavy load there was no hitch in getting clear. Nimbly I spurned Paris with a heel kick. The lights of Melun glimmered underfoot. Flying low, I picked my way between the rain squalls. I was heading for the valley of the Loire, for Nevers and Lyons. The going was heavy through the Rhine Valley. Mount Ventoux was bonneted with snow clouds. Then came Marignan and Marseilles. Everything seemed whisked away from under me, as in a dream. I was bound for a far country, so far away that these brief distances were covered before I could take stock of them.

Good work! I thought. Time's running like a millrace! There are days when, after seemingly a quarter of an hour's flight, one glances at one's wrist watch — to find five minutes gone. And there are days when, between two glances, the hands have jumped a semi-circle. To-day, thank goodness, time was streamlined! A good omen. . . .

The sea came into sight. Suddenly I grew aware that something odd was happening; a patch of mist seemed dancing round the petrol gauge on my left wing.

'Prévot!' I shouted. My mechanic bent towards me. 'Look! That's petrol vapor, is n't it? Flowing damned fast, it seems to me!'

After a look at the gauge Prévot merely shook his head.

'Better check up how much we've used,' I insisted.

It was n't time to make the turn yet; we were still on the straight hop to Tunis. Glancing round, I saw Prévot examining the second tank. Presently he came back to me.

'We've run through over two hundred litres,' he said.

Seventy litres too much — seventy litres scattered to the winds. A serious leak. I decided to turn back. We touched earth again at Marignan. Drinking a

cup of coffee, I was conscious of the minutes trickling away as blood seeps from a wound. One of the pilots of the Air-France Line accosted me.

'Where are you going? Saïgon or Madagascar?'

'Saïgon.'

'Good luck, old chap!'

The repairs were finished, tanks refilled. Without much trouble, despite the full load and some rather nasty jolts due to the sodden ground, I took off rapidly.

Before me lay the sea.

At once I ran into low-lying clouds, and came down to sixty feet. Rain squalls blustered against the wind screen; the waves were capped with spindrift. I strained my eyes to see ahead and avoid collision with the mast of some tall ship. Prévot lit a cigarette for me.

'The coffee, please.'

He vanished into the stern of the cockpit and came back with the flask. I took a drink. From time to time I flicked the throttle to keep her at exactly 2100 revolutions. Now and again I ran my eyes over the instrument panel and reviewed my troops. One and all were in good order; each dial hand was where it should be. Glancing down, I saw the sea bubbling like a seething cauldron under the downpour. Were I the pilot of a seaplane, I'd have cursed the bumpy seas; for us, however, a sea 'landing,' rough or smooth, was out of the question. Oddly enough that knowledge gave me an absurd sense of safety. The sea lay clean outside my world; a breakdown here could simply be ruled out, need not be reckoned with at all. My *Simoon* was no amphibian.

After an hour and a half the rain eased off. The clouds still hung very low, but sunlight, like a genial smile, was breaking through them. I was enthralled by this rehearsal of a sunny day. A film of snow-white vapor floated still above my head, but now I gauged its thinness. I swerved aside to dodge a squall; no longer need I drive straight through it.

And there — there surely was the first rift in the cloud bank.

I guessed its imminence before it caught my eyes; just in front, upon the waves, glimmered a long avenue green as a water meadow, an oasis of verdure. It brought to my mind one of those lush barley fields of South Morocco, which always had enchanted me when I came homing back from Senegal, after two thousand miles of flight above the desert. Now, too, I had an impression of entering a habitable tract, and my heart grew light. I threw a backward glance at Prévot, and shouted: —

'We're through the muck! That's fine!'

'Fine!' he echoed.

No acrobatic feats would now be needed when brusquely Sardinia hove into view. We should not sight it looming up some fifty yards ahead, like a tall derelict; the island would emerge slowly, sedately, in a sheen of broken lights.

So now at last we entered the kingdom of the sun. I was loafing — there is no better word for it — loafing along at 150 miles an hour.

I lit my cigarettes slowly, sipped my coffee slowly, keeping meanwhile a fatherly, protective eye on my large family of flying gadgets. Indeed, what with the sunbeams and the shining clouds, the flight seemed tranquil as a Sunday afternoon promenade *en famille*. The sea was checkered, like a French countryside, with strips of blue and violet and green. Here and there, at the edge of a rain squall, it broke into flowers of white spray. Once again I realized that the sea is anything but monotonous; its surface is continually changing. A gust of wind mantles it with light, or strips it bare.

'Look!'

I showed Prévot the Sardinian coast line, which we should follow on our journey south. Sitting beside me, he gazed frowningly at the mountains casting off their shrouds of mist. As the clouds were blown away the island showed its profile, all in obtuse angles.

We had won height and were flying at 4500 feet. I coasted past the villages that dot the foreshore. A welcome change from the sea spaces, flower-strewn yet desolate. For a while I hugged the smiling, mothering coast; then, breaking away, I headed south, for Tunis.

Bizerta welcomed us to Africa. Already I had begun to descend, for here I could dispense with altitude — the pilot's nest egg, so to speak, his standby in adversity. When it becomes unneeded, he does not squander it, but barter it for another form of wealth. A quarter of an hour before landing he sets the controls for the descent, retards the engine just enough to prevent it from racing, and the speedometer jumps from 150 to 200 miles per hour. At that speed, light eddies of the evening air drum lightly on the wings, and you seem planing down across a mass of limpid crystal, of air so softly tremulous that even a swallow's passage jars it like a gunshot.

Now we had run out of altitude and were following the undulations of the foothills; I made the airport at the level of hangars and touched earth.

While the tanks were filling I signed papers and shook friendly hands. Then, just as I stepped forth from the airport offices, I heard a sinister thud — one of those muffled impacts that signify so much. A sound without an echo, self-contained, pregnant with fatality. No sooner had I heard it than I remembered having heard once before just such another noise, the noise of an explosion in a garage. That hoarse grunt had announced two men's death. I glanced towards the road running beside the landing ground. A puff of smoking dust was rising where two racing cars had crashed head-on, wrenched out of speed into a frozen immobility. People were running towards the wreckage; others in our direction, shouting.

'Telephone . . . A doctor, quick. His head is . . .'

And suddenly my heart sank. Here, in the quiet evening light, fate had

brought off one of its ugly *coups*. Beauty had been ravaged; a life, a consciousness, wiped out. I recalled an experience in the desert. Thus the marauders had come their stealthy way, on soundless feet padding across the sands; then suddenly upon our camp had fallen the shrill tumult of a *razzia*. A moment later all had sunk back again into a golden calm. Here now was the same hush, an ominous silence. Someone beside me began to talk excitedly of a broken skull. But I had no mind to hear about that lifeless, bloodstained forehead; turning my back on the motor road, I strode back to my plane, my mind dark with foreboding. Yet again that day, and very soon, I was to hear it, that muffled sound of impact, as the *Simoon* crashed into the stony rubble at 160 miles an hour, the snarl of fate keeping its grim appointment.

I set my course for Benghazi.

## II

We had only two hours' daylight left. I had taken off my glare glasses as we reached the Tripoli frontier. The sand was turning gold. Once more it flashed on me how empty is this planet of ours; surely its rivers, woods, and human habitations are mere happy flukes of Nature, due to chance coincidence! How vast a portion of our globe is barren rock and sand!

Yet, I reflected, in reality these things are no concern of mine; my world is the realm of flight. Here, from my vantage point, I can watch the slow advance of night, the shadows closing in around me like the hallowed twilight of a shrine — a sanctuary where, by grace of occult rites, the worshiper is plunged in an inviolable meditation. All the world profane that lies about me is fading out, soon to vanish utterly. Pale yellow light still bathes the plains, yet something imperceptible is passing from it.

Nothing on earth is comparable with an aerial nightfall; all who have felt the



magic ecstasy of flight will bear me out. I am not thinking of such as reckon flying merely one of many pastimes for an empty hour. I have in mind those pilots who have devoted their lives to aviation, given up so many things at its behest. Men like the pilot Mermoz, who once said to me: 'There's nothing like it, even if it beats you in the end!' Nothing like it — yet *why* it's hard to say. That experience of a gradual ascent from essentials to essentials is, perhaps, shared by the novice entering a monastic order; by slow degrees he learns to forgo the world, to spurn the quest of riches, to renounce even love. To find, maybe, the God behind the veil.

I, too, am forsaking something at this moment, those golden plains that, did my engine fail, would have befriended me. I am relinquishing the landmarks that might have given me my bearings; renouncing, too, the outline of the mountains etching their danger signals on the blue. I am entering the night — a navigator steering only by the stars.

The world of light dies a slow death. Little by little the beacon of the day burns out, while earth and sky grow indistinguishable. The earth seems to be streaming up into the air and mingling with it, like a mist. The earliest stars are shimmering as if they shone across green depths of water; many hours will pass before they change to clean-cut diamonds; many hours, too, before the shooting stars begin their aerial frolics. Some nights I have seen so many trails of falling fire that one might have fancied a great gale was blowing overhead amongst the stars.

Prévot tested the fixed lights and emergency lamps. We wrapped the bulbs in tissue paper.

'How about another layer round that one?'

After adding it he touched a switch; the light was still too bright. As on a photographic plate, it would fog the pale aspect of the outer world, effacing the faint gleams that sometimes, even in the

darkest nights, still linger on the surfaces of things. Night had fallen, but not completely yet; a crescent moon still hung on the horizon. Prévot dived into the recesses of the plane and came back with a sandwich. I nibbled a grape. I was n't hungry; neither hungry nor thirsty. Nor was I tired at all; I felt as if I could carry on for ten days, for a decade if need be.

The moon had set. In the black night Benghazi was invisible, crouching in a pit of darkness so intense as to be haloless. I located the town only when I was just above it. While I was groping for the aerodrome, the red ground lights lit up, framing a black rectangle. I banked. A searchlight, aimed at the zenith, shot up straight as the jet from a fireman's hose; then pivoted, and traced a golden causeway across the landing ground. I circled once again so as to have a clear view of obstacles, then let my engine idle and, like a diver plunging into a sombre lake, planed down through the darkness.

It was 11 P.M., local time, when I landed at Benghazi, full of admiration for its night equipment. As I taxied over to the light tower, officers and men — surely the world's most courteous soldiery! — streamed out of the shadows and crossed the zone of light, seen and unseen by turns. Our identity papers were rapidly checked while the tanks were filling. Twenty minutes sufficed for all formalities — I was charmed by such solicitude.

'Do a circle above our heads once you're up,' one of the officers requested, 'so as to let us know you've made a good take-off.'

I rolled along the golden avenue towards an open gap. Even with an overload of fuel the *Simoon* was off the ground before I'd reached the limit of the field. At first the following searchlight handicapped my turn; then, realizing evidently that it blinded me, they swung it aside. I turned at once, and zoomed; the flail of light just brushed my forehead, then quickly swerved into

another quadrant. I shall not soon forget that tactful handling of the searchlight, its friendly send-off as I headed east across the desert.

The weather reports from Paris, Tunis, and Benghazi announced a following wind, velocity 25 miles per hour; I reckoned on a flying speed of about 190 miles an hour. I set my course on the middle of a straight line drawn between Cairo and Alexandria. Thus I would skirt the 'forbidden' zone along the coast and, allowing for a margin of drift, would probably pick up the lights of one or another of these cities to port or starboard. Failing these, I could not miss the lights of the Nile Valley. If the wind velocity kept constant, we had three-and-twenty minutes' flight before us; some twenty-five minutes more if it declined. Six hundred and forty miles of desert lay ahead.

Now there was no moon to help us; the air seemed brimming over with a flood of darkness. No light of any kind, no landmarks would be visible along our route. Moreover, as the *Simoona* was not equipped with wireless, we were cut off from human guidance till we reached the Nile. Riveting my eyes on the Sperry gyroscope, I paid no heed to anything but the thick filament of phosphorescence that slowly, rhythmically, ebbed and flowed on the dark dial of the instrument. Whenever Prévot shifted his position I gently brought our centre of gravity back to plumb.

We rose to six thousand feet; at that height, according to the weather reports, the wind was favorable. Sometimes I switched a lamp on so as to read such of the instruments as had not luminous hands or dials. Most of the time, however, I sat in pitch-darkness, watching the tiny stellar system on my instrument panel glimmering with a mineral radiance mysterious and inexhaustible as the stars'. I felt like an astronomer, a studious, single-minded savant, poring over a celestial chart — the twinkling constellation of my flying instruments. Nothing was here that might distract my

mind; the outside world had passed away. And now that Prévot, for all his efforts, was dozing off, my solitude was all the more delectable. Contentedly I listened to the gentle drone of my sturdy little motor, my eyes fixed on the tranquil starlight, my private firmament serenely shining.

Sleep, it seemed, I could dispense with. If this mood of calm well-being persisted over the following night I need not halt again upon my way to Saïgon. Indeed the flight impressed me now as relatively short — now that Benghazi, the only tricky landing on the route, had doused its lights and settled down behind the dark horizon to the shuttered sleep of night-bound cities.

Meanwhile my mind was active. We had no moonlight to assist us, no radio. No link, not the frailest, would connect us with the world of men until we breasted the ribbon of lights along the Nile. Out of touch with everything! Yet, for all that, I felt no anxiety. If my engine began to splutter I should be no more startled than if my heart should miss a beat. My thoughts drifted back to Sabathier, the white-haired engineer with the young, sparkling eyes. I failed to see what distinction could be drawn, in respect of human values, between such a career as his and that of a great painter, a composer's, or a poet's. I visualized those hands of his, a watchmaker's hands, which had shaped this wonder of mechanical precision. How likable they are, men who have labored much, and lovingly!

'Can't I make this modification?' I had asked.

'I don't advise you to.'

Our last words together echoed in my memory. He did n't advise me to — that settled it! Like a doctor's opinion; and, when a doctor has that look in his eyes, you trust him without demur. It was Sabathier's handiwork that held us up, enabled us to ride the black abyss below. We were crossing the dark valley of a fairy tale, the supreme test of the

hero's courage. Here, too, no help was to be hoped for, no pardon for a blunder. We were on the knees of the gods.

A ray of light was filtering through a chink in the electric standard. I woke Prévot and asked him to extinguish it. After some bear-like scrabbling and snorting in the darkness he came forward and busied himself with a mysterious contraption of handkerchiefs and black paper. At last the light was gone — and a good riddance from my world of shadows! Its blatancy had clashed with the pale, ethereal glimmer of the radium, as the glare of a cabaret offends the starlight. But, worst of all, it had dazzled me, killed all other radiance. To myself I said: Another symbol. . . .

Three hours had passed. Suddenly, on my right, a bright glow caught my eyes. I stared at it incredulously. A streamer of light seemed hooked on to the lamp at the wing tip, which till now had been invisible. It shone with a fitful fluorescence, now brilliant, now subdued. I was entering a cloud, and the wing light was reflected on it. Nearing my landmarks, I'd have preferred a cloudless sky. Gradually the light grew steady and blossomed out in pinkish petals, like a bouquet of bright flowers pinned to the fabric, lighting up the surface of the wing. Great eddies heaved us to and fro. We were flying through the heart of a cloud bank whose depth I could not gauge. I rose to six thousand feet without coming clear. I dived down to three hundred; still the pink glow clung to the wing, growing steadily brighter.

Well, there was nothing for it but to carry on. Once we were through the murk, we'd see. Yet it worried me, that evil glow, like the lamp outside a tavern of ill fame.

I tried to figure out the situation. 'It's rough going hereabouts, but that was to be expected; even flying high, in a clear sky, we've had eddies all the way. The wind has n't dropped; we must be doing over 180 miles an hour. But really I've nothing definite to go on; I'll try to

find my bearings when we're through the cloud.'

We flew out of it. The pink flowers vanished like a wraith. That gave me my lead. Looking ahead, I saw, as far as it is possible to see the void, a narrow rift of open air and the next cloud bank looming, like a wall, ahead. The pink bouquet lit up again.

I could only count on a few seconds' respite, here and there, from the pea-soup vapor. After three and a half hours' flight I began to feel bewildered. If my reckoning was correct we should be near the Nile. With luck I might be able to spot it across the rifts, but they were few and far between. I dared not come down yet; if I'd overestimated our speed we were still flying over high land.

I still felt no anxiety. My only fear was that time might presently be wasted. But I set a limit to my peace of mind: four and a quarter hours' flight; thereafter, even assuming there was no wind (which was unlikely), I should certainly have overshot the Nile.

As I reached the fringes of the cloud bank, the pink bouquet flashed off and on, like a revolving light, at ever shorter intervals. Suddenly it died out. I had no relish for these dot-and-dash confabulations with the powers of darkness.

A green star, flashing like a lighthouse, lit up ahead. Was it a lighthouse or a star? I wondered. I felt no better liking for this phantom light, like a false Star of Bethlehem, risen in the East and luring us, it might be, to disaster.

Prévot, who had just awakened, switched his torch on to the engine dials; I waved him away, him and his light. We were in a gap between two clouds, and I must make the most of every chance to see below. Prévot dozed off again. I could see nothing.

We had now been four hours and five minutes in the air. Prévot came and sat beside me.

'We can't be far from Cairo now,' he remarked.

'Obviously.'

'Is it a star, that light ahead — or is it a lighthouse?'

I had slowed down the engine a little. Prévot, sensitive to the least alteration in a motor's rhythm, had doubtless been awakened by the change. I began a gradual descent, so as to glide below the mass of cumulus.

Meanwhile I had been studying my maps; there could be no doubt that we had reached the region of zero elevation above sea level, so I had nothing to fear in coming down. I continued the descent, heading north, for thus I hoped to catch a glimpse of lighted towns across my windows. It was certain we had overshot the Nile cities, but I expected them to show up on our left. We had come down below the cloud and were skirting the edge of another low-hanging cloud bank on our left. Turning a little, I headed north-northeast, to keep clear of its meshes.

This second cloud bank hung even lower than the first, blotting out the horizon. I dared not lose any more altitude; true, the altimeter registered 1200 feet, but I had no idea of the atmospheric pressure in these parts.

'We'll carry on like this till we reach the sea,' I shouted in Prévot's ear. 'Then I'll come right down. I don't want to risk a crash.'

As a matter of fact, for all I knew we were already above the sea; it depended on our driftage. Under the cloud bank the visibility was absolutely nil. Like a man crouching over a dead fire, raking the embers vainly to retrieve the flame of life in their recesses, I pressed my eyes against the window trying to discern a light, a signal of man's presence in the darkness.

'There's a lighthouse!'

Both of us noticed it in the same moment — a revolving light. What madness had come over us to see just there, just then, that phantom lighthouse, figment of the night? At the very instant Prévot and I bent down to see if

we could locate it again 900 feet below our wings, at that precise moment . . .

'Ah!'

That, I believe, was all I said. And all I felt was a terrific impact that rocked our world to its foundations. We had crashed into the ground at 160 miles an hour.

For a split second, as far as I recall, my mind was tense with expectation of a blinding flash of violet light, the star burst of the explosion when, together, we went up in flames. Yet neither Prévot nor I felt the least emotion. All I discovered in myself was that feeling of suspense, heightened to the breaking point, the vision of that bursting star.

But the violet star, the flames, did not materialize. Instead there was a sort of earthquake which wrecked the cabin, wrenched out windows, and sent sheets of metal hurtling into space a hundred yards around us. I felt its din go roaring down to the pit of my stomach, while the whole machine quivered like a knife blade launched from a great height into a block of wood. A savage, elemental force was kneading our bodies into a pulp. It went on for a second, for two seconds — would it never end? Breathlessly I waited for the forces pent within the plane to shatter it like a bursting bomb. But still the subterranean shocks continued, without leading to the final cataclysm.

I was completely baffled by the unseen forces at work; I could make nothing of the incessant quaking, the malevolence that mauled us — and our incredible reprieve. Five seconds passed, six seconds. Then suddenly we felt a spinning movement, a shock that jerked our cigarettes out of the windows and splintered the right wing. Then — a great silence, frozen immobility.

'Jump!' I cried to Prévot, who at the selfsame moment shouted, 'Fire!'

In a flash we had vaulted through the wreckage of a window and put some sixty feet between us and the plane.

'Not hurt?' I asked Prévot.



'Not a scratch,' he replied; but I saw him rubbing his knee.

'Feel your body all over,' I suggested. 'Move about a bit. Quite sure there are no bones broken?'

'It's nothing, really, only that damned spare pump . . .'

I quite expected to see him fall headlong, split in two from head to navel! 'That . . . pump!' he repeated, his eyes fixed in a glassy stare. Off his head! I thought. Next thing he'll be dancing a jig!

At last he took his eyes off the wrecked plane, now that the risk of fire was definitely over.

'It's nothing to speak of,' he said. 'The spare pump got me in the knee, that's all.'

### III

We had escaped by a miracle. By the light of my electric torch I retraced the tracks our plane had made along the ground. Two hundred and fifty yards back from the place where it had come to rest, scraps of twisted steel and metal plates littered the soil. It was not till daybreak that I discovered our actual point of impact; we had hit at a steep angle the summit of a little plateau slightly higher than the surrounding desert. Here the sand was deeply scored, as by a ploughshare. Luckily the plane had not capsized, but dragged its belly along the ground. Our tracks might have been made by some infuriated reptile lashing out with its tail — a reptile traveling at 160 miles an hour! Hereabouts the surface of the desert was strewn with round black stones, to which presumably we owed our lives; rolling freely on the sand, they had acted as ball bearings. The air must have been thick with them as we shot ahead.

Prévot switched off the accumulators, to guard against a belated outbreak of fire due to a short circuit. Leaning on the engine, I tried to figure out our position; for four hours and a quarter we had been flying in thirty-mile wind, —

the air high up had certainly been bumpy, — but it might well have veered after the forecast; there was no knowing. The nearest I could get to our position was that we were somewhere in a square each side of which extended 250 miles.

Prévot came up and sat beside me. 'It's a marvel we're alive,' he said.

I made no reply; I was feeling far from cheerful. An idea, trivial but rather tiresome, was worming its way into my mind.

After telling Prévot to keep his lamp on so as to guide me back, I began walking forward, carefully examining the ground with my electric torch. I advanced in a wide semicircle, deviating now and then in various directions. All the time I kept my eyes fixed on the soil, like a man hunting for a jewel he has dropped, and as a little while before I had eye-raked the darkness for a gleam of light. 'So that's it — just as I expected,' I murmured to myself as I slowly walked back to the plane. Sitting beside the cockpit, I thought things out. I'd been looking for some reason to hope, and failed to find it; hunting for some sign of life, but life had shown no sign.

'Prévot, I have n't found a single blade of grass.'

He said nothing — had he understood? Well, we could come back to the subject when the curtain rose, at dawn. Meanwhile all I felt was a great weariness. Lost in the desert, with a 250-mile margin of error — here was food for thought! Suddenly I leapt to my feet.

'How about the water?'

Our water tanks and fuel tanks had caved in. Gone, too, was our reserve of drinking water — soaked into the sand. All that remained was a pint or so of coffee in a battered Thermos flask, half a pint of white wine in another. After filtering these liquids we mixed them together. There were a few grapes and an orange. 'Barely enough,' I thought, 'to see us through five hours' parch across the desert under the sun.'

We moved into the cabin, there to



await the dawn. Hoping to sleep, I stretched myself full length on the floor. But once again, before my eyes closed, I took stock of the situation. We had practically no notion of our whereabouts; less than a quart of liquid to share between us. Supposing this place lay somewhere on the straight line Benghazi-Cairo, we should be discovered in a week or so — that was the earliest we could reckon on, and that would be too late. If we'd drifted off our course it might be a matter of six months. No use counting on our fellow airmen — they would have some two thousand miles to cover in their search.

'Yes, that was a damned pity,' Prévot suddenly observed.

'What was?'

'With a little luck we'd have got it over in the crash!'

But it was far too early to throw up the sponge; we pulled ourselves together. After all there was a chance — a slender one, but not to be ignored — that by some miracle an airplane might turn up in the nick of time. Then again, there might be an oasis near by; we could n't afford to stand pat by the wreck. We decided to keep moving throughout the next day, returning to the plane at nightfall. Before starting we would write out our programme in capital letters on the sand.

Curling myself into a ball, I settled down to sleep. The prospect of a few hours' rest delighted me. But, in my exhaustion, a horde of unseen presences seemed thronging round me; the desert was astir with them. And in my half-sleep phantom voices buzzed in my ears, whispering confidences, recalling long-lost memories. Still I was not thirsty yet; I felt quite well, and could embark on sleep as on a pleasant voyage. In dreams realities take second place. . . .

But what a change came with the daylight! Before this I had often slept out in the Sahara, in the unpacified tracts, and had greatly liked that desert. Then I had awakened to see a vast expanse of

golden sand, fretted into ripples by the wind waves. And, sleeping under my wing, I had tranquilly awaited rescue. But our present plight was all too different. . . .

We made our way along the slopes of rolling dunes. Everywhere the sand was coated with a layer of bright black pebbles that looked like flakes of metal; the dunes seemed clad in burnished coats-of-mail. We had crashed upon a mineral world; hills of iron hemmed us in.

Once we had scaled the nearest summit, another dome exactly like it showed up, black and shining, in the offing. As we walked we dragged our feet along the ground so as to leave a well-marked trail, for the return journey. We headed towards the rising sun. Logically, this was the last direction we should have taken; all the available data, weather reports, and the duration of our flight, led us to think that we had crossed the Nile. But I had already made a short reconnaissance to the west, and had felt a vague, inexplicable foreboding. So I let the west stand over for to-day. And, though the sea lay to the north, I had decided against that direction, too.

Even three days later when, driven by thirst, we resolved to abandon the wrecked plane for good and to walk straight ahead until we dropped, it was once more towards the east that we set forth — or, more precisely, east-north-east. That, too, was quite irrational, logically hopeless. Nevertheless, after the rescue we were to learn that no alternative direction would have saved us; had we set out northwards, our strength would have given out before we reached the sea. Absurd as it may seem, I now think that my choice fell on the east simply because a similar decision had saved my friend, the pilot Guillaume, in the Andes, where I had gone in quest of him. And, by some obscure process, I had come to look on this direction as the way to life.

After we had walked five hours the landscape changed. We came to a valley

through which a river of sand seemed flowing. We ploughed our way along the valley, taking long strides, for we had to cover as much ground as possible, returning before night if we discovered nothing. Suddenly I stopped.

‘Prévot!’

‘What’s up?’

‘The trail!’

How long had we been forgetting to mark the trail? If we could n’t pick it up again we were done for!

We turned back, deviating slightly to the right. Our plan was, when we had gone far enough, to turn left at a right angle so as to intersect our earlier tracks at a point where we still were marking them.

Once we had restored the broken links, we started off again. The temperature was rising, the desert shimmering with mirage. But so far the mirages were vague and inchoate. Vast lakes took form and vanished as we neared them. We decided to cross the valley of sand and climb the highest dune, so as to have an open view. We had been six hours afoot and, judging by our stride, must have covered over twenty miles. When we had reached the summit of the black dome of sand, we sat down in silence.

Below us the sandy valley debouched on a pebbleless expanse of sand ablaze with dazzling light that seared our eyes. On every hand was empty desert. Only, on the horizon, under the play of distant light, the mirages were taking on stranger, more perplexing forms — fortresses and minarets, elaborate structures all in vertical lines. There was also a large black patch that looked like vegetation; but above it hung the last of the clouds that had dissolved into the sunlight and would return at nightfall. The dark patch was only a cloud shadow.

To carry on was futile; it would have led nowhere. We decided to go back to our plane, whose red-and-white landmark, if things went well, might be located by an airman. Though in fact I staked little expectation on the coming

of a rescue party, it seemed our only hope. In any case we had left our last drops of water there, and both of us were desperately thirsty. If we were to survive we must return. We were cooped within an iron circle, the brief autonomy of our thirst.

But it was hard to turn back when, it might be, we were on the way to — life! Perhaps, beyond those mirages, the horizon held inestimable treasures — fields and streams of cool, clear water. Obviously it was wiser to return. Yet, as we made that hateful movement of retreat, I had an intuition of disaster.

We had tramped thirty-six miles in the day. Now we were lying beside the plane. The last drop of liquid was exhausted. Nothing had come of the day’s exploration, and no plane had passed this way. How long could we hold out? Already we were suffering terribly from thirst.

We had piled up fragments of the broken wing, had petrol ready and aluminium plates, which burn with a fierce white flame. Now we waited till the darkness was complete before lighting our fire. Would there be anyone to see it? . . .

The flames rose high. In religious silence we watched our beacon lighting up the desert, launching its mute appeal in waves of silver fire. Those flames, I thought, are not only a signal of despair, but a message, too, of human solidarity, of love. We were trying to renew contact with our kind, not merely have them quench our thirst. If only another fire would blaze up in the desert; for only men make fires — let them give answer!

A vision haunted my imagination — of my wife’s eyes under the halo of a wide-brimmed hat. Of her face I could see nothing else; only the eyes, insistent, questioning eyes. And I answered them, answered with all my might, launching my fervor through the darkness like a flame. . . .

I had done my utmost; we both had done our best — thirty-six miles on foot

almost without a drop to drink. Now there was no water left. Were we to blame if we could hold out no longer? I suppose we might have gone on sucking the nipples of our water bottles, like well-conducted infants. But the moment I sniffed the bottom of my tin mug, a mechanism ran down inside me. After the final sip I lost foothold. Time, the river, was bearing me away — how could I stem its course? . . . I saw a tear on Prévot's cheek; to hearten him I tapped him on the shoulder, saying: —

'Well, old chap, if we're in for it, we're in for it!'

'Do you imagine,' he retorted, 'that it's for myself I'm crying?'

Indeed, already I had found out for myself a fundamental axiom: that nothing is unbearable. Next day, and on the following day, I was to test and verify its certitude. I had never quite believed in torture; long ago, reading Poe's tales of horror, I had doubted its efficacy. On one occasion I had all but drowned in the cabin of my plane, yet I had not suffered much. And when, on other occasions, it had seemed that I was in for it, I had never looked on my extinction as a major tragedy. Now too, it seemed, I should feel little or no distress — a paradox the coming day was to confirm. And I realized that, our balefire notwithstanding, I'd quite given up expecting anyone on earth to heed our S O S.

'Do you imagine it's for myself?'

'Prévot's right,' I thought. 'That's what's so damnable about it. Every time those pleading eyes meet mine, it is as if a flame had touched me; I feel an impulse to spring up and rush straight

forward. Beyond that dark horizon a ship is sinking; they are launching signals of distress.'

How curious this reversal of the rôles — but I had always suspected it was thus! Still, to make quite certain, I had needed Prévot. Prévot was a level-headed young man, and he loved life. Yet, no more than I would Prévot, facing death, experience that shrinking horror on which so many writers have expatiated. But there was something neither he nor I could bear to contemplate.

To fall asleep, whether for a night or for eternity — I could face either with an equal mind. Once asleep, how tell the difference? And then . . . what peace is in eternity! But when I thought of what would happen yonder, those cries of desolation mounting like a flame — no, that I could not face. I dared not accept disaster with folded arms. My loved ones were dying by inches, with every second's silence. A blind rage surged up in me — resentment of the chains withholding us from going to the help of those poor drowning folk. Why could not our beacon flash its message to the ends of earth? 'Be patient, friends. . . . We are on our way to rescue you!'

The aluminium had burnt out, the fire was glowing red. Only a pile of embers remained, over which we crouched to warm ourselves. Our luminous appeal had spent itself — what response had it evoked anywhere on earth? Only too well I knew that it had failed, like an unheard prayer, launched into the void and lost. . . .

'So that's that,' I murmured. 'Let's turn in now.'

*(To be concluded)*

# HOW PEACE CAME TO TOLEDO

BY EDWARD F. McGRADY

[THE controversy of which the National Labor Relations Board has been the storm centre would be considerably less bitter if the public fully realized the scope of the Wagner Act. It has recently been suggested that the title of the statute should be altered to read 'An act to guarantee the civil liberties of employees in interstate commerce,' for it is with the rights of employees alone that this legislation is concerned. The interests of employers are ignored; and, what is most important, the public is left without protection. How these larger questions of a national labor policy may be answered is suggested by Mr. McGrady's case study of the plan he originated at Toledo. — THE EDITORS]

## I

**D**o you remember the shrieking newspaper headlines a few years ago under Toledo date lines? Strikes, lock-outs, rioting, and mobilization of National Guardsmen appeared to be the only news about Toledo that was printed. It almost seemed as if the city at the western end of Lake Erie were on the verge of a revolution.

Well, to judge by what has happened in Toledo in the last two and a half years, there has been something like a revolution — but a peaceful one. Labor and management are no longer at each other's throats. Instead of giving an exhibition of the terrible costs of intolerance and misunderstanding, they are showing us what can be done by patient

and tactful consideration of each other's problems.

Perhaps Toledo's industrial outbreaks were necessary; I don't know. Yet I hate to think that any dispute between employers and employees cannot be settled by people putting their feet under the mahogany — or on top of it — and talking their problems out in man-to-man fashion.

I don't mean that Toledo's troubles were inevitable; but they must be considered in the light of some of the things that had been happening in that community before the spark was finally set off and the whole thing crashed out in the newspapers.

When a mob makes a frontal attack upon a plant, as happened in one bloody Toledo strike, there's a reason for it. Men don't turn into wild beasts overnight without some provocation.

What happened on that fateful night in 1934 at the Auto-Lite Company's plant cannot be condoned, but it can be explained. How? Very simply. By the attitude of some of the workers towards some of the men who ran the city's industries, banks, and its government.

Figure it out for yourself: a city of 300,000 men and women, people with money in the bank; many working in auto-parts plants feeding the Detroit assembly lines, others tending the glass-making machines or working in metal-products factories. Along came the depression, and with it part-time work — then total unemployment. One June day in 1931, Toledo awoke to find one of

the big banks closed. This institution had many workingmen's deposits. There followed a mad run on the other banks; soon three of them were shut tight as a drum.

Toledo was stunned. Retail business dwindled. Foreclosures rocked the community. Some factories closed. Self-respecting workmen had to go on relief. They took their dole in sacks of food. It was something for their bellies, but not much nourishment for their self-esteem.

Later the Willys-Overland automobile plant went into the hands of a receiver. Thousands more were made idle. The city was also in serious financial trouble. For five years it had been operating at a deficit. The people were dissatisfied with the conduct of their own affairs; there were much waste and mismanagement.

Add all these ingredients, stir up with some radical leadership, and you get what Toledo got — what, indeed, any community would get: riots, misery, sullen despair.

By the time the Roosevelt Administration came along in 1933, Toledo was living on the edge of a volcano. Anything could happen. It did, too. But I am ahead of my story.

## II

Toledo employers, for the most part, had opposed trade-unions for years, and their attitude toward them did not change very rapidly when the National Industrial Recovery Act was adopted. Unions continued to be fought all along the line. There were some small strikes during 1933 and early 1934, but the nation-shocking thriller was the Auto-Lite strike called on April 12, 1934. This strike, with its extreme violence, its clashes between mobs and National Guardsmen, lasted forty-seven working days and resulted in two deaths, scores of injuries, and a black eye for Toledo. It was finally settled through Federal inter-

mediaries, but it left scars in the community.

In the next year there was a wild scramble of workmen to join unions. The employers resisted. The fighting temperature went up on both sides.

Then, in April 1935, came the second major strike in the automobile industry (the Auto-Lite was the first), about a year after President Roosevelt had created the Automobile Labor Board for the purpose of averting a threatened automobile strike. This strike, in the Toledo Chevrolet transmission plant, was a 'bottleneck' affair, for the plant made transmissions for many General Motors assembly plants. The strike lasted three weeks, affected 3000 workers directly, and some 30,000 indirectly because it became necessary to close twenty-one plants. More bad blood between men and management, and more pay lost.

The Chevrolet strike was the first major dispute in Toledo which drew me to that city. When I arrived I found the plant closed. Pickets would n't even allow a telephone operator to enter. Bookkeepers could n't get in to make up the pay rolls. I got the union to ease up on its restrictions. Although the leaders were suspicious about what might happen, they finally took my word for it that no production workers would sneak in as bookkeepers.

Then I conferred with the union leader and learned about the workers' principal grievance. Once this aspect of the situation was clarified, I found that another question was raised: Who was to bargain for the workers?

Some red tape had to be cut, but we hurdled that obstacle quickly by holding an election. The United Automobile Workers won, and W. S. Knudsen, then vice president of General Motors, and his associates sat down around the table with the labor group, and pretty soon the dispute was ironed out.

About a month later, with unionization spreading rapidly, Toledo figured in the headlines again with a strike of



power-house employees. This situation was extremely critical, for it led to a threat of a general strike. In fact, our conference committee worked with the threat of a 'secret deadline' for the general strike hanging over our heads. While we were talking, the street lights in one large area of the city were out and live wires dangled dangerously close to pedestrians and motorists. This strike, like the others, yielded to the 'give-and-take' of a series of conferences which I arranged and during which the principals on both sides talked the situation out in man-to-man fashion.

This piecemeal method of settlement was a slow, man-killing job. Surely, I thought, there must be some more systematic and inclusive way of handling these disputes. You need a fireman when the house is burning, but a good sprinkler system might put out the fire before the firemen arrive.

At this time I was busy flying about the country trying to mediate industrial disputes of all kinds.

For some time I had been thinking of a plan whereby these disputes might be settled before costly strikes took their toll of crippled pay rolls and curtailed production. It seemed to me that Toledo would be a good place to try out the plan. My idea was to create an Industrial Peace Board composed of an equal number of representatives from organized labor and organized industry and an impartial chairman jointly chosen. Later the board was to be enlarged to include public representatives. The board members were not to represent their special groups; each was to see the problem whole.

The first thing I did was to take it up with the newspaper editors. As I explained it to them, the board was to be distinctly one of mediation and conciliation and would not arbitrate cases.

The procedure would be for labor and management to negotiate as in the past, but when negotiations broke down and

the conferees faced a strike or lockout they would take their case to the chairman of the board. The chairman would then ask one or more from each group to form a panel and to confer with the labor and management spokesmen separately at first and later jointly. Pending the results of the conferences, there would be no strikes or lockouts.

I suggested that if a small panel were unsuccessful the chairman might call the full board to sit on the case. (As a matter of fact, it has never been necessary to call in the entire board.) If it appeared then that a settlement was blocked by the local spokesmen for either side, an appeal would be made to the leaders of labor or of the industry who might be located elsewhere.

It has been my experience that when men and management have been negotiating a long time they are apt to become impatient and irritable — there is a loss of balance. Many disputes go on the rocks when the participants become conference-drunk. In that state they are apt to bark at each other, commit mayhem, or do almost anything. By bringing fresh minds into the picture at this stage of the game a quick agreement can frequently be reached.

Most strikes, I told the editors, are community problems and can be settled in the community. I offered the coöperation of the Labor Department in getting the plan started and suggested that the slight expense of the board should be borne by the city.

That was my plan in essence, although some modifications were made later.

The newspaper men were in thorough accord with the peace plan, and they plunged right in to help put it over. Without them it could never have gained the wide acceptance it did. These men — Carlton K. Matson of the *News-Bee*, Grove Patterson of the *Blade*, and Richard Patterson of the *Times* — did yeoman service in explaining the plan to the business and professional groups. They

talked it from sunup to sundown to all who would listen, and their editorials punched the idea home.

Before the plan was approved by labor and management, there was a lot of uncertainty. Both sides were suspicious. The labor crowd wondered if something was going to be 'put over' on them. They suspected the plan might be a wedge for the open shop or for compulsory arbitration. The employers wondered if it would not lead to the closed shop.

'Why submit our troubles to a committee?' they asked.

'Maybe our competitors may learn about our business.'

We had to urge on them that the labor-management disputes were mainly local problems which involved the whole city for good or evil.

Back and forth we went to labor and to management trying to sell the plan. The labor leaders wondered if the plan would put them in bad before the public. They thought that perhaps the employers would make so many demands which could not be agreed to that they would then tell the world the 'turmoil' was caused by labor's 'unreasonable attitude.'

Labor also feared that the plan would postpone strikes indefinitely until the advantage shifted to the employers. I saw no reason why either side or both sides could not have recourse to the plan instantaneously and settle the dispute in one way or another in a few days. As a matter of fact, I believed that the board's work would prevent strikes before the disputes got to the boiling point. I wanted to avoid the 'bombs and bullets' outcome of such controversies, because they are too costly and they leave bitter memories behind them.

It was made clear to those who were 'from Missouri' that the board would never have the authority to order anyone to do anything, that the essence of the idea was voluntary coöperation between men and management, that the

board members would represent the community at large and not one group or faction.

The board, I explained, would never arbitrate or make 'final' and 'binding' commitments. If the parties in dispute wanted an arbitrator, they would have to go elsewhere, for I felt that once we entered the field of arbitration an aggrieved party might turn against the mediation plan if he felt he was denied a square deal under arbitration.

We tried to hammer home the idea that the board would not sit in judgment on anybody, that it was not to be a high-hat proposition, and that it would not interfere with or assist in union organization campaigns or take a position on 'open' or 'closed' shop.

Finally, at two meetings with the business and labor spokesmen, they agreed to what Mr. Matson called Toledo's 'greatest opportunity.'

The Toledo Chamber of Commerce named these members to represent the employers:—

John D. Biggers,<sup>1</sup> President, Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co.

Harry C. Tillotson, President, Tillotson Manufacturing Co.

Earle C. Smith, President-Treasurer, Toledo Porcelain Enamel Products Co.

Frank H. Adams, Vice President and General Manager, Surface Combustion Corp.

Royce G. Martin, President, Electric Auto-Lite Co.

The Central Labor Union named their spokesmen as follows:—

Otto Brach, Secretary, Central Labor Union  
Fred Watson, C.L.U. Vice President and  
Business Agent, Carpenters' Local

Lawrence Aubry, Chairman, C.L.U. Committee of 23 and Business Agent for the  
Motion Picture Operators' Local

Oliver Myers, Secretary, Committee of 23  
and Business Agent for the Electrical  
Workers Local

Walter Guntrup, Editor of the *Union Leader*

<sup>1</sup> David H. Goodwillie, Vice President of Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co., succeeded Mr. Biggers and is now a board member. — AUTHOR

## III

I don't mind confessing that my knees wobbled a bit when the plan was finally accepted. You see, I had pledged my name to it and had enlisted people in the venture. If this thing fails, I said to myself — well, as a matter of fact I did not get much further, because I was confident the plan would work, not perfectly perhaps, but with measurable success.

As I had been drafted to assist General Hugh Johnson, WPA Administrator in New York City, I relinquished the direction of the plan to Ralph A. Lind, Cleveland's Regional Director of the National Labor Relations Board, a man with an unusual record for handling labor disputes. Once Ralph was committed, he had to help me make the idea work, because his reputation was tied up with it too.

As general chairman and director of the board, his first case was a cafeteria strike which had been going on for several weeks. He settled it in forty-eight hours.

Then cleaning and dyeing plant employees threatened a city-wide strike affecting 1500 employees and 24 companies. And Lind, with the moral support of the board behind him, stepped in and emerged with an agreement. Shortly afterward, he ended a strike threat by 400 employees of a textile firm.

The plan took hold quickly, and a few weeks after it was inaugurated eight impartial citizens at large were named to sit with the labor and management representatives. These were: —

Judge Charles F. Chittenden, Probate Court  
Rabbi Leon E. Feuer

Judge Robert G. Gosline, Common Pleas Court

John W. Hackett, Attorney

Milo J. Warner, Attorney

Clarence A. Benedict, County Relief Director

Rev. Mgr. Francis J. Macelwane, Dean of Toledo Teachers College

Louis L. Eppstein, President, LaSalle & Kosh Co. (Department Store); President Retail Merchants Board

The appointments caused a flurry in the labor ranks because the union leaders felt that they would be 'outvoted'; similar fears were entertained by management, some industrialists believing there was a labor bias to some impartial representatives. This was pretty good testimony of the impartiality of the selections.

But the plan did not call for any voting, and no votes have ever been taken. The board does not act that way. There are no defendants, no judgments, no compulsions.

The first meeting of the entire board, including the eight impartial members, was held early in September 1935. It was then decided to establish the board as a permanent body, and the following month Leander S. Harding, a conciliator of the United States Department of Labor, became executive secretary. The board's trial period continued for another seven months; and when Mr. Harding left, in March 1936, the City Council, by an ordinance, made the board a part of the municipal government and provided \$5625 for its expenses to the end of the year. This included the salary of the director and a secretary-stenographer.

In wandering about the country mediating industrial disputes, I had observed that some newspaper men covering labor were excellent material for conciliators. In Toledo I found that Edmund Ruffin, labor reporter on the *News-Bee*, had a fine grasp of the labor situation, and I recommended him to succeed Mr. Harding. He was accepted as director, and he has been doing a good job ever since.

Toledo got a second good break in 1935 when it adopted the city-manager small-council form of government, which went into office in 1936. The spiritual rebirth which led to this change also helped assure the board's success.

The city-manager government set the stage for amicable labor relations. It provided adequate police protection with-

out curbing labor's right to peaceful picketing.

The board did not find its path strewn with roses. It was hardly a month old when I left for Bermuda on my first vacation in years. Shortly afterward 300 gas workers in Toledo struck. Skeleton crews were about to be removed and gas shut off when Miss Ella Helbig, my secretary, promised the union I would return on the next boat if the crews were retained. The union agreed and I sailed at once, flying to Toledo as soon as I landed. In three days the strike settlement terms had been arranged, but had it not been for the board's assistance, the tireless activity of its secretary, the co-operation of the newspapers, and the good will of the Toledo Associates, the strike might well have dragged on much longer.

Then, too, the Toledo Associates — formed in 1935 by a group of business men to interpret Toledo and headed by Joseph K. Close, an extremely capable executive — proved of very real benefit in getting the plan a sympathetic hearing.

The Toledo experiment in industrial relations attracted attention from the beginning, and scores of other cities have asked for information on how it works. Hardly a week passes that committees from other cities do not drop off at Toledo to spend a day or two looking into the plan.

#### IV

As the board got into its stride, it was found that the director became the keystone of the industrial peace structure. On his shoulders fell the task of keeping in touch with labor-management negotiations so that he might make informal suggestions, if necessary, to speed up settlement, avoid deadlocks, or break them when they occurred. It was his job to keep the board members informed and to call them in when a crisis occurred.

The essence of the whole idea embodied in the Toledo plan is its informal-

ity. Labor and management know that neither the director nor the board members have any axes to grind, so if either side calls for help it is not regarded as an admission of weakness.

The type of men on the board has had a great deal to do with its success. They respond to requests for help like firemen. They know how costly industrial disputes are and how quickly they flare up into real conflagrations if they are not squelched promptly. One board member whose sister was rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation kept in touch with a labor dispute from the hospital and went back into conference on a pending dispute as soon as he left her bedside.

There is absolutely no formal method of procedure. When the director hears of a labor-industry negotiation going on he keeps in touch with the parties. He may offer his services if things do not seem to be going well, or he may be asked to step in by either side. There are no set rules.

The director may confer separately with labor and management or see them jointly, depending on the circumstances. When he has the whole case before him he decides on the best approach towards a settlement. If the case does not yield to this treatment he may call in a board panel comprising one representative from labor, one from management, and one from the people. Usually the director is in touch with the board members, talking the matter over informally and getting their reaction to the dispute.

Sometimes the director has a panel member, say an employer, call up the management side of the dispute and ease the way for a settlement; a labor member may do the same for his side. The director's job is to be a first-aid nurse to ailing industrial relations, a diplomat to ease negotiations into proper channels, a Dutch uncle to ward off misunderstandings by some common-sense advice, and a doctor to heal the breach when one occurs.

Most of the cases are settled by the director. Magical? Not at all. There are two reasons for this. First, the disputants know the board is ready, behind the scenes, to take up the dispute if the parties to the controversy fail. That means something, you may be sure, for the board members are among Toledo's most respected citizens. Usually the parties prefer to settle by direct negotiation if possible.

Second, they know that public opinion is behind the plan, and neither side is anxious to fly in the face of this opinion by turning down a mediation offer. The newspapers have reflected the community's opinion, but have done it without any arbitrary editorial 'cracking-down.'

It has been tremendously important, possibly vital, to the success of the Toledo plan that the newspapers have strictly refrained from trying to 'use' the plan in any partisan way, or to manipulate it for any purposes of special pleading.

You cannot have a successful industrial peace board of this type without absolute impartiality on the part of the press. If the employers can use the press to pillory labor, the plan is out. If labor can use the press to castigate management undeservedly, the plan will fail. The plan will be killed the day the press forgets that its rôle is that of public servant, even-handed in its judgments, yet fearless withal.

And the board members, too, cannot fail to see that the larger interest must prevail. They do, and that is another reason for the board's success, so far.

This incident may illustrate how the board members regard their responsibility. After one of the panel meetings the employee member turned to the employer member and remarked: —

'Say, which side are you on? You seemed to be arguing for the men all the time.'

'Which side are you on?' the employer member asked. 'You seemed to be arguing for the employer all the time.'

One of the most skeptical of the labor members at the beginning was a chap who was very class-conscious when the plan was first explained. He had made a good many speeches for years criticizing the employers, and he made no bones about his distrust of them.

When dispute after dispute had been settled to his and the employers' satisfaction without costly strikes or lock-outs, he remarked one day: 'Darn it, this plan had n't ought to work, but it does.'

Labor looks at the plan like this. It says: 'The boss can't ignore the community.'

Management says the same thing, substituting 'labor' for 'the boss.'

The two labor leaders who were out in front during the general strike movement in Toledo are on the Peace Board. You could write a book on that. These men were supposed to be 'wild-eyed Bolsheviks' in 1934 and 1935, but they are the same men to-day that they were then. What's the difference, you ask. To-day they know that some machinery exists to adjust disputes with reasonable speed and under fair-minded auspices. The result is that they discourage costly strikes.

The board is a buffer which takes up the shock of class conflict. For example, employees of a parking garage voted to strike for higher wages and reduced hours after an unsuccessful conference with the employer. When the board director stepped in, he learned the employer was willing to concede wage rates somewhat above those of his competitors but not too much out of line with them. The parties were all tangled up, however, on what prevailing wages actually were. On this they were unable to agree.

The director obtained the necessary data from three competing garages, and as a result a settlement was negotiated and the strike order rescinded.

Another time the director heard that a strike vote was being taken in an auto-



parts plant employing 400 men. The union's business agent said that two men had been fired because they had joined the union. The employer denied this and offered to take one man back. 'But the second man — never!' The second chap was a good welder with eight years to his credit in the plant, but the plant manager said he had indulged in a lot of cursing and had thrown rough castings into a box instead of handling them more carefully.

The director's investigation disclosed that the second man was an excellent workman but that sometimes his welding machine 'balked.' It was an old model, and when the work did not come out as precisely as the mechanic expected he cursed the machine roundly and chucked the casting down.

At first the manager offered to suspend the mechanic for sixty days, but when the director said that sounded too much like a jail sentence he relented. The employee apologized for his swearing, returned to work the next day, and the strike vote was canceled. I guess the employer did something about that balky machine.

The board finds that the differences which divide men are economic. Personalities, however, muddy up the waters and sometimes make strikes inevitable. If the board can take the personalities out of the area of dispute it can generally get a settlement. In some cases the director has obtained the reinstatement of employees who appeared to have been dismissed unjustly, and in other cases he has found that dismissals were justified. Every case is different and necessarily stands on its own bottom.

One of Toledo's most influential ministers says that the board 'creates the mood for settling disputes.'

'The board has n't won every skirmish, but it has won the battle,' is the way he puts it. 'People have faith in the board's integrity. They don't know exactly what has happened, but they know it's good.'

As a certain Democrat says, 'Let's look at the record.'

In the first thirty months of its existence the Toledo Peace Board handled 138 disputes involving 23,372 persons. Of these, 87 disputes involving 14,247 persons were settled without strikes or lockouts; 31 strikes involving 4942 persons were settled. The board participated in but did not settle 17 disputes involving 1719 persons. Nearly all of these disputes were settled by the parties directly concerned. The board held two elections affecting 2364 employees. One lockout involving 100 employees was settled.

## V

Where does the National Labor Relations Board come in on the Toledo picture, you may ask. The NLRB is designed for an entirely different purpose — to see to it that employees in interstate commerce are free to bargain collectively through their own agents. The board has no mediatory powers, although its investigations frequently result in settlements. Its procedure is through complaints, citations of employers, formal hearings before a trial examiner, and decisions enforceable in the courts.

The Toledo Peace Board is a voluntary agency, handling local disputes which may or may not affect interstate commerce directly or indirectly; BUT the whole procedure is on a voluntary plane, without intervention of any law or the use of any force but moral suasion, backed up by a community interest and, as I said earlier, under the alert eyes of the newspapers.

The cost of the board's operations to the end of 1937 was approximately \$12,000. What did this trifling sum save? There is no way of estimating the cost of strikes that were averted, the loss in orders, wages, expense of police, guards, deputy sheriffs, and all the rest. And certainly there is no way of estimating the cost to Toledo of having its labor trou-

bles smeared over the nation's newspapers.

On the other hand, many plant extensions have been made and new plants have been attracted to Toledo since the peace plan became effective. I have before me as I write a list of 27 plant expansions that have been put through since the Toledo plan went into effect, running up into millions of dollars, and a list of 19 new industries which have made Toledo their home since the labor Peace Board began to function. The trend was the other way before industrial peace came up over the labor-management war horizon.

When Toledo celebrated its Centennial last year, it was proud of its Peace Board's record. The Centennial supper, when 2500 Toledoans assembled in the new \$1,000,000 armory, was a concrete testimonial to industrial peace. Industrialists and union leaders sat side by side. Mr. Biggers was toastmaster, and General Johnson and I made addresses. It was a happy moment for all of us.

The Toledo plan is not perfect, because it deals with that most uncertain quantity — human nature. But human nature, I claim, is essentially reasonable, if reason is given half a chance. It gets that chance with the Toledo Peace Board.

To-day the whole world is in turmoil. Things have happened to the peoples of other nations that are shocking to every American. But it is well to remember that all their troubles started from within their own borders. Keeping that in mind, we must needs put our house in order — within. The relationships between management and labor are of tremendous importance in this endeavor.

This is what Toledo did by creating unselfish teamwork. There labor and industry are pulling together and not apart; they have supplanted snarls with smiles. The Toledo plan, with its theme of patience, tolerance, and understanding, can be woven into the national pattern of our industrial life.

# RIISING SUN—FALLING PROFITS

BY OWEN LATTIMORE

## I

WHEN Japan, almost a year ago, set out on what our strangely mild post-war vocabulary calls its 'latest adventure,' it was very generally believed that China, this time, was done for. The most extreme Chinese courage would be able to achieve nothing more than a gallant gesture of resistance. Only foreign aid could prolong the resistance beyond a few weeks. Yet it is now quite clear that this was altogether the wrong way to put it. Japan is the one that cannot possibly succeed without strong backing from other countries.

The situation is worth a little realistic study, especially by those who urge indifference to the fate of the Far East, on the ground that Japan is first on the spot and strong enough to get what it wants. But is it? The argument of the bogus realists is that Americans, while sympathizing with the helplessness of China, ought to be careful not to antagonize Japan, because it is a victorious Japan that America will have to deal with after the war. But what if China turns out to be the winner?

The point to begin with is that even Japan's first great victories and territorial gains were only tactical. They hid for a while, but could not hide permanently, a strategic defeat. Japan's 'continental policy' of empire over Manchuria, Mongolia, and China has always been based on a theory of conquest in carefully regulated stages. At each move, the Chinese Government should be crowded out of a little more

territory; but not kicked out so abruptly as to stampede the whole of China into general resistance. China, as the Japanese knew from the study of past history, has always been a loose collection of regions. All conquerors of the past had worked by breaking those regions apart, and then conquering some of them directly and some of them indirectly.

The Japanese theory assumes that this is precisely the kind of country that China is to-day; that China is the Unchanging East; that a provincial war lord or political boss always hates his own national government more than he fears a foreign invader, and will always talk business if allowed to retain part of his local power and to take a cut of the profits of conquest. The British and the French, when they marched on Peking in 1860-1861, brought coolies from the South who cheerfully helped them to subdue the North, doing the transport and other dirty work that colonial conquerors always hate to do for themselves.

Somewhere or other the theory went wrong; but where? It worked pretty well in Manchuria in 1931 (helped by the Chinese Government's gamble on foreign intervention). It worked very nicely when Jehol was added to Manchuria, in 1933. Why has it worked less well since, and finally broken down altogether?

There is more than one answer. For one thing, the frontier provinces were China's margin of expansion. Cutting off the margin of expansion inflicts a lot of suffering, but it is not like cutting into

the body of the nation itself. The situation of China has become much more acute since then. The famous raw materials of North China, which Japan claims it must have or perish, — the coal and iron of Hopei, Shansi, and Chahar, the cotton of Hopei, Honan, and Shantung, — are even more desperately needed by China's own young industries, which Japan hates and fears, and has for years tried to destroy by financial attacks and political demands for tariffs that would cripple Chinese enterprise. China's industry is in mid-China, in the Yangtze Valley, but its raw materials come from the North. This was one reason for the hostility between mid-China and North China under civil-war conditions; but the internal quarrels arising out of the Yangtze Valley's attempts to subordinate the North were converted, for the first time, into a life-and-death alliance by Japan's attempt to conquer them both, separately.

## II

Even more important, however, are certain changes that have happened in the Unchanging East. For a hundred years, the blood stream of China has been receiving repeated and increasing injections of strange and potent cultures from the West: new kinds of banking, industry, trade; new kinds of religion and education; new kinds of political and social thought. Nothing seemed to take much effect. Any Old China Hand could point out to you that modern-style Chinese banking, industry, shipping, Chinese Christianity, Chinese returned-student sophistication, even the republican form of the government itself, were unhealthy excrescences. Under the partly mutilated and partly decorated integument, there was still the same old China, the Unchanging East. Now Japan — Japan was different. Japan had organically incorporated what it had taken from the West. There was iron in the Japanese blood. The Japanese were

not going to be victimized. They took from the West what they could use, but they 'retained the best values of the old Japanese culture.' The Japanese were pretty formidable; but the Chinese were predestined to be bossed by somebody.

It seems to have occurred to surprisingly few people that Japan, when Perry muscled in on it, was a country under pretty tight control. The people who ran it had things the way they wanted them. Consequently, when they sized up Perry and saw that more like him would be coming around, they could do something about it. They had to change the way they ran things, but they still ran them. They had to cut out the Shogun and cut in the Mikado, but otherwise it was the same old deck, and they were still doing the dealing. This explains why, if you look into the pedigrees of the huge cartelized corporations that speak authoritatively for modern Japan, you will find that they (and the admirals and generals who run the navy and army) trace back to exactly the same families that ran feudal Japan. They have taken on a few recruits, yes; but that makes no more difference than in England, where soap, properly applied, will slide you into the House of Lords.

China, on the contrary, was not under anybody's vigorous control when the Treaty Port era began. The Manchus, an alien dynasty, were in decay. The great families of the 'scholar-gentry,' the Aristocracy of the Educated, were also corrupt. There was no one to control and guide China's borrowings from the West — not even the foreigners, who were competing with each other. It is no wonder that Westernization in China has always looked like gaudy banderillas on a Spanish bull — more irritating than penetrating. Old vested interests — the bureaucracy and the landlords — fought against new vested interests — the banks, industry, shipping. Between them, they begat warlordism. Both of them fought against the interests that were not 'vested' —

the interests of the unprivileged. Civil wars were inevitable, and so were peasant risings; but no issue could ever be decided by them, because the assembled nations of the world were looking on and calling the rules. They demanded 'law and order,' which meant that nothing could be fought to a finish. Diplomatic notes defined the rules of 'law and order,' and gunboats and garrisons enforced them.

Nevertheless, the effects of the injections China was getting were cumulative. They have all begun to operate at once, without any loss of their stored-up energy; and it is Japan that provides the explanation. Great Britain and America have submitted to being pushed aside by Japan, which has declared a fight to a finish. This means that China, as long as it can hold off Japan, can for the first time settle its own affairs in its own way. Neither Great Britain nor America can ring the bell and declare the end of a round, to prevent each faction in China from proving exactly how strong it really is. Since, at the same time, Japanese pressure forces the Chinese to settle their internal issues constructively, by pooling their resources, all China's 'revolutionary' problems are being converted into a phase of unbelievably rapid evolution.

This ought to surprise Americans less than any other people. Our original Thirteen Colonies were badly disunited at the beginning of our War of Independence. If Great Britain had turned us loose in disgust at the very beginning, there would have been sanguinary fighting between our Tories and our extreme revolutionaries. It was the common war against the British and their alien mercenaries that forced us to settle all internal issues as quickly and as constructively as possible — with the result that, by the time we had our freedom, civil war was impossible. In spite of the deep-going differences between the slaveholding South and the free North, it took us two generations to work up a civil war.

### III

If Japan were obviously going to conquer China in short order, we might dodge the issues I have so briefly indicated. We might pretend to be hard-boiled realists and say it is all none of our business. The now obvious probability that China can win without being propped up, and the certainty that Japan cannot pull through without a heavy investment of British and American industrial resources, materials, and credits (Germany and Italy could not swing it), demand a more genuine realism in attempting to forecast the significance of the alternatives of Japanese and Chinese victory.

The men who modernized Japan did so by adding new kinds of power and wealth to the kinds they already had. The result is that the men and girls who turn out fantastic man-hour-machine results in the shining, ultra-rationalized factories of modern Japan are recruited from an agricultural population which is still on a standard that requires men, women, and children to stand knee-deep in the mud of rice paddies. The food production of Japan is very high per acre, but phenomenally low per man-hour of labor. This means that the people who produce the food also supply the factories with labor at wages low enough to disturb the world. Japan invades the world market because it has to; because it strangles its domestic market. The Japanese cannot buy, use, and consume the things they make. Japan desperately needs raw materials, but it cannot use them in raising the standard of living of its own people, because it converts them either into armaments, for aggression, or into commodities for cut-rate sale on the world market, in order to get the income which can no longer be squeezed out of its strangled domestic market.

This is a state of affairs which carries over into the Japanese colonial empire. Korea, after twenty-seven years of Japanese rule, is so sullenly rebellious



that the Japanese have never dared to arm the Koreans and use them as soldiers. The Korean standard of living has fallen so low that pauperized Korean labor is a serious menace in Japan itself. In 1935 the Korean Government-General published a book called *Thriving Chosen*, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of annexation. Unfortunately it has never been translated. This official publication divides 'representative' Korean farmers into three classes. A 'first-class' farmer is a man who has an annual deficit of 23.20 yen and an accumulated debt of 130 yen. Second-class and third-class farmers have slightly smaller annual deficits and debts—simply because their scale of living is so low that it resists further squeezing. The typical 'first-class' farmer is partly an owner and partly a tenant; he cultivates about four and one-half acres of land, and he and his family have no less than 290 days a year that are curiously described as 'utilizable for further work'—which means that they cannot get enough land to keep them busy, and are forced by their annual deficit and their debts to look for any other work they can get at pauper rates.

Things are not yet as bad as that in Manchukuo, but they are going that way; cheap Korean and Manchurian labor is creating a new cheap industrialism which competes even with that of Japan itself. Nor can things be improved. Korea and Manchuria cannot be made contented and prosperous unless their standard of living is raised, so that the people get some benefit out of being ruled by Japan. That is impossible, because the people of Japan are promised that eventually it is they themselves who are to be made prosperous by the riches of empire. If the standard of living of the empire were to be raised, but not that of Japan, the Japanese would be disillusioned and furious; but if the standard of living of Japan were raised, Japan could not get money for armaments by selling at cut rates on the

world market. It is either prosperity at home or war abroad; and those who rule Japan prefer war abroad, because the price of prosperity at home is the surrender of the controlling oligarchy to drastic social-economic reforms.

The result is that all Japan's conquests, instead of solving Japan's problems, actually make them even worse, and at the same time hugely increase the geographical area in which they have to be met—or evaded—and decrease the area of profitable trade for other countries. It is this question of evasion that is vital for countries like America. A new Japanese 'realism' has lately become more and more articulate. The argument runs like this: We are the only bulwark against a Bolshevized Asia. We have to be rough about it; but you know how things are in this hard, real world. At the same time, we have practical propositions to make. We are going to rule China, but we are willing to admit that we have n't the money or the resources to exploit it. While we do the ruling, you can invest profitably in our enterprises. You won't have any control, and you won't have any Open Door, but your dividends will be guaranteed—look at the South Manchuria Railway and its whacking dividends—and China will be policed and orderly, and there won't be any Red Menace.

#### IV

What this says and what it means are two very different things. How would these American investments be used? Korea and Manchuria and Japan, where American investments are a good deal heavier than they are in China, provide the answer. They would be used to energize Japanese competition outside the Japanese empire. They would result in wider Japanese competition all over the world, cutting into America's foreign shipping revenue, trading profits, banking profits, and insurance profits, and at the same time throwing Americans in

America out of work. This is not only a general statement: it can be made specific. One of Japan's declared purposes is to develop a North China cotton supply that would free it of dependence on American cotton. As in cotton, so in everything else; the money of some Americans, invested in North China, would be used to compete with and lower the standard of living of all Americans.

As for China, it is frequently said that an independent China would be simply a bigger and more dangerous Japan. I do not think so, and for definite reasons; and besides, a China ruled by Japan would certainly make a bigger and more dangerous Japan. In order to forecast the character of a victorious post-war China it is necessary to remember that the nation which comes out of a war is never the same nation that it was when it went into the war. The difference depends largely on what it was fighting for, and whether the result is disillusioning (as it was for us in 1919) or inspiring (as it was for us when we won our independence).

China went into this war a backward country. It cannot win unless it becomes vastly more progressive and constructive. It cannot win without appalling sacrifices on the part of the whole nation — the lives of those who have lives to give, and the money of those who have money to give. It cannot win unless, in the course of the war, it tremendously increases the strength of the National Government and improves the democratic mechanism by which the government serves the interest of the nation and hears and acts on the will of the people.

The last thing that the Chinese will tolerate, after the sacrifices they are now making, is a further sacrifice in peacetime to the special interests of any group. Neither the Kuomintang nor the Communists, nor provincial war lords like Pai Chung-hsi and Li Tsung-

jen (immensely powerful in their own bailiwick before the war, but now throwing everything they have into the common struggle), will be able to 'capture' the government or part of the country after a victorious peace. The only way that a Chinese government will be able to stay in power will be by acting swiftly and effectively in the national interest.

Immense constructive enterprises will have to be undertaken, immediately. That will mean investment for everybody, in any part of the world, who has money to invest. In order to assure the people that they really have something worth their sacrifices, the whole standard of living in China will have to be raised. That will mean trade, production, and enterprise of every kind. It will mean wide competition, of the only kind healthy to capitalistic enterprise: competition geared to a rising standard of living.

Both in order to get what they need as cheap as possible and in order to avoid falling under the control of any one power, the Chinese will have to throw the Open Door wide open, and keep it open. That, I think, is the clinching argument. America's classic Far Eastern policy of the Open Door has never been anything but a gamble in futures. It was founded in the first place on the clear and logical assumption that China must some day develop, and that the development must not be monopolized by any one country; that there must be competition and that it must be healthy. It would be the most disastrous defeat in the history of America's participation in world affairs if, just as we are coming within reach of the evolutionary, non-revolutionary liberation of China foreseen by John Hay and guarded as an article of faith in our Far Eastern policy ever since, we should bring it to abortion by lending our money, our industry, and our political influence to the uses of Japan.

# EUROPEAN TESTAMENT

BY GEORGE ALLEN

Now European  
Gazes past Ocean  
To the shining  
Westland of promising,  
Vivid with the passion  
Of his own tradition  
That lives and takes the shape  
Of another hope.  
This he sees, and the nature  
Of his own future  
Able to be realized,  
Nearly realized,  
Threatened by all the doom  
That now he sees come.  
He kisses his hand  
To the Western Land,  
Crying, 'You of that Coast,  
If all of us are lost,  
Take you what our furies  
Spare of the centuries.  
You alone, with us lost,  
Shall receive the past.  
If we go, you must stay  
Till a better day.  
All that we had worth,  
If it is worth,  
You must keep, use, and alter:  
The times falter;  
We'll watch death easier,  
If you inherit there.'

# WHAT MR. CHIPS TAUGHT ME

BY JAMES HILTON

## I

**I**F I use the word 'I' a good deal in these pages, it is not from self-importance, but because I would rather talk about my own school days than generalize about schools. Schooling is perhaps the most universal of all experiences, but it is also one of the most individual. (Here I am, generalizing already!) No two schools are alike, but more than that — a school with two hundred pupils is really two hundred schools, and among them, almost certainly, are somebody's long-remembered heaven and somebody else's hell. The schools I write of were *my* schools; to others at the same schools at the same time, everything may have been different.

I went to three schools altogether — an elementary school, a grammar school, and a public school. I matriculated at London University and spent four years at Christ's College, Cambridge. Thus from the age of six, when my mother led me through suburban streets for presentation to the headmistress of the nearest Infants' Department, up to the age of twenty-three, when I left Cambridge supposedly equipped for the world and its problems, the process called my education was going on. Seventeen years — quite a large slice out of a life, when you come to think about it. And yet the ways I have earned my living since — by writing newspaper articles, novels, and film scenarios — were not taught me at any of these schools and colleges. Furthermore, though I won scholarships and passed examinations, I do not think I

now remember more than twenty per cent of all I learned during these seventeen years, and I do not think I could now scrape through any of the examinations I passed after the age of twelve.

Nor was there any sort of coördination between my three schools and the university. For this, nobody was to blame in a free country. To some extent, I learned what I liked; to a greater extent, my teachers taught me what they liked. In my time I 'took,' as they say, practically every subject takable. At the elementary school, for instance, I spent an hour a week on 'Botany,' which was an excuse for wandering through Epping Forest in charge of a master who, in his turn, regarded the hour as an excuse for a pleasant smoke in the open air. The result is that Botany to me to-day stands for just a few words like 'calyx,' 'stamen,' and 'capillary attraction,' plus the memory of lovely hours amidst trees and bracken. I do not complain.

Again, at the grammar school I spent six hours a week for three years at an occupation called 'Chemistry,' and all these hours have left me with nothing but a certain skill in blowing glass tubes into various shapes. In mathematics I went as far as the calculus, but I do not think I could be quite sure nowadays of solving a hard quadratic equation. Of languages I learned (enough to pass examinations in them) Latin, Greek, French, and German. I suppose I could still read Vergil or Sophocles with the help of a dictionary, but I do not do so,

because it would give me no pleasure. My French and German are of the kind that is understood by sympathetic Frenchmen and Germans who know English.

The only school learning of which I remember a good deal belongs to English Literature, History, and Music; but even in these fields my knowledge is roving rather than academic, and I could no longer discuss with any degree of accuracy the debt of Shakespeare to Saxo Grammaticus or the statute *de haeretico comburendo*. In fact, although I am, in the titular sense, a Scholar of my college, I do not feel myself to be very scholarly. But give me a new theory about Emily Brontë or read me a pamphlet about war and peace, and I will tell you whether, in my view, the author is worth listening to. To make up for all I have forgotten, there is this that I have acquired, and I call it sophistication, since it is not quite the same thing as learning. It is the flexible armor of doubt in an age when too many people are certain.

What all this amounts to, whether my seventeen years were well spent, whether I am a good or a bad example of what schooling can do, whether I should have been a better citizen if I had gone to work at fourteen, I cannot say. I can only reply in the manner of the youth who, on being asked if he had been educated at Eton, replied, 'That is a matter of opinion.'

## II

The elementary school was in one of the huge dormitory suburbs of Northeast London — a suburb which people from Hampstead or Chelsea would think entirely characterless, but which, if one lived in it for twenty years as I did, revealed a delicate and by no means unlikable quality of its own. I am still a young man, and I suppose that for the next twenty years people will go on calling me 'one of our younger novelists,'

but whenever nowadays I pass by that elementary school I realize what an age it is since I breathed its prevalent smell of ink, strong soap, and wet clothes. Just over a quarter of a century, to be precise, but it cannot be measured by that reckoning. The world to-day looks back on the pre-war world as a traveler may look back through a railway tunnel to the receding pinpoint of light in the distance. It is more than the past; it is already a legend.

To this legend my earliest recollections of school life belong. My father was the headmaster of another school in the same town, and I was a good deal petted and favored by his colleagues. There were quite a few dirty and ragged boys in the class of seventy or so; the school itself was badly heated and badly lit; school-books were worn and smeary because every boy had to follow the words with his finger as he read — an excusable rule, for it was the only way the teacher could see at a glance if his multitude were all paying attention. He was certainly not to blame because I found his reading lessons a bore. At the time that I was spelling out 'cat-sat-on-the-mat' stuff at school, I was racing through Dickens, Thackeray, and Jules Verne at home.

The school curriculum had its oddities. Mathematics was divided into Arithmetic, Algebra, and Mensuration (why this last had a special name and subdivision I have no idea). Geography consisted largely of learning the names of capes, bays, counties, and county towns. When a teacher once told me that Cardigan Bay was the largest in Great Britain, I remember asking him promptly what was the smallest. He was somewhat baffled. But I have always been interested in miniature things, and perhaps I was right in supposing that England's smallest bay, were it to be identified, would be worth knowing. The teacher gave me full marks, however, because I attained great proficiency in copying maps with a fine-nibbed pen — a practice which enabled me to outline



all the coasts with what appeared to be a fringe of stubbly hairs.

I was not so good at history because, in the beginning, I could not make head or tail of most of it. When I read that So-and-So 'gathered his army and laid waste to the country' I could not imagine what it meant. I had heard of gathering flowers and laying an egg, but these other kinds of gathering and laying were more mystifying, and nobody bothered to explain them to me. They remained just phrases that one had to learn and repeat. I was also puzzled by the vast number of people in history who were put to death because they would not change their religion; indeed, the entire fuss about religion throughout history was inexplicable to a boy whose father played the organ at a Congregational Church during the reign of Edward the Seventh.

Since then I have helped to write school history books and have found out for myself the immense difficulty of teaching the subject to children. It is not the words only that have to be simplified, but the ideas — and if you oversimplify ideas you often falsify them. Hence the almost inevitable perversion of history into a series of gags, anecdotes, labels — that So-and-So was a 'good' king, that Henry the Eighth had six wives and Cromwell a wart on his nose, that the messenger came to Wolfe crying 'They run, they run!' and that Nelson clapped the glass to his sightless eye. When later I studied history seriously for a university scholarship I was continually amazed by the discovery that historical personages behaved, for the most part, with reasonable motivation for their actions and not like the Marx Brothers in a costume play.

'Scripture' was another subject I did not excel at. It consisted of a perfunctory reading of a daily passage from the Bible; and our Bibles were always dirty, ragged, and bound in black. They left me with an impression of a book I did not want to handle, much less to read; it is only during the past ten years that I have

read the Bible for pleasure. Our school Bibles also suffered from too small print; some of the words in the text were in italics and nobody explained to me that the reason for this concerned scholars more than schoolboys. Not long ago I heard a local preacher who seemed, when reading the Psalms, to give certain sentences an unusual rhythm, and on inquiry I found he had always imagined the words in italics had to be accented!

Perhaps the chief thing I *did* learn at my first school was that my father (then earning about six pounds a week) was a rich man. When, later on, I went to schools at which he seemed (in the same comparative sense) a poor man, I had the whole social system already sketch-mapped in my mind, and I did not think it perfect.

The school was perhaps a better-than-average example, both structurally and educationally, of its type; so I can only conjecture what conditions were like at the worst schools in the worst parts of London. I do know that there have been tremendous improvements since those days; that free meals and medical inspections have smoothed down the rougher differences between the poor man's child and others; that, under Hitler and Stalin and Neville Chamberlain alike, the starved and ragged urchin has become a rarity. Such a trend is common throughout the world, and we need not be complacent about it, since its motive is as much militaristic as humanitarian. But it does remain, intrinsically, a mighty good thing. I believe I should have benefited a lot from the improved elementary school of to-day. I might not have learned any more, but I should probably have had better teeth.

### III

From the elementary school I went to a grammar school in the same suburb. It was an old foundation (as old as Harrow), but it had come down in the world. I had the luck to have for a form master

a man who was very deaf. I call it 'luck,' because he was an excellent teacher and would probably have attached himself to a much better school but for his affliction. As it was, his discipline was the best in the school — with the proviso, of course, that his eyes had to do vigilance for his ears. The result was that, in addition to Latin, English, and History, I gained in his class another proficiency that has never been of the slightest use to me since — ventriloquism.

I was devoted to that man (and I am sure he never guessed it). His frown could spoil my day, his rare slanting smile could light it up. I was conceited enough to think that he took some special interest in me, just because he read out my essays publicly to the class; and after I sent him in an essay I used to picture the excitement he must feel on reading it. It did not occur to me that, like most good professionals (as opposed to amateurs), he did his job conscientiously but without hysterical enthusiasm, and that during out-of-school hours he would rather have a drink and a chat with a friend than read the best school-boy's essay ever written.

Once he wrote on the blackboard some sentences for parsing and analysis. Among them was 'Dreams such as thine pass now like evening clouds before me; when I think how beautiful they seem, 't is but to feel how soon they fade, how fast the night shuts in.' I was so struck with this that I sat for a long time thinking of it; and presently, noticing my idleness, he asked me rather sharply why I was n't working. I could n't tell him, partly because I hardly knew, partly because any answer would have had to be shouted at the top of my voice on account of his deafness. I let him think I was just lazy, yet in my heart I never forgave him for not understanding.

Children are merciless — as much in what they expect as in what they offer. Not only will they bait unmercifully a schoolmaster who lacks the power to discipline them, but they lavish the most

fantastic and unreasonable adorations. The utmost bond of lover and mistress is less than the comprehension a boy expects from a schoolmaster whom he has singled out for worship.

I cannot imagine any more desperate situation for a school than the one in which this grammar school found itself. Flanked on one side by a pickle factory, it shared its other aspects between the laundry of the municipal baths and a busy thoroughfare lined by market stalls. Personally I rather liked the rococo liveliness of such surroundings. I grew used to the pervading smell of chutney and steaming bath towels, to the cries of costers selling oranges and cough drops, and it was fun to step out of the classroom on winter evenings and search a book barrow lit by naphtha flares, or listen to a Hindu peddling a corn cure. And there was a roaring music hall near by, with jugglers and Little Tich and Gertie Gitana; and on Friday nights outside the municipal baths a strange-eyed, long-haired soap-boxer talked anarchism. Somehow it was all rather like Nijni Novgorod, though I have never seen Nijni Novgorod.

I probably learned more in the street than I did in the school, but the latter did leave me with a good grammatical foundation in Latin, as well as a certain facility in the use of woodworking tools. (Since then I have usually made my own bookshelves.) One of the teachers made us learn three solid pages of Sir Walter Scott's prose from *The Talisman*, the intention being, I suppose, that we might somehow learn to write a bit more like Scott; but as I did not want to write like Scott at all, the effort of memory was rather wasted.

I worked hard at this grammar school, chiefly because homework was piled on by various masters acting independently of each other. I was a quick worker, but often I did not finish till nearly midnight, and how the slower workers managed I can only imagine. I have certainly never worked so hard in my life

since, and it has often struck me as remarkable that an age that restricts the hours of child employment in industry should permit the much harder routine of schoolwork by day and homework in the evenings. A twelve-hour shift is no less harmful for a boy or girl because it is spent over books; indeed, the overworked errand boy is less to be pitied. Unless conditions have changed (and I know that in some schools they have n't), there are still many thousands of child-slaves in England.

The chief reason for such slavery is probably the life-and-death struggle for examination distinctions in which most schools are compelled to take part. And that again is based on the whole idea of pedagogy which has survived, with less change than one might think, from the Middle Ages. It is perhaps a pity that the average school curriculum fits a pupil for one profession better than any other — that of schoolmastering. It is a pity because the clever schoolboy is tempted into the only profession in which his store of knowledge is of immediate practical value in getting him a job, and is then tempted to emphasize the value of passing on precisely that same knowledge to others. The circle is vexatious, but I would not call it vicious, because I do not think that the whole or even the chief value of a schoolmaster can be measured by the knowledge he imparts. Much of that knowledge will be forgotten, anyway, and far more easily than the influence of a cultured and liberal-minded personality. Indeed, in a world in which the practical people are so busy doing things that had better not be done at all, there may even be some advantage in the sheer mundane uselessness of a classical education. Better the vagaries of *tollo* than those of a new poison gas; better to learn and forget our Latin verbs than to learn and remember our experimental chemistry; better by far we should forget and smile than that we should remember and be sad.

So I defend (somewhat tepidly) a

classical education for the very reason that so many people attack it. It is of small practical value in a world whose practical values are mostly wrong; it is 'waste time' in a world whose time had better be wasted than spent in most of its present activities. My Mr. Chips, who went on with his Latin lesson while the Zeppelins were dropping bombs, was aware that he was 'wasting' the possibly last moments of himself and his pupils, but he believed that at any rate he was wasting them with dignity and without malice.

#### IV

The war broke out while I was still at the suburban grammar school; during that last lovely June of the pre-war era, I had won a scholarship to a public school in Hertfordshire. I remember visiting a charming little country town and being quartered there at a temperance hotel in company with other entrants. The school sent its German master to look after us, a pleasant, sandy-haired, kind-faced man with iron-rimmed spectacles and a guttural accent — almost the caricatured Teuton whom, two months later, we were all trying to hate.

I never saw him or the place again because my father, poring over the prospectus, discovered that the school possessed a rifle range and an Officers' Training Corps — symbols of the war that, above all things, he hated. He had been a pacifist long before he ever called himself one (indeed, he never liked the term), and it is literally true to say that he would not hurt a fly — for my mother could never use a fly swatter if he was in the same room. Yet I know that if anyone had broken into our house and attacked my mother or me — the kind of problem put two years later by truculent army officers to nervous conscientious objectors — it would have been no problem at all to my father; he would have died in battle. He was no sentimentalist. When a bad disciplinarian on his teaching staff once asked him what he (my father)

would say if a boy squirted ink at him, my father answered promptly: 'It is n't what I'd *say*, it's what I'd *do*.'

And he would have taken action — though I cannot imagine that he ever had to. Boys in his presence always gave an impression of enjoying liberty without taking liberties. He was a strong man, physically — a good swimmer, a good cricketer, nothing of the weakling about him; and to call him a pacifist is merely to exemplify his fighting capacity for lost causes. It never occurred to me then, and it rarely occurs to me now, that any of his ideas were fundamentally wrong. He was, and happily is still, a mixture of Cobbett and Tagore with a dash of aboriginal John Bull.

I was just fourteen then — the age at which most boys in England leave school and go to work. It was the first autumn of the war, when our enthusiasm for the Russian steam roller led us to deplore the fact that we could not read Dostoevski in the original; so, with this idea in mind, I began to learn Russian and tried for a job in a Russian bank in London. Worse still, I nearly got it. If I had, it is excitingly possible that I should have been sent to Russia and been there during the Revolution; but far more probable that I should have added figures in a City office until the bank eventually went out of business.

My father, however, was beginning to dally again with the notion of a public school for me, and soon conceived the idea that, since he could not make up his mind, I should choose a school for myself. So I toured England on this eccentric but interesting quest and learned how to work out train journeys from York to Cheltenham and from Brighton to Sherborne, how to pick good but cheap hotels in small towns, and how to convince a headmaster that if I did n't get a good impression of his school I should unhesitatingly cross it off my list. When I look back upon these visits, I am inclined to praise my father for a stroke of originality of which both he and I were

altogether unaware. It would, perhaps, be a good thing if boys were given more say in choosing their own schools. It certainly would be a good thing if headmasters cared more about the impressions they made on boys and less about the impressions they made on parents. Only a few of the headmasters to whom I explained my mission were elaborately sarcastic and refused to see me.

Eventually I spent a week-end at Cambridge and liked the town and university atmosphere so much that I finally made the choice, despite the fact that the school there possessed both the rifle range and the cadet corps. Relying on the fact that my father was both forgetful and unobservant, I said nothing about this at home, got myself entered for the school, and joined it halfway through the summer term of 1915.

Not so long ago I read a symposium contributed by various young and youngish writers about their own personal experiences at public schools. These experiences ranged from the mildly tolerable to the downright disgusting; indeed, the whole effect of the book was to create pity for any sensitive, intelligent youngster consigned to such environment. I do not for a moment dispute the sincerity of this symposium. I am prepared to believe almost any specific detail about almost any specific school. Of my own school I could say, for instance, that some of its hygienic conditions would have aroused the indignation of every Socialist M. P. if only they had been found in a Durham or a South Wales mining village. I could specify, quite truthfully, that the main latrines were next to the dining room; that we were apt to find a drowned rat in the bathtub if we left the water to stand overnight; that in winter the moisture ran down walls that had obviously been built without a damp course; that the school sanatorium was an incredible Victorian villa at the other end of the town, hopelessly unsuited to its purpose.

Most of these things have been reme-



died since, but they were true enough in my time — and what of it? Their enumeration cannot present a true impression of my school or of any school, because a school is something more than the buildings of which it is composed. I know that a visiting American would have been sheerly horrified by the plumbing and drainage, but no more horrified than I am when, having duly admired some magnificent million-dollar scholastic outfit on the plains of the Middle West, I learn that it offers a degree in installment selling and pays its athletic coach twice as much as its headmaster. This seems to me the worst kind of modern lunacy. Better to have rats in the bathtub than bats in the belfry.

I am, as I said just now, prepared to believe almost any specific detail about almost any specific school. But a book or even a page of specific details must be considered with due allowances for the age and character of the writer. Many men after middle life remember nothing but good about their schools. Their prevalent mood by that time has become so nostalgic for past youth that anything connected with it acquires a halo, so that even a beating bitterly resented at the time becomes, in retrospect, a rather jolly business. (Most of the 'jolly' words for corporal punishment — 'spank,' 'whack,' and so forth, were, I suspect, invented by sentimentalists of over forty.) The kind of man who feels like this is often the kind that makes a material success of life and whose autobiography, written or ghost-written, exudes the main idea that 'school made him what he was' — than which, of course, he can conceive no higher praise.

On the other hand, in reading the school reminiscences of youths who have just left it, one should remember that the typical schoolboy is inarticulate, and that by putting any such reminiscences on paper the writer is proving himself, *ipso facto*, to be untypical. In other words, recollections of schools are apt to be written either by elderly successful

men who remember nothing but good or by youths who, by their very skill in securing an audience at such an early age, argue themselves to have been unlike the average schoolboy.

There is nothing for it, therefore, but to be frankly personal and leave others to make whatever allowances they may think necessary.

## V

I am thirty-seven years of age. I do not think I am old enough yet to feel that school was a good place because I was young in it, or self-satisfied enough to feel that school was a good place because it 'made me what I am.' (In any case, I do not think it did make me what I am, whatever that may be.) But I enjoyed my school days, on the whole, and if I had a son I dare say I would send him to my old school, if only because I should not know what else to do with him.

I was not a typical schoolboy, and the fact that I was happy at (shall we say?) Brookfield argues that the school tolerated me even more generously than I tolerated it. Talking to other men about their school days, I have often thought that Brookfield must have been less rigid than many schools in enforcing conformity to type. Perhaps the fact that it was, in the religious sense, a Non-conformist school helped to distill a draft of personal freedom that even wartime could not dissipate. At any rate, I did not join the almost compulsory Officers' Training Corps despite the fact that the years were 1914-1918. My reasons for keeping out (which I did not conceal) were simply that I disliked military training and had no aptitude for it. Lest readers should picture my stand as a heroic one, I should add that it was really no stand at all: nobody persecuted me; if anyone had, no doubt I should have joined.

When later I was called up for military service I responded, chiefly because my friends were in the army and I guessed I



should be happier with them there than on committees of anti-war societies with people whose views I mainly held. If this seems an illogical reason, I shall agree, with the proviso that it is also a more civilized reason than a desire to kill Germans.

I did not conceal my views about the war, but I did conceal my general feeling about games. I like outdoor pursuits such as walking, sea bathing, and mountaineering, but the competitive excitements of cup finals and test matches bore me to exasperation. The only contest even remotely athletic into which I ever entered with zest was the saying of the Latin grace at my Cambridge college; it was a long grace, and I was told (how accurately I cannot say) that I lowered the all-time speed record from sixteen to fourteen and one-fifth seconds.

At Brookfield, however, grace was said by the masters, so that my prowess in this field remained unsuspected, even by myself. The craze for clipping fifths of seconds raged elsewhere. Most of my friends were tremendously concerned about 'the hundred yards' and the various School and House matches, and I would not for the world have let them know that I cared nothing about such things at all. Sometimes, if there was absolutely no one else left to fill the team, I took part in some very junior house match, and I always hoped that my side would lose, because then I should not have to play in any subsequent game. Outwardly, however, I pretended to share all the normal enthusiasms over victory and despairs over defeat; and I think I carried it off pretty well. There is always some ultimate thing you must do when you are in Rome, even if the Romans are exceptionally broad-minded.

I never received corporal punishment at Brookfield; I was never bullied; I never had a fight with anybody; and the only trouble I got into was for breaking bounds. I used to enjoy lazy afternoons at the Orchard, Grantchester, with strawberries and cream for tea; I liked

to attend Evensong at King's College Chapel; I liked to smoke cigarettes in cafés. Most of these diversions were against school rules, and I have an idea that often when I was seen breaking them the observer tactfully closed an eye. Perhaps it was realized that my desire for personal freedom did not incline me to foment general rebellion. Many things that I care about do not attract others at all, and awareness of this has always made me reluctant to exalt my own particular cravings into the dimensions of a crusade. On the whole I thought the school discipline reasonable, if occasionally irksome, and when I transgressed I did so with neither resentment nor regret.

Strangely, perhaps, since I was not 'the type,' I was quite happy at Brookfield. The very things I disliked (games, for instance) brightened some days by darkening others; I have rarely been so happy in my life as when, taking a hot bath after a football match in which I hardly touched the ball, I reflected that no one would compel me to indulge in such preposterous pseudo-activity for another forty-eight hours. I had many acquaintances, and a few close friends with whom my relationship was as unselfish as any I have experienced since in my life. I do not think I had any particular enemies, and I got on well enough with authority. Despite the sexual aberrations that are supposed to thrive at boarding schools, I never succumbed to any, nor was I ever tempted. I played the piano dashingly rather than accurately at speech-day concerts, breakfasted with the Head once a term, argued for or against capital punishment (I forget which) in the school debating society, and cycled many windy miles along the fenland lanes.

The magic of youth is in the sudden unfolding of vistas, the lifting of mists from the mile-high territory of manhood. It sometimes falls to me nowadays to read a fine new book by a new writer, but never to discover a whole shelf of new books at once — as happened after I had

first read *Clayhanger*. New worlds are for the young to explore; later one is glad of a new room or even of a view from a new window. That the worlds were not seen in proper focus, while the room or the view may be, does not entirely compensate for the slowing of excitement — for the loss of a mood in which one hid *The New Machiavelli* inside the chapel hymnbook, or read *Major Barbara* by flashlight under the bedclothes. To such ecstasies youth could add a passionate awareness of being alive, and — during the years 1914–1918 — of being alive by a miracle.

Looking back on those days, I see that they had an epic quality, and that, after all, the school experiences of my generation were unique. Behind the murmur of genitive plurals in dusty classrooms and the plick-plock of cricket balls in the summer sunshine, there was always the rumble of guns, the guns that were destroying the world that Brookfield had made and that had made Brookfield. Sometimes these guns were actually audible, or we fancied they were; every weekday there was a rush to the newspapers, every Sunday a batch of names read out to stilled listeners. The careful assessments of schoolmasters were blotted out by larger and wilder markings; a boy who had been expelled returned as a hero with medals; those whose inability to conjugate *avoir* and *être* seemed likely in 1913 to imperil a career were to conquer France's enemies better than they did her language; offenders gated for cigarette smoking in January were dropping bombs from the sky in December. It was a frantic world; and we knew it even if we did not talk about it. Slowly, inch by inch, the tide of war lapped to the gates of our seclusion; playing fields were ploughed up for trenches and drill grounds; cadet-corps duties took precedence over classroom studies; the school that had prepared so many beloved generations for life was preparing this one, equally beloved, for death.

When I said just now that I disliked military training and had no aptitude for it, I was putting the matter mildly. I dislike regimentation of any kind, and I loathe war, not only for its pain and misery and life wastage, but for its enthronement of the second-rate — in men, standards, ideals. In the declension of spirit in which England fought, it is correct to say that we began with Rupert Brooke and ended with Horatio Bottomley. But at Brookfield the loftier mood prevailed even when it was no more than a cellophane illusion separating us from the visible darkness without.

On Sundays we attended Chapel and heard sermons that, as often as not, preached brotherly love and forgiveness of our enemies. On Mondays we watched cadets on the football field bayoneting sacks with special aim for vital parts of the human body. This paradox did not, I am sure, affect most Brookfield boys as it did me. To be frank, it obsessed me; I would wonder endlessly whether Sunday's or Monday's behavior was the more hypocritical. I have changed my attitude since. That Brookfield declined to rationalize warfare into its code of ethics, while at the same time sending its sons to fight and die, seems to me now to have been pardonably illogical and creditably inconsistent; looking round on the present-day world of 1938, I can see that countries where high ideals are preached but not practised are at least better off than countries in which low ideals are both preached *and* practised.

Many of us at Brookfield, like myself, were too young — *just* too young — to see actual service in the war; yet during our last school years we lived under the shadow, for we knew or took for granted that if the war lasted we should be illogical and inconsistent in the same English way. Such tragic imminence hardly worried us, but it gave a certain sharpness to all the joys and a certain comfort for all the trivial hardships of school life — gave also, in my own case, the clearest focus for memory. There is hardly a big

event of those years that I do not associate with a Brookfield scene; Kitchener's death reminds me of cricketers hearing the news as they fastened pads in the pavilion; the Russian Revolution gives me the voice of a man, now dead, who talked about it instead of giving his usual geography lesson; the *Lusitania* sinking reminds me of the first headlines, read hastily over a master's shoulder at breakfast. I composed a sonnet on the Russian Revolution, which my father had the temerity to send to Mr. A. G. Gardiner (then editor of the *London Daily News*), eliciting from him the comment that it 'showed merit.' I also wrote a poem on the *Lusitania* which appeared in the *Cambridge Magazine*, a pacifist weekly run by Mr. C. K. Ogden, who has since distinguished himself by the invention of Basic English.

These things I recount, not for vain-glory (for they were not particularly good poems), but to reveal something of the mood of Brookfield, in which a boy could be eccentric enough to write poetry, and subversive enough to write pacifist and revolutionary poetry, without being either persecuted or ostracized. As a matter of fact, I was editor of the school magazine, and wrote for it articles, stories, and poems of all kinds and in all moods. Nobody tried to censor them; nobody tried to depose or harass me. Looking back on this genial indifference, it seems to me that Brookfield in wartime was not only less barbarian than the world outside it, but also less barbarian than many institutions in what we have since chosen to call peacetime. Is there a school in Soviet Russia where a student may offer even the mildest printed criticism of Stalin? Is there a debating society throughout all Nazi Germany that would dare to allow a communist to defend his faith? I suspect that nowadays the boys of Brookfield, members of the despised bourgeois capitalist class, are nevertheless free to be Marxian or Mosleyite if they like, and no doubt a few of them are writing wild

stuff which in twenty years' time they will either forget or regret. Let us hope, however, that they will not forget the spirit of tolerance which to-day is in such grave peril because it is in the very nature of tolerance to take tolerance for granted.

## VI

I do not know whether this spirit obtained at other schools besides Brookfield. Probably at some it did and at others it did n't. But I stress it because the quality of any institution can be tested by the extent to which it withstands attack without compromising too much with the attacker. Granted that during the war all civilized institutions were subtly contaminated, which of them passed such a test most creditably? Perhaps we can say that England as a whole, though suffering vast changes, has survived more recognizably than any other country. She is more than the ghost of her former self — she has a good deal left of the substance. Alone among the countries that participated substantially in the war, she still has a national life that is reasonably well-anchored.

Mr. Chips, if he were alive (and I have reason to believe he is, in a few schools), could still give the same lessons as in 1908 (not an ideal educational programme, but one that at least attests the durability of a tradition), could still make the same jokes to a new generation that still understands them, could still offer himself in the kindly rôle of jester, critic, mentor, and friend. No upstart authority has yet compelled him to click his heels and begin the day with juju incantations of Heils and Vivas. He can still say, without fear of rubber truncheons, 'Umph — Mr. Neville Chamberlain — umph — I used to know his father when he was the wild man of Born — I mean Birmingham . . . but his sons have turned — umph — respectable. . . .'

This spirit of free criticism, even if it expresses itself no more momentarily

than as a classroom squib, is the sort of thing that makes English conservatives liberal and keeps English socialists conservative. It is the spirit that made Baldwin protest against Fascist brutality at the Albert Hall, that gives Citrine misgivings about Russia, and that united ninety per cent of Englishmen in fervent *if soon-forgotten admiration of Dimitrov*. It is the spirit that made Mr. Chips protest amidst the bomb explosions, 'These things that have mattered for a thousand years are not going to be snuffed out because some stink-merchant invents a new kind of mischief.'

Unfortunately, it looks as if they *were* going to be snuffed out. Mr. Chips was too valiant an optimist to face the tragic impasse of the twentieth century — the fact that civilization, because in its higher manifestations it is essentially organized for peace, cannot long survive war, even a war supposedly undertaken on its behalf. There can be no war to end wars, because all wars begin other wars. There can be no such thing as a war to save democracy, because all wars destroy democracy. There could have been a peace to save what was left of democracy, but the chance of that came and went in 1919 — the saddest year in all the martyrdom of man.

Here the reader may protest that much of the above argument depends on the assumption that England and our institutions deserve to survive. There was a time when I would not by any means have taken this for granted. It was possible, then, to feel that the pre-war world, having encouraged or permitted a system that led to catastrophe, might as well be destroyed completely to make way for newer and better things. It was possible then to decry the public schools as the bulwark of a system that had had its day, to attack them for their creation of a class snobbery, to lampoon their play-the-game fetish and their sedate philistinism.

That these attacks were partly justified one may as well admit. The public

schools *do* create snobbery, or at any rate the illusion of superiority; you cannot train a ruling class without such an illusion. My point is that the English illusion has proved, on the whole, more humane and more endurable, even to its victims, than the current European illusions that are challenging and supplanting it; that the public-school Englishmen who flock to a Noel Coward revue to join in laughs against themselves are patterned better than the polychromed shirt-wearers of the Continent who not only cannot laugh but dare not allow laughter.

Granted that the long afternoon of English imperialism is over, that dusk is falling on a dominion wider if less solid than Rome's. Granted that the world is tired of us and our solar topees and our faded kiplingerie, that it will not raise a finger to save us from eclipse. Time will bring regrets, if any. For myself, I do not object to being called a sentimentalist because I acknowledge the passing of a great age with something warmer than a sneer. But the accusation of sentimentality comes oddly from those who extol the Russian collectivist as Rousseau extolled the noble savage. In some circles to-day it is even fashionable to decry the more literate occupations altogether and to redress the undoubted middle-class overweight in pre-war art by refusing hallmarks to anything modern that cannot call itself 'proletarian.' This forces me to a confession (snobbish if you insist) that in my opinion a man need not be ashamed of having been educated — even at Brookfield and Cambridge. When I reflect on the manner in which the Gadarene pace of 1938 is being set by an ex-house-painter, I do not need to apologize for being an ex-public-schoolboy (comic phrase though it is), and I can even turn with relief to the visionary ideals of a man whose reputation, faded to-day, will bloom again as we remember him more and more wistfully in the years ahead. And Woodrow Wilson was an ex-schoolmaster.



Let history write the epitaph: England, liberalism, democracy, were not so bad — not so good, either, on all occasions, but better, maybe, in a longer retrospect. Some of us may even survive to make such a retrospect. All over the world to-day the theme and accents of barbarism are being orchestrated, while the technique of mass hypnotism, as practised by controlled press and radio, is being schooled to construct a façade of justification for any and every excess. The English illusion is dying; on dune and headland sinks the fire. But there are other and fiercer fires. It is remarkable (if only a coincidence) that the first victims of the new ferocities have been countries in which there is a long tradition of cruelty (Chinese tortures, Ethiopian mutilations, Spanish bull rings); one is almost tempted to a belief that the soil can be soured by ancestral lusts, and that English freedom from actual warfare within her own territories for two centuries has been, in effect, a cleansing and a purification.

Perhaps this is too mystical for proof; perhaps it is just nonsense, anyway. But it is true that violence begets violence, that delight in the infliction of suffering is a poison in the blood stream of nations as well as of individuals, and that soon we may be faced with the prospect of a world impelled to its doom by sadists and degenerates. In the next war (that is to say, in the war that has already begun) there will be no heroes charging splendidly to death because 'someone has blundered,' but gray-faced *morituri*, prone in their steel coffins, diving to kill and be killed because, in the reckoning of authority, no one has blundered at all.

## VII

Do not think I am blind to the faults of the age of which Mr. Chips and his type were the product as well as the makers. Its imperialism was, at its worst, smug, hypocritical, and predatory. Its laissez-faire capitalism resulted

in such horrors as child-slavery in factories. Its vices were as solid as its virtues. But one fact does emerge from any critical analysis of the period beginning, roughly, with the Queen's accession and ending with her death — that it was possible, during this time, for an intelligent man in Western Europe to look around his world and believe that it was getting better. He could see the spread of freedom, in thought and creed and speech, and — even more important — the spread of the belief that such an increase of freedom was an ultimate goal, even if it could not be immediately conceded. He could watch the transplantation of parliamentary government into lands where, though it might not wholly suit the soil, few doubted it would eventually flourish. He could believe that mechanical inventions were spreading civilization because the chief mechanical invention of the time, the railway, was not (like the airplane) diabolically apt for use in warfare. He could observe each year new Sunderings of barriers between lands until traveler and student could roam through Europe more freely than at any time since the breakup of Christendom.

True that the boy Dickens toiled in a blacking factory, but he grew up free to scarify the system that had forced him to it; he had been a child-slave, but he was never a man-slave. True that Huxley was attacked for teaching that men and monkeys were somewhat the same; but he was never exiled for refusing to teach that Jews and Gentiles were altogether different. Scientists may have incurred the wrath of bishops for spreading what the latter considered to be evolutionary nonsense; they were never ordered by government to teach what every acknowledged authority considers to be Aryan nonsense. And while Karl Marx laboriously constructed his time bomb to explode the bourgeoisie, his victims rewarded him with a ticket to the British Museum instead of a Leipzig trial, and a peaceful grave in Highgate Cemetery



instead of a trench in front of a firing squad.

Occasionally throughout the ages, the clouds of history show a rift, and through it the sun of human betterment shines out for a few deceptive moments over a limited area. The Greece of Pericles was one such time and place; parts of China under certain dynasties offered the spectacle of another; Paraguay under the Jesuit Communists was perhaps a third. These few have little in common save a crust of security over the prevalent turbulence of mankind; the crust was thin, and its promise of permanence false. But Victorian England sealed the volcano more stoutly than it had ever been sealed before, so that a man and his son and his son's son might live and die in the belief that the world would not witness certain things again. The crust, indeed, was such that even after the first shattering its débris is something to cling to — until the next.

All of which may sound a huge digression. But for me it is not so. I cannot think of my school days without the image of that incredible background — Zeppelins droning over sleeping villages, Latin lessons from which boys stepped into the brief lordliness of a second-lieutenancy on the Somme. I cannot forget the little room where my friends and I fried sausages over a gas ring and played George Robey records on the gramophone, and how, in that same little room with the sausages frying and the gramophone playing, one of us received a telegram with bad news in it, and how we all tried to sympathize yet in the end arrived at no better idea than to open a hoarded tin of pineapple chunks to follow the sausages. I cannot forget cycling so often over the ridge of the Gog Magogs (which, as Mr. Chips always informed us, was the highest land between Brookfield and the Ural Mountains), and the soft fenland rain beginning to fall on Cambridge streets at dusk, with old men fumbling in and out of bookshops, and young men, spent after

route marches, scampering over ancient quadrangles.

Those days were history, but most of us were too young to be historians, too young to disassociate the trivial from the momentous — gnarled desks and war headlines, photogravure generals and the school butler who stood at the foot of the dormitory staircase and at lights-out warned sepulchraly, 'Time, gentlemen, Time.' It was Time in a way that so many of us could not realize. That warning marked the days during which, on an average, ten thousand men were killed.

Mr. Chips would walk between the lines of beds in the dormitory and turn out the lights. He was an old man then, and it was impossible to think he had ever been much younger. He seemed already ageless, beyond the reach of any time that could be called. School days are a microcosm of life — the boy is born the day he enters the school and dies the day he leaves it; in between are youth, middle age, and the elderly respectability of the sixth form. But outside this cycle stands the schoolmaster, watching the three-year lifetimes as they pass him by, remembering faces and incidents as a god might remember history. An old schoolmaster, if he is well liked and has dignity, is rather like a god. You can joke about him behind his back, but you must acknowledge him to his face while you love him a little carelessly in your hearts. This has been the relationship of good men and good gods since the world began.

There was no single schoolmaster I ever knew who was entirely Mr. Chips, but there were several who had certain of his attributes and achieved that best reward of a well-spent life — to grow old beloved. One of them was my father. He did not train aristocrats to govern the Empire or plutocrats to run their fathers' businesses, but he employed his wise and sweetening influence just as valuably among the thousands of elementary schoolboys who knew and know him still in a London suburb.

# BAD MANNERS IN GOLF

BY BERNARD DARWIN

## I

WHEN a man looks to see if he has laid me a stymie I consider it an impertinence.' These formidable words fell from an old friend of mine, a good golfer in his day, a man of great kindness but some austerity of manner, one who loves the rigor of the game and was brought up in its strictest tradition. They may at first sight seem almost too stern for the offense in question, and yet I am not sure.

It is irritating enough to have a man lay us a stymie, but it is infinitely more irritating to have him step in front of us as we are brooding over it, take a quick glance at the line, and then leave us to it, with an ill-concealed smirk of triumph upon his face. If in addition he should so far forget himself as to say, 'It's not a stymie — there's room to get past on the left,' then there is nothing malicious or revengeful that we are not disposed to do to him. Proof of those words having been uttered would make it impossible for any jury of golfers to bring in a verdict of murder, and I doubt if they would even agree on one of manslaughter.

Yet the object of our hatred has probably acted in perfect innocence. He has not done it to annoy. He has only forgotten his golfing manners for one fatal moment, or even, perhaps, has never learned them.

The golfer is admittedly a hypersensitive creature, and many things goad him to fury which would seem harmless to the outer and uninitiated world. A very

famous English judge once said to a young barrister, 'I am afraid I did many improper things when I was at the bar. In fact, I know I did'; and few of us who have played golf for any length of time can altogether acquit ourselves of breaches of the unwritten code of golfing manners. We have all said things to our opponents which would have incensed us if they had been said to us. The words have passed the barrier of our lips before we were aware of them. We have been very sorry afterwards, and then perhaps we have done the same thing again when the same set of circumstances have presented themselves.

I am not thinking so much of the offenses which are particularly mentioned in the etiquette of golf — the talking or moving on the stroke, the standing, as it is called, 'behind the player's eye,' and so on. Of these we have all been at times guilty through sheer inadvertence. I am thinking rather of the things that we say to our opponent, and which would so much better have been left unsaid.

One friend of mine regards as constituting almost the blackest crime in the whole golfing calendar the six simple words, 'You let me off that time.' It is so hard not to say them sometimes; they represent such a natural outburst of relief. The other fellow has two putts for the hole, his ball is but a few yards from it, and hope has died within our breast. He does not lay the first one quite dead, and our drooping spirits revive a little; it seems just possible that the impossible

may happen. He misses the short one, and our pent-up feelings find expression in the forbidden words. It is eminently natural, and even the greatest and most benevolent of men have fallen into a like error.

'A double, sir,' said Mr. Pickwick, after winning a second rubber against the fat gentleman, whose partner had committed various crimes. 'A double, sir,' and we cannot doubt that he smiled as he said it. 'Quite aware of the fact, sir,' replied the fat gentleman sharply. I suppose he forgot his manners, too, but we can sympathize with his remark.

And now that we have approached the subject of short putts, what a rich cause of offense they are! What a chance do they give for bad manners! The other day I was watching a foursome tournament of some importance, and there came beneath the eyrie where I was perched a match between two prominent amateurs on the one side, a world-famous professional and an amateur on the other. What had happened before, I do not know, but here, on the twelfth green, they were holing out putts of six inches and less with a grimness of demeanor which baffles all description. I never learned exactly how it had started or 'who began it,' but there was no doubt that all four were now playing in a state of cold anger.

Of course we may say, and we constantly do say, that no one has any right to resent being asked to hole a short putt, but the fact remains that there are putts so short that it is vexatious to be asked to hole them, and when one party begins, the other determines to play him at his own game. This is a fundamental weakness in golfing human nature; nor, as far as I can see, will any legislation eradicate it. The law cannot insist on A holing his putt when B has picked up or kicked his ball away and given up the hole.

Of course, as I say, we ought not to get cross, and I do not think we do unless there is something indefinably defiant

and offensive in our opponent's manner as he stands watching us hole out that six-inch putt. If he stands still and in silence, we have no real cause for complaint, but suppose he waits a perceptible moment of time, looks at our putt, and then says, 'I think I'll see that one in' — only blanks and asterisks can express our just indignation. The words are permissible only in the most light-hearted of palpably postprandial games, and then they are better not spoken. In the case of any opponent who does it more than once, we are justified in having a permanent engagement should he invite us to play again.

The converse crime is that of the man who makes as if to knock the ball in one-handed and says, 'Will that do?'

'Halved hole,' says the foe, but 'No' — I say, 'No;

'Putt it out, mine enemy!

'You're dead, but not buried.' He's shaky and flurried;

O! a terrible miss makes he.

A terrible miss he often does make if we have the moral courage to say 'No,' and we are entirely justified in saying it. Only the question is whether life is long enough for these little unpleasantnesses. We had better either make the best of it as 'pretty Fanny's way,' or not play with that particular adversary again.

There are variants of this last formula, such as 'Do you think I can miss that one?' — to which the suggested answer is 'I don't know, but I hope so.' These are things seldom said in a match that can be called serious, but there is a thing occasionally said in a very serious match that is deserving of severe punishment — namely, 'I should like to give you that one, but I am afraid I ought not to.' I once heard that said at the last hole of a championship match, and the man who was bidden to hole the short putt missed it and the man who had said the dreadful words won, by the unjust workings of Providence, at the twentieth or twenty-first hole. The obvious inference is that it was said on purpose, but I am not dealing with de-

liberate 'propaganda,' and in this particular instance I believe him who said it to be as honest a man and a golfer as need be. It was simply one of those unutterably foolish things that we may say in moments of excitement, and for which, let us hope, we suffer remorse in the watches of the night.

I remember once when I was playing in the semifinal of a foursome tournament. My partner and I were dormy one, and he laid the third shot within the comfortable distance of a foot from the hole. The enemy had a putt of some six feet for his four, missed it, and then said to me in a tone of concentrated venom, 'I meant to make you hole that one.' It was rather futile and not very gracious, but how easy it is to be magnanimous in the moment of victory! Indeed, I am afraid that my satisfaction was maliciously enhanced. Besides, I am sadly conscious of having spent my golfing life in a glass house and am very wary as to throwing stones.

## II

There is one clear moral to be drawn in this matter — namely, that the less we say the better. I was once playing with a great and wise golfer, now dead, when I apologized to him for some childish outcry over my ill fortune. He himself had suffered in his youth from a fiery temper and was very kind and sympathetic. He said that he had found it a good rule to try to make no comment either on his own shots or on his adversary's. It is an admirable rule, and, though I have wholly failed to follow it, I have never forgotten. Of course it has exceptions, and an occasional 'Hard luck' is surely not only permissible but laudable; but it should be reserved for a calamity to the enemy which really does come under that head — a fine shot trapped by inches or an unfortunate kick.

The adversary will not, unless he be a very simple fellow, believe that we are anything but glad at his misfortune, but he will be a little grateful to us neverthe-

less. There is some value even in the obviously base coin of an unfelt sympathy. He knows that we cannot be sorry, but, unless he is a very fierce realist, he likes us to pretend that we are. However, we must not pretend too much or too often. Can anything be more infuriating to a golfer, who is putting badly, than his foursome partner's parrot cry of 'Well tried'?

One golfer of my acquaintance complained bitterly the other day of an opponent that 'the brute did not say "Sorry" when he laid me a stymie.' Doubtless he was both illogical and exacting, for we are not, save in very exceptional circumstances, sorry when we lay the enemy a stymie and, moreover, we have not done it on purpose. Yet it has become a regular if empty form of politeness to say 'Sorry,' and we say it not altogether for his sake but also for our own. We feel sometimes, and quite unreasonably, a little mean when we have laid a stymie, and salve our consciences by this fiction of apology. It is a foolish custom, and yet it is probably both wise and civil to yield to it now and again.

Too much butter, like too much sympathy, is to be deprecated, but occasional praise of the opponent's shots is only decent. Yet we must beware of asking him in humble admiration how he does it, for if once he begins to think on that subject he may be able to do it no more. The illustrious Mr. John Ball had (and has, when he plays — all too seldom) a curious and characteristic grip of the right hand. Between the rounds of a championship a worshiper, in the innocence of his heart, approached him and asked if he would demonstrate this grip. 'No, no,' said the great man, 'I've been had that way before — I'll show you after the round.' There never was a less self-conscious golfer than Mr. Ball, and if he was afraid of being made to think, how much more easily will others fall into the fatal pit of thought!

Sir Walter Simpson (Robert Louis

Stevenson's companion of the *Cigarette* and the *Arethusa*) has given a pleasantly immoral description of the baiting of such a trap. 'He [the opponent],' he says, 'is thoroughly stretched, supple, confident, and consequently out comes one of those extra-long shots. If you and he both leave him alone, he takes no heed, and other extra ones follow at intervals. But, if you are a cunning player, flatter him about his shot, point out that his next is as long, and, if he takes the bait, the third may be long too; but your experienced eye will detect that he has staggered and overexerted himself to produce it. It is a question of your tact against his sense, whether you get him broken down altogether, or whether he returns to hitting steadily and without prejudice.'

Here, however, I am verging on the realms of propaganda. In that debatable — or perhaps it is not debatable — land there have dwelt great men. That mightiest of all cricketers and most delightful and kindly of men, Dr. W. G. Grace, had his own standards of conduct. A friend once told me how he and W. G. were playing in a foursome match and one of the opponents began with several very long, straight shots. 'George,' said W. G. confidentially, 'this man's driving too well for me. You watch me talk him off his game.' 'Oh, I hope that may not be necessary, Doctor,' said George, with some natural compunction, but he saw his partner put his arm round his enemy's neck and tell him a series of stories with great bursts of Homeric laughter. The enemy, flattered by these friendly attentions, was reduced to a state of giggling futility, and the spiky gorse bushes became his grave.

However far we may get away from it, — and I am conscious of meandering, — we always seem to come back to the point that the less we say, the less harm we can do. Of a set and serious combat, Mr. Horace Hutchinson wrote that the most we can expect of an opponent is that he 'should play in silence and as

badly as possible.' Yet fortunately all games — indeed, most games — are not of such deadly character; there is a gradation in these matters, and good championship manners are something too grim and formal for the friendly foursome of every day. When all is said, golfing manners are good or bad much as are manners in general. We can all think of the perfect partner or adversary, the cheerful, unselfish fellow who wants to enjoy his game and wants to make everyone else enjoy it too, who wins without exultation or patronage, who loses without rancor. Some nameless quality shines out of him, so that it is a positive pleasure to see him play, whether in a big match or a small.

I can still vividly remember a match in the Amateur Championship at Deal in 1923, now fifteen long years ago. Two of the American Walker Cup team, Mr. Francis Ouimet and that excellent golfer from California, Mr. Jack Neville, had the misfortune to draw one another and so cut one another's throats in an early round; it may even have been the first. It was a good and close fight, which Mr. Ouimet won, but the point was not in victory or defeat; it was in the manner of the playing. The two did not talk much to one another; each played as hard and as keenly as he could, and yet that match radiated a delightful and friendly atmosphere. Nor was it I alone who was thus impressed. Everybody who had watched said afterwards what a joy that match had been to see. There was something indefinably pleasant in the spirit of the combat. Here was an example of how two gentlemen should play golf, for others, however faintly pursuing, to follow.

It is not given to many to play the game in that way. It would be easy to name others who have, as regards all outward forms, perfectly good golfing manners, and yet exude an atmosphere of hostility. They are by nature and instinct killers; that is the way they are made. Their manners can only be good



in a negative sense, and no one has the right to ask any more of them; but they cannot give the same pleasure in the watching. Perhaps I may be allowed to quote an admirable description of a typical killer in another game, Spofforth, the Australian bowler, once known far and wide as 'the Demon.' The writer, Mr. Neville Cardus, is looking at some pictures of the famous bowler: 'They were taken long after his days in the sun were over, yet there lurks in the pictures of the man a sense of sinister power. The bowling action is spring-heel-Jackish; the form of him lithe in an inimical way; his face set in hard, predatory lines. He was the Australian of Australians, a stark man that let in with him the coldest blast of antagonism that ever blew over a June field.'

There are such players in all games, and we can appreciate their qualities; nor is there anything to be said against them, save only that they do not add to the enjoyment of the game; indeed, 'game' becomes in their presence an inadequate and inappropriate word. Killing can be done in different ways. There was no greater slaughterer of his enemies than Mr. Bobby Jones at his zenith, but there was nothing unpleasant in seeing that carnage. He never appeared for an instant to be reveling in blood; corpses must needs bestrew his victorious path, but he did not trample on them. He was the highwayman who was forced to take his victim's purse, but took it with the courtliest of bows. In short, he was the proof that it is possible to have the competitive instinct developed in the highest degree and yet remain the perfect opponent.

### III

Manners and customs are not, of course, one and the same thing, but different customs can beget different codes of manners in different countries. For instance, in England we usually play four-ball matches on the principle that the partner who is palpably out of the

hunt at a particular hole should not continue to the bitter end. He is regarded as something of a selfish nuisance if he does so. In America, on the other hand, the players have generally, in my experience, some wagers as to their individual scores for the round, very likely with others who are playing in a separate match. Therefore they very properly hole out, although they cannot affect the result of that particular hole. I recall playing a four-ball match on a course near Chicago in the year ever memorable as Mr. Ouimet's, 1913. At the first hole my partner was near the hole in two; I, doubtless deservedly, was in a bunker by the green in three, and picked up my ball accordingly. Thereupon my kind host assured the few on-lookers that such was the English custom, lest they might think that I had abandoned the struggle in a tantrum. That mild little story is an illustration of the fact that what are good manners in one country may be odd ones in another, and vice versa. It is simply a question of not impeding the players behind, and depends on what is called the pace of the green.

I think that, owing to the universal popularity of four-ball matches and the general holing-out, the average pace of the green is slower in America than in England, and yet, in my experience, the average American golfer plays more quickly than his English brother. Certainly those who have come over with Walker Cup teams set us a good example in this regard. In England we have been suffering from an epidemic of drearily slow golf among those who ought to know better. I hope that it has now passed its peak, but there is still much room for improvement, still too much dawdling and pottering, still far too many stomachic prostrations — if I may so term them — in the studying of putts.

A few years ago there was a competitor in championships who, owing to a nervous affliction, could not bring him-

self to hit the ball until after some seventy waggles. In one tournament he drove two successive victims to the verge of madness. The third, being forewarned and extremely strong-minded into the bargain, took out a deck chair and a newspaper and won his match. Who shall decide as to the exact quality of his manners? Desperate diseases require desperate remedies.

His was a case for some sympathy, but there are others who deserve none. Dear me, into what a malignancy of hatred we can be worked up as regards those whom we know only as 'the people in front'; and yet it is very often not their fault, for they have other people in front of them, and so on *ad infinitum*. At St. Andrews, when the full tide of summer golf is surging, we always take three hours to get round, and the best are as the worst, for they all travel at the pace of the green. Yet I have personally been driven to the point of frenzy there by a bishop in front of me, whereas, had he been a golfer, I should have remained placid. I am afraid we are snobs in this matter and do not mind being kept back by a champion.

Yet snobbishness is a venial sin as compared with some of those of which we are guilty, at any rate in desire, in this matter of keeping back. It is worse even than that of short putts in producing bad temper and bad manners. There are golfers who will go to almost any trouble in order to avoid what they deem the indignity of being passed; they will run, they will pick up the ball, they will ruin their own pleasure in order, as it appears, to ruin that of somebody else. They will lose a ball, reluctantly signal to their pursuers to come through, and then, on finding the ball, dash forward again. That is unspeakable; once the signal has been given, it must be abided by, even though those who are coming through make the most deplorable bungle, as players anxious to pass invariably do.

It is often a sore temptation to drive into those confounded people in front, but, whatever the provocation, we put ourselves in the wrong if we do. In my boyhood there was more latitude, and so far more squabbles, sometimes even pitched battles, on this point than there are to-day. The 'etiquette' of golf now lays it down that 'no player should play until the party in front are out of range.' The elder tradition was that those behind were entitled to play when those in front had played their seconds; and if it was acted on literally, as it sometimes was, the lives of short-driving old gentlemen were in the gravest peril. Occasionally the party driven into would declare open war and drive the invading ball into the sea. Alternatively, if hidden by a sand hill, they would adopt guerrilla methods and stamp it into the ground. Either plan was likely to lead to an explosion, and I think golfers were altogether more explosive fifty years ago.

Where is that race of peppery colonels, now only to be found in works of fiction, before whom caddies fled aghast, who threw their clubs into the waves and then were nearly drowned in rescuing them? If they throw their clubs now, is it into the Styx? Where is that most delightful of Scottish golfers who said to his putter, 'Don't you presume on my good nature any longer,' and battered it to death against the stone wall at Prestwick? The wall has gone, and he with it. It is some years now since I saw a shaft cracked across an infuriated knee; I have not even cracked one myself. There is for everything a time and a season. Those colonels are dust and their niblicks rust,

Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

Something of picturesqueness has doubtless departed with such barbarous customs, and doubtless also it is all for the best. As the golfer said, in response to his wife's consolations, 'I know it's only a d——d game!'

## SIDNEY HILLMAN

BY JOSEPH GOLLOMB

### I

IN the minds of many who fear and hate the Committee for Industrial Organization and all its works, Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, is Machiavelli in modern dress, tutor in unprincipled politics to John L. Lewis. The American Federation of Labor called Hillman that in an official resolution, with John L. Lewis as Cesare Borgia's modern instance, Mussolini. Both men relished the nominations. 'Well, Sidney,' Lewis chuckled, 'it seems I'm your muscle man.' Hillman professed to be jealous and put in a claim to be considered both Machiavelli and Borgia.

However one takes the charge against Hillman, the accent in it, that he is merely adviser to a chieftain, is wrong. Though he is only fifty-one, he has been a top labor executive longer than either William Green, of the A. F. of L., or John L. Lewis, who are both older than he. He has been president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America since its inception in 1914, and perhaps never was he more securely president than to-day. Foes of the Amalgamated admit that it is one of the most potent and importantly pioneering unions in the country. When the Harmon Foundation voted an award to Sidney Hillman for outstanding public service, it also said of the Amalgamated that 'it not only reorganized conditions in a major industry, but has been a laboratory where labor's new share in the life of the community is being worked out.'

In early March, Hillman was convalescing from a long siege of pneumonia, brought on largely by overwork, and it was in palm- and sycamore-shaded gardens that I saw him, brown, rested, and already incongruous in the atmosphere of a sanatorium. Unlike spectacular John Lewis, Hillman is the despair of the caricaturist who has to exaggerate some feature. Do that to Hillman and you destroy recognition. Except when he is on the platform, his person and personality affect you like a quietly uttered understatement, just before you recognize it as such. Then you notice the alert look in the brown eyes that make his glasses seem only an aid to an already keen vision.

His nose is straight and firm, his mouth broad and mobile; his jaws and chin, in which there is an ever-youthful cleft, are square without being angular; and it takes a second glance to see how solidly modeled are his head and body. There is a balance, a belonging to it all, that suggests not only a smoothly geared physical mechanism, but also a correspondence of physique with character. Also, whether he is listening — and he is a good listener — or quietly chatting, or in the full swing of action, he is as absorbed as an engineer in something bigger than himself, and essentially Hillman is an engineer in labor dynamics.

His English, though correct, obviously is acquired, but it can be vigorous enough. 'All right, they're crazy. But

they're tailors, are n't they? Then we've got to deal with them!' He laughs easily, apparently never with malice. His voice is mellow, of middle register, rich with modulation; but in casual talk it gives no hint of the power and passion that make him another man when he is crusading. Then his body becomes compact, with everything in him mobilized and in action. His pleasantly modeled chin and jaws take on a bulldog thrust and aggression. His voice rasps and rings, his consonants are hard and sharp. He uses few gestures, with the result that what he says acquires an impact almost muscular.

He was born in Zagare, Russia. As a boy he studied for the rabbinate simply because all the men in his family, with the exception of his father, a small merchant, were rabbis. He gave himself over to it with such intensity that to this day, when he is in the fervor of exposition, his body takes on the slight rhythmic rocking of the Talmudic student.

Rhapsodists have called him 'the Moses of Labor.' I asked him if in boyhood's large dreams Moses had figured as a model. 'Not particularly,' he said. 'You see, the rabbis in our family were not outstanding, but the rank-and-file kind that are called upon more to help than to lead. Concern in the everyday problems of working people was their job, so I took it for granted it had to be mine, just as I might have taken for granted I had to be a bricklayer or carpenter had my people been in the building trades.'

But the absolute values, the mysticism and the symbolism in religious orthodoxy, were not for him. He is a pragmatist to the core; there is not a breath of mysticism in the man, and symbols trouble him as mist would on his glasses. He gave up preparing to be a rabbi, broke with his family over orthodoxy, and at fifteen went to a larger Russian city, Kovno, to fend for himself.

Here he worked in a chemical laboratory for a living, and at night studied the

economists. Karl Marx impressed him, though the Marxian concept seemed too mechanistic for the flesh-and-blood humanity Hillman knew. Ferdinand Lassalle, the man of action, appealed to him more than Marx, the theoretician. This is the more understandable as Russia was on the brink of the revolution of 1905. Hillman had already joined the Bund, an organization of Jews with a socialist ideology, but all Hillman's reading of Marx, all the roar of revolution about him, translated themselves to him at this juncture into a demand for shorter hours for workers. In a parade of students one day, Hillman joined the chant for a ten-hour working day.

The police swooped down on the parade and threw scores of the students into jail, Hillman with them. At first, imprisonment was an agony of enforced idleness; he never could find in books an adequate outlet; then he steeled himself to a resilient patience. After eight months behind bars, amnesty freed him and he plunged back into revolution. But the government reassembled its forces, and those revolutionists who were not shot or imprisoned fled abroad or went into hiding.

Hillman escaped to England, where in Manchester a prosperous uncle received him cordially. He could have stayed on there comfortably; but life in England was not dynamic enough for him, and after seven months he left for America. He avoided New York, where he knew he would become involved in the life of immigrants like himself, and went to Chicago, where he hoped, as quickly as possible, to translate his life and values into terms of the new world.

For two years he was a clerk, then he went to Hart, Schaffner and Marx to learn the trade of cutter of men's garments. At first he worked without pay, then he got six dollars a week. Three years later he was still at Hart, Schaffner and Marx making eleven dollars a week. It was the average wage for all workers there for a week of fifty-four hours.

Elsewhere in the men's garment industry in Chicago the pay was less, the hours longer, working conditions worse. Twelve-year-old children were employed. Toilets and drinking water in many shops were shut off to keep employees from taking time out. If a boss said he did not like the way a garment was done, the one who had worked on it had to pay for it at a rate that included a profit. There were night work, speed-up, and sweatshops in tenement homes. Yet what Hillman found more prevalent than rebellion among his fellow workers was fear of discharge. He said of this period, 'I remember especially how, in the panic of 1907, uppermost in all our minds was, "Who will be thrown out next?"'

## II

ON September 22, 1910, five girls walked out on strike against Hart, Schaffner and Marx. At first there was laughter at this assault on the strongest open-shop citadel in Chicago, the biggest manufacturers of men's garments in the world. Then the six thousand employees of Hart, Schaffner and Marx joined the walkout, and inside of three weeks 45,000 other men's garment workers in Chicago were out on strike.

Familiar concomitants followed — picketing, injunctions, hundreds of arrests, brutality by the police of Mayor 'Big Bill' Thompson in his palmiest days, beating up of pickets, with two of them killed, a public funeral, countless meetings, an aroused public opinion, and a long deadlock of forces.

For the first ten weeks of all this, Sidney Hillman walked the pavements as a picket. Then he was chosen one of a committee of eleven to combat the influence of William D. Haywood, who was trying to lead strikers into the camp of the Industrial Workers of the World. Haywood's stronghold was Hod Carriers' Hall, where big meetings were held daily. After two days Hillman found himself the only one of the committee on

the job. He gained the platform, and the metal and temper of his Russian experiences, now forged in an American industrial conflict, so impressed the strikers that they turned to him in increasing numbers until he found himself leading the strike.

Meanwhile the strike was also developing Joseph Schaffner, of Hart, Schaffner and Marx. Like many another business head, he had left labor relations to his overseers. At first he led the fight on the strikers. Subsequently, testifying before an industrial relations commission, he said, 'I was so badly informed of the conditions in my shops that only a few days before the great strike I called the attention of a friend to what seemed to me the highly satisfactory state of my employees. When I found out later the conditions that had prevailed I concluded that the strike should have occurred much sooner.'

On January 14, 1911, Hart, Schaffner and Marx signed a simple agreement that brought their employees back to work. Its essence was the setting up of an arbitration committee consisting of employers and employees equally represented and an impartial chairman. 'Said arbitration committee shall take up, consider whatever grievances the employees of Hart, Schaffner and Marx shall have, and shall fix a method for settlement of grievances, if any, in the future.'

The other Chicago strikers fared worse. Thomas A. Rickert, president of their union, the United Garment Workers, lukewarm in the strike, had tried several times to settle with employers, but the rank and file had voted his terms down. Finally on February 3, 1911, without a referendum vote, Rickert called the general strike off. Worn out with eighteen weeks of struggle and privation, the garment workers gave in, and those who were not blacklisted went back without anything to show for their long fight.

At Hart, Schaffner and Marx the



agreement did not begin working with immediate ease. Overseers and employees had to be educated, first to accept the instrument whole-heartedly, then how to use it best. Sidney Hillman, enthusiastic for it from the beginning, had a stubborn time getting the workers to try a technique of labor adjustment other than the only way they knew, the strike. Such a vast number and variety of problems came up, most of them requiring judgment born of practical experience in the trade, that the arbitration board as originally set up had to be supplemented by a trade board of five employees, five representatives of the firm, and a neutral chairman. The trade board, on which Sidney Hillman was chief workers' deputy, winnowed out the complaints, set up standards, and established procedures and precedents. The arbitration committee functioned as a court of last resort.

The historic agreement was kept on its course largely by a fundamental agreement on objectives on the part of employers and workers. 'The large concern and its employees constitute a small society,' Joseph Schaffner, as employer, said. 'Under conditions where the employer does not consult the rights of the employees, that society is a despotism; under conditions where the workers are given a voice, it is a republic. When the change in Hart, Schaffner and Marx was made from the monarchical form to a republic, the original agreement became the constitution, and the trade board and the board of arbitration were given legislative and judicial powers. What had to be done was to have laws made and interpreted in such a manner as to give every member of that society full understanding of his rights, his obligations, and his responsibility.'

Sidney Hillman's attitude was: 'A constructive labor attitude must be in terms of the achievable. . . . We cannot ask from industry more than it can soundly afford to give. . . . A strike victory or a defeat, as such, settles nothing

fundamentally. An employer may win a strike and discover, when it is too late, it was so costly that he has lost his business. A union may win a strike and find that it has lost both the industry and the union. We cannot defeat an industry; when we do that we defeat ourselves. . . . Labor must be industry-conscious.'

Hillman's skill as chief workers' deputy brought him a call in 1914 to do for the women's garment industry what the Hart, Schaffner and Marx agreement was effecting. He became chief clerk of the Cloakmakers' Union in New York; and he was making a notable record in administrating when the men's garment workers called him to lead in a new and unpredictable conflict, this time against their own union.

Discontent had been rising in the ranks of the United Garment Workers. One of their complaints was that the officialdom of their union 'refused to take notice of the growing demand on the part of the clothing workers for industrial rather than craft unionism.' Other charges were 'autocratic and unrepresentative administration of the union's business' and 'corrupt practices existing among the officers of the United Garment Workers.'

At the convention of the union in Nashville on October 12, 1914, President Rickert struck back, refusing to seat 105 delegates representing 40,000 dissenters, about two thirds of the total membership. The barred delegates thereupon held a convention of their own, and asked the American Federation of Labor, to which they belonged, to recognize them as the United Garment Workers.

Meanwhile they had nominated Sidney Hillman as their president. He called a small group of friends together and anxiously asked if he should accept. They warned him that the American Federation of Labor would never recognize the rebels. Anyone who led them would find his career in organized labor at an end. They pointed out that Hill-

man was doing important work, that the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, where he was then engaged, was powerful in the A. F. of L. and offered a bright future for him if he stayed on. Suddenly Hillman made up his mind. One of his advisers that night remembered the exact expression of that decision. 'When I came to America,' Hillman said, 'I looked for a nine-dollar job and I was worth all of six. Well, the tailors made me? They can have me!'

He resigned his position, led the revolt of the men's garment workers, and, as everyone had predicted, he and his followers were thrown out of the A. F. of L. On December 26, 1914, the outcasts held a convention in New York at Webster Hall, and organized themselves as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. Sidney Hillman was elected president. Thereafter New York became his headquarters.

### III

From then on the careers of the Amalgamated and of Hillman have been practically inseparable. Not the least of the reasons for this is that they march in step. Hillman not only respects the tempo of the working masses, but feels it incumbent upon himself to measure his step largely by theirs. That explains why in America he is reformist rather than revolutionary. 'In Russia I discovered how universal is the fear of chaos,' he said to me. 'Only a few can nourish their lives on the promises alone of things to come. Most of us need to make a living now, mate now, enjoy now a reasonable degree of social stability.'

Yet Hillman has a tempo of his own, and it indicates why he left Russia when he did. What little labor movement had arisen was crushed, and he felt it would remain so for many years to come. He was too young and too impatient to curb his step so long; and that same impatience found life in England too slow. In the Amalgamated he met his marching partner.

Born of rebellion against autocratic rule, the Amalgamated has written democracy into the whole framework of its constitution. Officers of the union can be elected only by a general referendum. The membership can initiate legislation, or change the constitution. Any member can prefer charges against any officer, and, if dissatisfied with decisions of the union's lower courts, he can carry his case to a general convention of the Amalgamated. Unlike bludgeon-ruled unions, whose chiefs let years pass without giving their members a chance to express themselves through a convention, the Amalgamated holds one every two years.

Long after Hillman has secured a majority of the membership of his union or of his general board for something he recommends, he labors passionately to convince the rest. He argues with subordinates whom he has the right to order. The feeling between him and the rank and file is exceptionally personal. 'When you see young girls face fire hoses on the picket lines,' he said to me, 'and New York tailors lay themselves down in front of non-union trucks . . .' And he smiled at the inadequacy of comment. An audience of his union members lights him up as no other gathering does. But even before his own people his words are so small a part of what he expresses that a transcript of his speech is surprisingly inadequate to anyone who has heard him.

The result of all this is that the rank and file of the Amalgamated are convinced he understands their problems and feels their stresses in his very bones. They follow his leadership so completely that they have been known to cheer his recommendation that they accept a 15 per cent wage cut. They are gleeful at his shrewdness and his successes as a general; but, win or lose, they have never nominated anyone but Hillman for president in all the years of the union. In a very real sense the Amalgamated is as much a product of his leadership as he

himself has been conditioned by his followers and their officers.

The Amalgamated was born in the midst of pressures and strikes in every important centre of the men's garment industry, attacked by the A. F. of L. as ruthlessly as by the manufacturers. In New York the preponderance of small shops presented such a problem in unionization that the Amalgamated tried to postpone decisive battle until it was stronger. For that reason the manufacturers launched their offensive by slashing wages on July 12, 1915. The Amalgamated had to gamble on a bit of showmanship. It did not call out all its troops simultaneously, but a division at a time. If the union got enough response, the effect would be cumulative; if not, the device would be a boomerang.

At the first call 10,000 pants makers came out on strike. The next day 11,000 vest makers and knee-pants makers followed. On the third day 25,000 coat makers struck, and the manufacturers asked the Amalgamated for a conference. Wage cuts were restored, the union shop was recognized. It was by no means the last of the war in New York. But to-day the men's garment industry in that city is completely unionized.

In Chicago in 1915, Hart, Schaffner and Marx, the ally whose well-being was so important to the Amalgamated, had to compete with open shops that paid workers as little as \$2.50 and \$4.00 for a week of sixty to seventy hours. Hillman went to Chicago and presented Amalgamated's demands. The open shops rejected them. Hillman gave the word, and Bohemians, Slovaks, Lithuanians, Jews, Italians, and American-born workers came out on strike: cutters, coatmakers, tailors, trimmers, pants makers, pressers, spongers, and sewing-machine adjusters. This time they had to contend not only against bosses, injunctions, police, thugs, and 'Big Bill' Thompson, but also against scabbing by the United Garment Workers. But after twelve weeks of fight the manufacturers

yielded recognition of shop committees and chairmen and a forty-eight-hour week. In 1919 an abridged copy of the Hart, Schaffner and Marx agreement was signed between the Amalgamated and the Wholesale Clothiers Association of Chicago. To-day Chicago, like New York, is completely unionized in the men's garment industry.

By the end of 1936 the Amalgamated had Rochester, Cincinnati, Montreal, and Toronto also in the 100 per cent division, with Philadelphia, Cleveland, and other cities close to complete unionization. Then, early in 1937, the union signed up the manufacturers of the men's garment industry in this country on a nation-wide scope, in an agreement that showed the influence of the Hart, Schaffner and Marx experience, covered 95 per cent of the industry, and won a \$30,000,000 wage increase for its workers.

Before he begins negotiations with a manufacturer or orders a strike, Hillman has an exhaustive survey made of his antagonist's business situation, while he himself studies his man for the human equation. Sometimes Hillman has found a knowledge of the latter more important than the business rating.

In Cincinnati, for instance, the Rock of Gibraltar for open-shop manufacturers against invasion by the Amalgamated was 'Golden Rule' Arthur Nash, owner of the biggest men's garment-making plant in the city. Nash ran his business on what he called 'God's Plan,' which included a bonus system, profit sharing, and other welfare features for his employees; but he forbade them to join the Amalgamated or any other union. Hillman's study of the man was almost a psychoanalysis. He decided that Nash was completely sincere. Instead of trying to recruit among Nash's workers, Hillman enlisted the aid of churchmen to point out to Nash that his employees were subjected to greater speed-up than in most sweatshops, that wages paid by him were 25 per cent

lower than in union shops, and that his workers were at the mercy of their foremen in the matter of arbitrary discharge. Hillman worked at his man three years apparently without result. Then one day Cincinnati open-shop manufacturers were shocked to learn that Nash had ordered his employees to join the Amalgamated. 'I unionized,' Nash said in a public statement, 'because I could not sleep nights over a job I had to do and could not. So I passed the buck to Sidney Hillman.' His surrender broke the back of open-shop resistance in Cincinnati.

A unique reaction for a manufacturer to get from a militant labor union was experienced by the head of the Kahn Tailoring Company of Indianapolis. After a hard struggle the Amalgamated signed up the shop. A year later Hillman received an urgent telegram from the head of the firm asking for a conference. Hillman found the sixty-four-year-old man pale and under emotional stress. 'Mr. Hillman, I wanted you to be the first to know,' he said, 'that after fifty years of uninterrupted business the Kahn Tailoring Company is liquidating. But it is not in the least the fault of the union and I will make a public statement to that effect.'

'What has happened?' Hillman asked, though he had known for some time.

'We're overextended on inventory; I owe the banks \$300,000 and they refuse to extend the loan.'

'Perhaps they will,' Hillman offered, 'if you tell them that the Amalgamated will advance \$100,000 to tide you over.'

The manufacturer stared. When he told the bankers they stared too, but they extended the loan. The Kahn Tailoring Company used only \$30,000 of the Amalgamated's loan and repaid it within a year.

Hillman delights in exposing the practical considerations that underlie everything he does. 'The Kahn Tailoring Company was the only big employer of men's garment workers in the city,' he

told me. 'If it closed there would be some nine hundred of our union members without jobs. Also the plant was so near Chicago that some manufacturer would find it profitable to snap it up at the sacrifice price it would bring, and by running it with non-union labor he would make it hard for Chicago manufacturers to compete with him. We had to protect our Chicago market. We had investigated the Kahn Tailoring Company's business and found it sound, and our analysis seems to have been more thorough than the judgment of the banks that almost forced the company to the wall. So, all in all, we did not lose by our loan.' In a similar situation the Amalgamated advanced \$125,000 to another employer of its members.

#### IV

America's entry into the World War found Hillman supporting it on behalf of that democracy for which the union has fought on the economic front. 'The war was started by individuals with tremendous power over the lives of the people,' Hillman declared in 1917. 'The settlement of the war and the maintenance of peace must lie with the peoples of the world, not with individual rulers.' The same attitude to-day has brought the Amalgamated and its president out militantly against Fascism.

In 1922 the union established the Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago and the Amalgamated Bank in New York. Hillman is on the Chicago board of directors and chairman of the New York board. Deposits in the two banks rose from \$2,356,411 in eight years to \$13,348,986; resources mounted to \$16,348,986. A year after the New York bank was established it was offered a million and a half dollars profit if it would sell. The offer was refused. Other banks availed themselves of boom conditions to make money. The Amalgamated banks let the lure go by. Eugene Meyer lectured Hillman. 'You're



no banker,' he told him. 'Of course not,' Hillman replied. 'The Amalgamated banks have been set up to perform services, not to chase riches.' In 1926 there were thirty-six labor banks in the country. By 1933, after the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers banking collapsed, only the two Amalgamated banks survived.

To save workers from loan sharks the Amalgamated banks inaugurated the small loan at 6 per cent. To-day the biggest banks in the country have adopted the feature. Other financial services set up by the Amalgamated have been credit unions for its members, a coöperative investment corporation, and a foreign exchange branch.

In 1922, Soviet Russia, starving and striving to get on her feet economically, called for help. The youth who had fled from Kovno in 1906 was now able to respond through the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. They donated a quarter of a million dollars for Russian relief, created a million-dollar corporation to introduce American methods and machinery in the men's garment industry in Russia, and were instrumental in having many who had families and friends in that country send remittances amounting to nearly thirty million dollars, with the assurance that the money would arrive safely.

To furnish adequate housing for some of its New York members the Amalgamated built garden apartments and helped workers buy them with loans from their own bank; to-day over four thousand live in these modern homes that cost them five dollars a room less per month than the normal rental for similar apartments in New York.

In 1920 a convention of the union voted for unemployment insurance in the industry. By 1932 Chicago alone had paid out six million dollars to Amalgamated members out of work, the money coming half from their wages when employed, half from their employers. Other cities followed suit. But

Sidney Hillman, in an article in the *Atlantic* for November 1931, insisted that unemployment insurance was only a palliative for an ill that must be treated more basically. He advocated 'a planned and oriented economy, intervention of government in social processes, and a National Economic Council working under authority in which management and labor are represented.' It so clearly forecast the NRA that when President Roosevelt brought it into operation he appointed Sidney Hillman on the Labor Advisory Board, then on the National Industrial Recovery Board.

When the different industry codes were being drawn up Hillman's antagonists among the leadership of the American Federation of Labor sought his advice and help. They found him coöperative, just as the Amalgamated itself, even when it was out of grace with the A. F. of L., contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars to A. F. of L. strikes. It surprised no one, therefore, when in 1933 the American Federation of Labor took the Amalgamated back into its fold, leaving the United Garment Workers jurisdiction only over the making of work clothes and shirts.

Then, in 1935, history repeated itself when the Amalgamated again made industrial unionism a paramount issue and the A. F. of L. again cast Hillman and his union out, suspending it along with the other nine unions that had formed the CIO. What followed is too recent history to detail, except, perhaps, Hillman's campaign to organize the textile industry, which made few newspaper scareheads.

At the very time when CIO efforts to bring Little Steel to its knees were filling the press with stories of violence, deaths, and defeat for the Steel Workers Organization Committee on that battle front, Sidney Hillman was put in charge of CIO efforts to organize the textile field. Of 1,200,000 workers in that industry 39 per cent were women, 9 per cent children. The lowest labor and living condi-



tions in the country's manufacturing system prevailed in the textile field. 'In the industry itself,' ran a graphic account of Hillman's problem, 'wool wars on cotton; both fight silk for a bigger share of the consumer's dollar. Style changes are an ever-present hazard. . . . The industry's distribution system is a maze of crisscrossing, profit-eating lines from mill to wholesaler to broker to converter to jobber to retailer to consumer.'

Unlike the steel industry, which was concentrated in a few hands, enabling labor also to concentrate its forces, 3400 textile companies owned 5870 production units. About the time Hillman surveyed the field the markets in wool and cotton broke. 'It would take a Moses or a Mussolini to bring order out of chaos in the textile field,' was the general comment.

The Amalgamated contributed half a million dollars to the effort, and Hillman went to work. Inside of ten months he organized nine hundred of the leading textile manufacturers into two powerful groups, the United Weavers Institute and the Textile Converters Association, signed up union contracts with them affecting a quarter of a million workers, and increased the membership of the United Textile Workers from 30,000 to 450,000 — all this without violence or bad blood.

Hillman was instrumental in organizing Labor's Nonpartisan League, which played such a part in the reelection of President Roosevelt; then in 1937 he headed the American Labor Party's entry into New York City elections, and thereby helped break Tammany's grip and put Mayor La Guardia back in the city hall. 'I have always believed in independent political action for labor,' Hillman told me. 'Labor's Nonpartisan League should be continued. A Labor Party for America? Yes, when we are strong enough to vote a man into power. The American people will not go in for a mere protest vote.'

He had been working simultaneously on Amalgamated's activities, the textile drive, and the American Labor Party campaign in New York, when illness overtook him at a time when peace negotiations between the CIO and the A. F. of L. had broken down. David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, and one of the original Big Three of the CIO, blamed John L. Lewis for the breakdown of the negotiations. Lewis sharply retorted. At the turn of this year the American Federation of Labor expelled Lewis and his United Mine Workers. Dubinsky and his union, and Hillman and the Amalgamated, were not expelled, obviously a manoeuvre to split the CIO. Subsequently Dubinsky and his union did withdraw from the CIO.

From Hillman, sheltered from outside stresses, came no word. What he could or would have done in the circumstances is mere speculation. When I saw him he frankly declared he was out of touch with the latest in American labor's civil war.

But I am reminded of what he has repeatedly held in negotiations with employers. 'The happiest solution in a dispute may be reached before all resources are drawn into the fight. One is more likely to get concessions while one is on speaking and bargaining terms. Once a fight is on, there develops the desire to win even though victory may mean ultimate defeat for both sides.'

A month later Hillman, recovered and active again, was elected one of the two vice presidents of the CIO, and was put in charge of resumption of peace negotiations with the A. F. of L.

## V

Hillman married Bessie Abramovitz, one of the five girls who led the walkout at Hart, Schaffner and Marx in the 1910 strike. She has been active in the Amalgamated throughout its whole history. They have two children, both products

of American public schools, and neither children nor parents would have chosen any but public schools. The daughter is majoring in labor economics in a Mid-west college, enthusiastic about the subject, and convinced, as her father once was, that at the geographical centre of the country one gets more nearly at the heart of it. The son is still in high school, also interested in economics. The Hillmans live in Lynbrook, Long Island, in a modest suburban home which they lease when they are away. They have no car, because Sidney Hillman 'would feel uncomfortable about owning one.' He gets \$7500 a year as president of the Amalgamated; the constitution of the union forbids him to hold any other remunerative office. He has no other source of income.

Hillman seems to mean it when he says that labor should be 'industry-conscious.' The Amalgamated has introduced production techniques in the making of men's garments that have increased output, saved overhead, and thereby raised profits for manufacturers. Inevitably this has brought sharp criticism from the Left. He has been accused of what is to socialists a serious betrayal — class collaboration. His answer is characteristically that of a pragmatist, and is partly affirmative, partly negative. He points out that the more industry is helped to function efficiently, the larger the share of the derived benefits labor can demand. In actual practice the Amalgamated has reduced the average work week for its members from sixty and seventy hours before the advent of the union to a thirty-six-hour week in 1933. In 1911 the average wage in the men's garment industry was twenty cents an hour; in 1932 it came to sixty-five cents an hour in Chicago, fifty-eight cents in New York. In the same year non-union cities and districts

paid as low as thirty-five cents an hour in St. Louis, twenty-one cents in eastern Pennsylvania.

Negatively, he has pointed out that class collaboration does not necessarily conflict with a socialist position. It is simply making the best of what is indisputably a fact, that at least in this country we are likely to live for some time to come in a capitalist system, and it is just as well to get as much return as possible for the workers meanwhile. His negative argument is clearly evasive and is characteristic of the way he shies away from involvement with abstractions. The pragmatist in him finds himself impatient. 'Labor unions do not function in the realm of theory,' he says.

In 1928, midway in Hillman's career as labor leader, there appeared in *American Labor Dynamics*, by J. B. S. Hardman, an imaginary conversation between a labor leader, XYZ, and his younger self, in which the youth accuses the man of betraying his ideals. 'You decry idealism because it upsets your hunt for the immediate and tangible. . . . You think not of the larger enterprise of which your organization is a part. . . . You take no chances in ventures in which you may be defeated, and you cannot afford defeat because you must hold on to your power.'

It should be illuminating to test Sidney Hillman by that speech ten years after it was written. Among other ventures he has helped launch the American Labor Party and the CIO, both of which have the support of the most militant youth of the Left. In their grudging admission that this is true of him, his most antagonistic critics charge that Hillman has not led in these movements so much as he was pushed by a militant membership. I asked him what he would say to that. His reply was a radiant grin. 'What could be better?' he demanded.

# BLACK TROUBADOUR

BY DAVID L. COHN

**J**OE MOSS is a harp-blowing black man. When he bears down hard on his two-bit harmonica he can make trouble leave your weary mind, set your tired feet to stomping, bring Sweet Jesus to your backsliding soul. Joe Moss is a one-harp, two-harp, three-harp-blowing man. Sometimes on hot nights in summer when folks are sitting out on the front porch catching air, talking, or sleeping on a mattress stuck in the front doorway to get the benefit of the draft blowing through the open back door and at the same time to keep the dog from leaving the house, Joe takes a stand on the corner of Redbud Street and Catel Avenue. He draws a harp out of the belt that holds up his red corduroy trousers and slowly eases up on the blues just like a lonesome man sidling up to talk to a lady who has a mean and jealous husband.

The first notes of the long, lonesome, mournful tune scarcely seem to disturb the stillness of the night. They merge with it. For a little while you are unaware that anything new has come into the night; that music must always have been there. It must always have been part of the dusty road in the moonlight; of the smoky coal-oil lamps in the shacks; the querulous whine of mosquitoes; the howling of dogs lost in the anguish of mating under the street light at the corner; the slow, reptilian crawling of crayfish in the muddy ditches; the pools of shadow between the close-packed shotgun houses; the broken picket fences and the fecund sunflowers heavy

with dust and seed; the quiet voices talking, giggling; the sweaty hands, seeking, searching; the black, oily clouds scudding past the moon; and the far-off rumbling of the Cannon Ball train rounding the curve up above the oil mill. Joe bears down harder and harder. The notes of his harp tremble sadly on the air like a weary sinner laying his head at last on the bosom of Sweet Jesus. Gawd, save us sinners on Judgment Day.

Joe Moss is a rambling, rolling, train-riding, harp-blowing man. They know him on Rampart Street in New Orleans; in the hot-cat parlors and dice dens of Beale Street in Memphis; in Natchez, Vicksburg, Greenville, Helena; in all the river towns up to Cape Girardeau; as far west as Dallas, Texas. Winter and summer, fall and spring, Joe rambles the land, a sweat shirt and red corduroy trousers covering his nakedness, and a ragged hat on his nappy head. It ain't no need to work. It ain't no need to have no one woman and no one home. A man with music in his body can win hisself a woman and a home wherever he lights. A nigger ain't gonna have nothin' no-how, so it ain't no need to try to have nothin'. And it sho' ain't no sense to stay in no one place 'cause when yo' foots itches to travel they's trains goin' whichever way you wants, and somebody, white or black, to feed you when you's hongry.

Joe was born to be a harp-blowing man, but he did n't know it until he was past twenty-one and the Albino Preach-

er told him right out in church before all the folks that he had the gift of song and music. Up to that time he had worked on Deep Snow Plantation just like any common man, chopping cotton, hoeing grass, ditching, clearing land for the white people, never going farther from home than Greenville, fourteen miles away, and living with only three women from the time he was fifteen years old until he became twenty-one. Nowadays Joe laughs when he sees people chopping cotton in the hot sun; picking cotton on frosty mornings in the fall; felling trees in icy swamps. He rares back and laughs when they flash by him as he crouches on the blinders of that Pan-American train leaving out from New Awleens for Birmingham, Alabamer; when he rides that Manifest Freight from Memphis to Fulton, Kentucky.

As Joe plays the lonesome blues, up and down Redbud Street folks stop talking. Across the road in the jailhouse prisoners come to the windows of their cells and stick their heads close to the bars to drink in the music lingering on the air. Two high-yellow young couples driving down the street in a V-8 Ford automobile, on their way to the Chinaman's store to get something t' eat, pull up and stop. By this time everybody in the neighborhood knows that Joe Moss, the harp-blowingest man in Mississippi, is back in town. Suddenly Joe sticks the harp in his belt and begins to sing in a warm, rich barytone that can be heard two blocks away:—

'It's a po' boy long way from home.  
I ain't got no money,  
Ain't got nowhere to go,  
Just stand at de railroad crossin',  
Waitin' to hear de whistle blow.'

Up and down the street women cock their ears to catch every word, every note, every tiny evocation of sound. Men listen, too, their souls wooed by the song, their hearts touched with jealousy and vague, uneasy stirrings. The song ends. The night is given over again to the whining of mosquitoes, the brittle

crashing of heavy-bodied insects against the dazzling street lamp on the corner, the howling of dogs, and the rumbling of the Cannon Ball as it moves slowly through New Africa on its way to the near-by station. The air is heavy with heat. There is a ring around the moon. Gwine rain to-morrow sho'. Lawd Jesus, he'p us. We's heavy laden.

Then Joe pulls two harps out of his belt. Once, long ago, when he was a fatherless chile and got religion, he promised the Lawd that he would quit blowing the blues and play nothing but church songs. But Joe is a man who is messed up in his weary mind, and he can't always remember what he promised the Lawd and what he did n't promise. But shucks. If you blows the blues now and then and plays church songs now and then, the Lawd sho' ain't gwine be vexed with you.

He stands now under the street light, two harps gleaming silver in the great black gash of his mouth, and blows like Gabriel on Judgment Mawnin'. Tiny rivulets of sweat chase one another through his kinky hair and roll down his neck and throat to merge in little streams lost in the sea of his broad back and thick chest. His torso moves in slow circles on his hips; his feet tap time in the dust; his neck moves in convulsive jerks while his hands tremble on the harps, and the pupils of his eyes dilate until they become spots of black in pools of cream-white. Jesus, come take me home.

'Well, don't you mind me dyin',  
Lawd, don't you mind me dyin',  
Lawd, don't you mind me dyin',  
Jesus gwine make up my dyin' bed.'

'Well, I'll be sleepin' easy,  
Well, I'll be sleepin' easy,  
Well, I'll be sleepin' easy,  
Jesus gwine make up my dyin' bed.'

Across the street in the jailhouse, Mankind Armstrong stands with an ear hard against the iron bars of his cell listening. He knows that Joe is singing the gospel truth. His mama told him it

was the truth long ago when he was a little boy on Sunup Plantation. Reverem Green, the pastor of his church, told him it was so when he was baptized in Possum Slough. Even the white folks — and they ain't got much sense no matter if the Law is on they side — believe you're going to Jesus when you die. Now Mankind is on his way — on his way to know the truth beyond all dispute; on his way to Jesus; on his way unscarred from his life on earth except for a tiny dislocation of his vertebræ that will occur when he drops through the trapdoor of the newly erected gallows that stands in the back yard of the jailhouse. Mankind listens to Joe Moss blowing on his harps, laughs out loud, and shouts to the prisoner in the adjoining cell: 'Nigger, ain't dat de beat-in'est, harp-blowin'est man you ever has heerd?'

Once more silence falls on Redbud Street as Joe's song is ended. Then the Law walks up on him out of the darkness — the white-faced Law in a sweaty shirt, dust-stained shoes, gleaming badge beneath sagging suspenders, and black-and-silver pistol stuck in a sweat-stained holster.

Joe takes off his hat as the Law approaches and holds it respectfully in his hand. It was n't no need to run, and besides Joe had n't done nothin'.

'Good evenin', Cap'm,' Joe said.

'Good evenin', Joe,' the Law said.

'Boss Man, how come you knows my name?' Joe asked.

'Cause every nigger in New Africa say they gonna kill you if you keep comin' around here blowin' them harps and monkeyin' round with their women.'

Joe smiled complacently. 'Cap'm,' he said, looking at the ground, 'I'm a man don't never kick in no other man's stall.'

'Well, maybe you do and maybe you don't. That ain't no skin off my teeth, and if you get killed messin' around here that won't be nothin' new. Anyhow, it ain't gonna be to-night. You been givin'

me the creeps with them songs you been singin'. Now let's hear somethin' lively.'

'Yassuh, Boss,' replied Joe energetically, a note of vast relief in his voice. This was not the first time he had played for the Law, but it was the first time as a free man. Once, down in Natchez, Joe had been arrested and had blown himself clean out of police court. Judge Patterson had asked him to play a tune to see if he was just a jackleg musician, and then had kept him playing all morning long while the other prisoners awaiting trial joined in the singing, and when it was all over the Judge told Joe to come back to see him whenever he was in town and gave him a dollar bill to boot. It ain't no way on earth to tell what white folks will do even if you's a two-headed man. And here Joe was facing the Law again under novel circumstances. 'Cap'm,' he said, 'how 'bout a mess of dem "Saint Louis Blues"?''

'Go 'head,' said the Law, as it whittled a match into a toothpick and began to explore the cavities of its teeth.

Joe took three harps out of his belt, put them in his mouth, and began passionately to celebrate the immortal fame of that Saint Louis woman who tied men to her apron strings. Up and down the length of Redbud Street the music ran. Up and down the length of the street bare feet, shod feet, stockinged feet, black feet, brown feet, chocolate feet, tan feet, café-au-lait feet, smooth feet, splay feet, flat feet, calloused feet, began to beat time. Up and down the length of the street bodies swayed. Fat bodies, thin bodies, fecund bodies, sterile bodies, old bodies, young bodies, flat-chested bodies, full-breasted bodies, swayed with the music. Bodies moved closer to bodies; lips to lips; chests to breasts; legs to legs; thighs to thighs — moved closer, swayed, beat time. Up and down the length of the street, children stirred in their sleep; stirred, awoke, and crept to the front door sensing rather than hearing something strange in the night.



Up and down the street, women hissed to their children to git back in bed 'fo' I busts you wide open. Up and down Redbud Street, old men and old women dreamed of their hot lost youth when they could have talked under their clothes with the strongest in the land.

The harps stopped blowing. The Law walked away, moonlight on its badge, moonlight on its black-and-silver pistol, moonlight on its dusty-silver shoes, moonlight on its wet shirt sloping over rounded shoulders. The hot air pressed closer on Redbud Street. The ring around the moon pressed closer on the moon. Frogs croaked in the stagnant ditches; an automobile coughed in the far distance and was suddenly still. From the river came the mournful wail of the whistle of the *Tennessee Belle* as she backed out into the stream bound down for way landings and New Awleens. Silence and heat and moonlight lay heavily on Redbud Street.

Then doors up and down the length of the street began to bang. Doors popped, screeched, slammed, and boomed as they were violently shut. Porch swings, suddenly deserted, swayed for a moment or two and then were still. Mattresses vanished inside the shacks. Soon the street was deserted save for old men and women who remained rocking in their chairs catching little puffs of breeze that came up from the river, and slapping with weary hands at

the mosquitoes that sang about their ears and legs.

Joe Moss stuck three harps into the belt that held up his red corduroy trousers, and walked slowly over to Mee Hop's café on Nelson Street to get him a can of sardine-fish and crackers. Chinnermens was funny. Funnier even than white folks. They would n't give you nothing for no music if you blowed yo' lungs out. But it might be some niggers there and them sardine-fish could be turned into a mess of chitlins.

A few minutes later the chitlins were frying on Mee Hop's stove, and Joe sat smoking a Two Orphans cigar, volup-tuously sniffing the rich, satisfying, mingled aromas of fat entrails and tobacco. Around Joe clustered a little group of his admirers. He took the cigar out of his mouth, spat on the floor, and laughed. 'I swears to Gawd,' he said, 'de way dem niggers banged dey doors sounds like de time Wetherbee's Hardware Store caught on fire and fawty thousand shotgun shells went off at de same time. I does n't keer where de niggers at or who dey is, when Joe Moss tears off a piece on his harps de mens shuts dey doors and tells dey wimmens to stay way back in de kitchen to I done passed by.'

'Hit's sho' de truth,' said Virgie Mae Jones, as she put twenty cents on the counter and Joe Moss lifted a forkful of steaming chitlins from the plate.

# SEEN BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

BY WALTER BROOKS

## I

ONCE upon a time there was a man who lived in Irvington. Every morning at sixteen minutes past eight he ate the sugar out of the bottom of his coffee cup and kissed his wife and drove down to catch the train that took him in to his office in the Graybar Building. I don't mean that the train took him right into his office, but it did take him almost into the building. He was owner and publisher of a weekly travel magazine called *Bon Voyage*, for which he himself wrote a column called 'Pertinent Paragraphs.' *Bon Voyage* piled up a nice little deficit each issue, but he did n't mind, for he had a large safe-deposit box full of bonds down at the bank.

Beyond that there really is n't much to say about him. He was the kind of man that when you looked at him was nice-looking, but when you turned away you could n't remember whether he was n't somebody else. That is, if you remembered him at all. In fact, I can't remember what his name was. Let's call him Wilson Whicher.

Well, Mr. Whicher's wife's name was Linnet, which I personally think is the hell of a name, but that's what it was. She was an English girl and she had everything. When you turned away from her you did n't forget her and you did n't turn away unless somebody pinched you.

But the trouble with English girls is that they grow up into English women. This is of course true of other nationalities, but not so much so. And you could see what Mrs. Whicher was growing

into because her mother, a Mrs. Donnithorpe, lived with her. Mrs. Whicher was n't much like Mrs. Donnithorpe yet, but she was beginning to resemble her in one way and that was the way she treated Mr. Whicher. She was n't overbearing or mean or anything. She just did n't pay any attention to him at all.

Now nobody had ever paid much attention to what Mr. Whicher said, and so, although his wife's inattention was more annoying than it had been in his mother and sisters and aunts and uncles, it did n't seem to him to be anything to get specially worked up over. He was used to being ignored and interrupted and to being practically a ghost in the family circle. And it had always seemed really too much trouble to try to assert himself. But gradually things got worse.

The first thing Mr. Whicher noticed was when one morning at breakfast he said, 'Lin, had n't I better give you some money if you're going into town this afternoon?' Neither his wife nor his mother-in-law appeared to have heard the question and after a minute Mrs. Donnithorpe said, 'Did Freda Nelson call you up yesterday, Linnet?' 'Yes,' said Mrs. Whicher; 'she and Dick will come Friday.' 'I'll leave you twenty dollars,' said Mr. Whicher, 'and then you won't have to get a check cashed.' 'But she wants to bring her sister,' said Mrs. Whicher, 'and so I'll have to get another man.' So Mr. Whicher got up and kissed her and went out to the garage.

Well, Mrs. Whicher had never before been deaf to remarks about money and it worried Mr. Whicher all the way in on the train. He felt that he had to assert himself somehow, and so when he got to the office the first thing he did was to fire the circulation manager. He had been going to do it for some time, but when it was over and the circulation manager had gone out to clean out his desk Mr. Whicher felt better, and he called in his secretary, Miss Budge, and dictated all the Pertinent Paragraphs for the next issue.

But when he came into the office next morning there was the circulation manager sitting at his desk as if nothing had happened. 'Good morning, Mr. Whicher,' he said pleasantly. 'Why — ah — good morning,' said Mr. Whicher, and he started to go by and then stopped and said, 'I hardly expected to see you here this morning.' 'Oh?' said the manager inquiringly, and Mr. Whicher said, 'Well, after our talk yesterday.' 'Oh,' said the manager, 'our talk. Yes.' 'You don't remember what it was about?' said Mr. Whicher, and the manager said, 'Oh yes — of course. Why, of course I remember. A very pleasant talk, Mr. Whicher, and please don't think I don't appreciate all the nice things you said, but —' 'Ah, well, let it go,' said Mr. Whicher, and went into his office.

So he sat down and went through his mail, which consisted of two handwritten manuscripts and a circular from a home for destitute something or other to which he had once, in an outpouring of generosity, given two dollars. And Miss Budge brought in some letters for him to sign and the typed copy of the Pertinent Paragraphs that he had dictated. He had a high opinion of Miss Budge and so he usually did n't read the Paragraphs until they were in proof and he seldom read the letters at all. But this morning if he did n't read them there was nothing else to do but think about the circulation manager. And he did n't want to think about him.

Well, he read a couple of the letters and then he frowned and read them over again. And after that he read the rest of them and the Paragraphs. And then he called Miss Budge in and said, 'See here, Miss Budge, this is n't what I said when I gave you these letters.' 'Why, is n't it?' said Miss Budge, looking at them. 'Are n't they all right?' 'Oh, they're all right,' said Mr. Whicher, 'but I'd like you to compare them with your notes.' So she did and she said, 'Why, these seem to be the same.' 'Well,' said Mr. Whicher, 'look at your notes for the Paragraphs. This one about the train service in Wales. I did n't dictate anything about that.' But Miss Budge flipped back a page in her notebook and said vaguely, 'Why, yes, Mr. Whicher, I have it here.' So there was n't anything Mr. Whicher could do.

And so things went on like that for a while. In the office the letters he signed bore less and less resemblance to what he dictated. He tried firing the circulation manager again, but the man did n't go. At home in desperation he tried saying the most outrageous things. This gave him a certain amount of pleasure, for there was a streak of vulgarity in his nature which he had never been able to indulge fully. But there's no fun in being low if nobody notices it. Poor Mr. Whicher. They were n't even annoyed with his unseemliness. They just did n't tune in on it.

## II

But there was one person who listened to Mr. Whicher, and that was Marion Cassilis. She was a rather quiet girl whom nobody suspected of being clever, but Mr. Whicher knew that she was because she had written several travel articles for *Bon Voyage*. She had never traveled at all, but she could skim through a couple of travel books and then write a wonderful personal experience piece on it. She wrote copy for an advertising agency, and this ability to write convincingly on subjects she knew

nothing about was a valuable asset to her firm.

Now I can see that you are getting suspicious of the relations between Mr. Whicher and Miss Cassilis and are looking for disclosures. All I can say is you've an evil mind. Even Mrs. Whicher was n't suspicious. There was a bond between them, but it was a bond of the spirit.

Well, one evening there was a large dinner party at the Whichers' and Miss Cassilis was there. Everybody was talking and laughing and being very gay and uproarious, and along about the salad Mr. Whicher was swept away by the general bonhomie and started to tell a story. But about halfway through he saw that most of the people were n't looking at him and the rest had that polite glaze in their eyes that he was so used to. So he switched to the Lord's Prayer suddenly. He recited the whole prayer and nobody noticed. And at the end he laughed the way you do when you tell a story — or anyway I do — and the two people who were still looking at him smiled vaguely and turned away.

But Miss Cassilis was looking at him, and she began to laugh and she laughed so hard that Mrs. Whicher said, 'Well, Marion, you might let us in on the joke.' 'Oh, it's just that story of Wilson's,' said Miss Cassilis. 'It was — well, it was funny, I thought.' 'Wilson's?' said Mrs. Whicher vaguely. 'Oh yes. Did he say something?' 'If you had the brains of a tomtit, Lin,' said Miss Cassilis pleasantly, 'you'd listen to Wilson occasionally. You might at the least get a laugh.' 'I can get one without so much effort,' said Mrs. Whicher. 'And we don't have tomtits in America, do we?' 'No, thank God,' said Miss Cassilis.

Well, after dinner they settled down to bridge. But Mr. Whicher did n't care much for bridge because nobody paid any attention to his bids, so he wandered out into the garden and he was sitting on a bench wondering about things when Miss Cassilis came along. 'What are

you doing here?' she said. 'Rehearsing the Prayer Book for your next dinner party? You know, Wilson, that was terribly funny.' 'It is n't really so funny, though,' said Mr. Whicher. 'No,' she said, 'I know it is n't. But it's your own fault. People take you at your own valuation, Wilson.' 'Oh, I'm the original Forgotten Man,' said Mr. Whicher. 'I can't even bore people. But let's not talk about me.' So they talked about something else.

Well, next morning Mrs. Whicher and Mrs. Donnithorpe were tired and breakfasted in bed and Mr. Whicher ate alone. The maid, whose name was Bessie, came in and said would he have sausages or bacon, and he said bacon and she brought in sausages, and Mr. Whicher gave them an unfriendly look and then shrugged and ate them. And then he got a terrible shock.

It was this way. A few minutes later Bessie came in with some toast. But instead of putting it on the table she stopped inside the door and looked around sort of puzzled and said under her breath, 'Well, where in hell did the little shrimp go to?' 'Come, come, Bessie,' said Mr. Whicher reprovingly, but Bessie sniffed and put the toast on the sideboard and went out. 'Well, this is too much!' said Mr. Whicher, and he got up to get the toast, but as he picked it up he glanced in the mirror over the sideboard and the plate dropped from his hand. He made no reflection in the mirror.

Well, that sort of thing would scare anybody. Mr. Whicher just stared for a minute, and then he waved his arms and made faces and put his nose almost against the mirror. But it was no good. He had vanished.

After a minute he pulled himself together and went out into the kitchen. Bessie and the cook turned around as the door swung open and the cook said, 'It's just the wind,' and Bessie went on with what she was saying. 'And if they're cold when he comes back,' she said,

'he'll eat 'em and like 'em.' 'If the missis was down,' said the cook, 'he would n't dast leave his breakfast. But when the cat's away — ' 'He's a mouse, all right,' said Bessie.

Well, Mr. Whicher was pretty angry, but what's the good of being angry if you can't make yourself seen or heard? He left the kitchen and went up to Mrs. Whicher's room. She was sitting up in bed with her breakfast tray across her knees and Mrs. Donnithorpe was walking up and down in a Jaeger bathrobe drinking her coffee. 'I'm going, now, darling,' said Mr. Whicher. But neither of them looked at him and Mrs. Donnithorpe said, 'Well, to tell you the truth, I have n't noticed him around particularly the past few days and I certainly can't remember whether he was at dinner with us last night. You might as well not have any husband, Linnet.' 'Oh, Wilson's all right,' said Mrs. Whicher. 'He leaves me alone, and that's what I want. Though it really is funny. I woke up about six and he was n't in his bed. He must have gone out early.' 'Hey, what's the matter with you?' said Mr. Whicher. 'I'm right here! Look at me!' For his memory had refused to register his terrible experience downstairs. But they did n't look, and then his terror rushed back and he dashed downstairs and into the garage.

Well, it would be too harrowing to tell of all the shattering experiences Mr. Whicher had that day — for he was now completely invisible. He walked to the station because in that condition he did n't dare drive. When he held out his commutation ticket on the train the conductor did n't see it. At the office it was the same. At lunch time he could n't order, of course, in a restaurant and he was pretty hungry before he got up his courage to go into Charles's and steal some cookies from the baked-goods counter. When he got home again it was n't so bad, for at dinner he sat down at the place set for him and they were so used to not noticing him that they

did n't even notice that he apparently was n't there.

### III

And so things went on for a month or so. They went on about the same. Even at the office nobody seemed to notice, and the issues of *Bon Voyage* that he had planned came out without a hitch. Although he was by no means reconciled to his condition, he began to find that it had compensations. As soon as he felt secure in his invisibility he began going all sorts of places that he otherwise would never have got into. He went to the theatre and wandered about backstage during the performances and he attended a lot of private conferences of bankers and business men and once he went down the bay on a pilot boat and rode back up the river on the bridge of the *Queen Mary*. It was a life that offered temptations, but on the whole Mr. Whicher resisted fairly well.

Well, you see that Mr. Whicher was really having a pretty good time. But after all it was a ghost's life. And what if he got sick? No doctor was going to take much interest in a patient that he could neither hear nor see. Also Mr. Whicher was in love with his wife. He saw her nearly every day, for he continued to go home nights except when he had been out pretty late — then he would stay at some good hotel. It was quite easy to ride up in an elevator and take the key of an unoccupied room from the floor clerk's desk. And in the morning there was nearly always an unattended breakfast wagon standing around in the hall.

Well, one morning rather late he came out of the Waldorf into Park Avenue and someone came up behind him and took his arm and said, 'Hello, Wilson!' Mr. Whicher gave a leap and turned and said, 'Why — why, Marion! You can see me!' 'I can indeed,' said Miss Cassilis, 'and you look like the devil.' 'Well, I — I have n't bothered to shave for a day or two,' said Mr. Whicher. 'You



see, I — I'm invisible.' 'Ah,' said Miss Cassilis gravely. 'Well, strong coffee is good for that. Come along.' And she led him down a side street and into a restaurant. There was some trouble with the waiter, but Miss Cassilis's manner was so assured that he finally brought the two cups of coffee she ordered and even went away when she told him to.

So Mr. Whicher told her his story. At first she did n't believe him. But when he got up and went over to the cigar counter and helped himself to half a dozen cigars under the cashier's nose she was convinced. 'This is terrible, Wilson,' she said. 'You've always seemed unnecessarily self-effacing, but good heavens! I did n't know it could be as bad as this. What can we do?' 'I don't know,' said Mr. Whicher miserably. 'I don't see how I can begin asserting myself now. I should have done that years ago. It's too late now. But I wonder,' he said, 'why it is you can see me when no one else can?' 'That's so,' she said thoughtfully. 'Of course in my work I've been fairly successful because I've been able to see things that did n't exist. That's what so much of advertising is. Seeing them and — Oh, Wilson! Making other people see them, too. Oh, wait! That gives me an idea!' 'Let's get out of here,' said Mr. Whicher. 'People are beginning to stare.'

So they walked up to Miss Cassilis's apartment and she elaborated her idea. 'This is going to cost something, you know,' she said. 'I've made eighty thousand dollars in the past week,' said Mr. Whicher. 'You know — it's funny, but my broker can hear me over the phone when I give an order.' 'Eighty thousand dollars!' said Miss Cassilis. 'Yes,' said Mr. Whicher. 'You see, I pick up a lot of information, being invisible. I was in Oscar Dahn's office when that steel merger went through. Sitting in the fireplace. And by the way, if you've any loose capital put it into Shields Mining. They've struck oil on

one of their properties, but they're not telling the stockholders. I was backstage at the Frivolity last night when Gregory Shields came round to see Querida and I heard him tell her about it.' 'You certainly get around,' said Miss Cassilis. 'In Querida's dressing room, Wilson?' 'It's a good place to get tips,' said Mr. Whicher, blushing. 'Even a sort of general education, I imagine,' said Miss Cassilis, dialing her broker's number on the phone.

Well, the big Whicher build-up began the following week with an item in the Pertinent Paragraphs column of *Bon Voyage* giving the facts about the finding of oil on the Shields property. Miss Cassilis saw to it that it did not go unnoticed. Gregory Shields was always news, and within twenty-four hours the newspapers had uncovered the brokers through whom he was quietly buying in the stock and were asking him questions. Within another twenty-four they were asking, 'Who is Whicher?'

But Miss Cassilis was not giving out any statements yet. She got a leave of absence from her firm and in Mr. Whicher's name took a suite at the Waldorf, where with three secretaries she began firing indirect publicity in all directions. To all inquiries she replied truthfully that Mr. Whicher could not be seen to-day. Armed with an order from Mr. Whicher, she went over to the *Bon Voyage* office and beat it into submission. Then she laid out the next issue, quadrupled the printing order, and dictated several Pertinent Paragraphs, among which was one giving in some detail the substance of an agreement between two prominent Congressmen and certain foreign banking interests. Mr. Whicher had stumbled on this by chance. He had gone to the house of a certain financier to have a look at a famous art collection which had never been publicly shown. He had hung round for a while and had at last entered on the heels of a guest to find himself in the middle of a secret conference. 'Two such disclosures

properly handled,' said Miss Cassilis, 'will make you the most important political and financial wizard in the country.'

## IV

And she was about right. For the next two weeks the affair was front-page stuff. Those involved at first denied everything, and particularly any knowledge of Mr. Whicher. Then Mr. Whicher gave out a statement adding verifiable details. The scandal grew. The press, unable to interview Mr. Whicher, appealed to him editorially to tell more. It was obvious not only that he knew these people but that he was in their inner councils. There was talk of a Congressional investigation. And Miss Cassilis sent Mr. Whicher to Washington.

But on the second day he was back. He called at Miss Cassilis's apartment late that evening. 'I've seen the President,' he said. 'Well, I supposed you would,' said Miss Cassilis. 'Could n't it wait till morning?' 'No,' said Mr. Whicher, 'for he's seen me.' 'What!' said Miss Cassilis. 'You mean you're visible again already?' 'I'll tell you as quickly as I can,' said Mr. Whicher. 'We'll have to change our plans. You see, when I got to Washington I walked right up to the White House. I could n't take a taxi or even ask questions, and I thought that was the best thing because we knew that power crowd were going to see the President sometime during the day, and that was the dope we wanted. So I went up and sat on the porch and waited.

'By and by I got sick of waiting and I thought I'd go in and look around. I got in all right, but just through the first door I looked in a mirror, and my gosh, there I was! I was visible again. Well, the only thing was to get out as quick as possible, but before I was through the door somebody grabbed me. In about three seconds there were half a dozen of them on me. Well, I thought the best thing was to bluff it through, so

I just said I was Wilson Whicher and had come to see the President. You'd be surprised how polite they were when I said who I was. Some secretary came out and said of course I could n't see him unless it was arranged beforehand, and I said yes, I supposed that was so, but I had come into some vital information and just sort of dropped in. And darned if they did n't have me wait. And anyway I got in to see him.'

'Gosh,' said Miss Cassilis, 'what did you tell him?' 'The whole darn thing,' said Mr. Whicher. 'Yes. You see, first I told him about that conference, because I knew he'd want to know and he ought to. And he said he'd been hoping I'd come forward — that I seemed to have access to sources of information denied the administration and so on. So then I told him some more things I'd picked up — that Sutler-Japanese agreement, you know, and so on. Things we've been holding back. And then I told him the whole story.'

'Oh Lord,' said Miss Cassilis, 'you should n't have done that!' 'Why not?' said Mr. Whicher. 'He laughed his head off. And then he said, "Well, Mr. Whicher, we can't risk having you running around invisible, so I'll have to give you a little help with your build-up." So he kept me for lunch and had me sit in as observer or something on the power conference. And then I went to the Mayflower and spent last night and this morning talking to Congressmen and newspaper men. Oh, don't worry — I did n't say anything. I was mysterious. You'll see it all in to-morrow's papers. I asked them not to print anything to-day because I wanted to surprise you.' And then Mr. Whicher got up and stood in front of Miss Cassilis's mirror with a broad grin and straightened his tie.

Miss Cassilis watched him a minute and then she said, 'Well, it worked sooner than I'd hoped. But of course when there's really something to build up —' 'I can't tell you how grateful I am,' said Mr. Whicher. 'Pooh!' said

Miss Cassilis. 'Anything for a friend. Particularly when it nets around \$50,000 in tips. But now, as it's nearly two-thirty —' 'Yes,' said Mr. Whicher, 'I'll run along.' 'Better stay at your Waldorf suite to-night,' she said. 'There'll be interviews to-morrow. I'll be seeing you.' 'You will indeed,' said Mr. Whicher.

But at the Waldorf Mr. Whicher could n't sleep. He kept getting up and looking at himself in the mirror. It seemed to him that either he looked different than he used to or he'd forgotten what he used to look like. His jaw was firmer and his eyes steadier somehow than he remembered them. And at last at six o'clock he dressed and took a taxi out to Irvington.

He got there just in time for breakfast, so without going upstairs he went into the dining room and sat down. Pretty soon Bessie came in. 'Good morning, sir,' she said, 'will you have sausages with your breakfast?' Mr. Whicher glanced at the mirror over the sideboard. He was completely visible. 'Bacon,' he said firmly. 'And Bessie.' 'Yes, sir?' said Bessie. 'If you want to keep your job,' said Mr. Whicher, 'be sure it is bacon.' 'Why, I'm sure, sir,' said Bessie, 'I always —' 'Bacon,' said Mr. Whicher pleasantly. 'And get out.'

So he was eating the bacon when Mrs. Whicher and Mrs. Donnithorpe came down. He was nervous, but he remembered what the President had said and he braced himself and went on chewing bacon. They stopped short when they came into the dining room, and Mrs. Donnithorpe, who had a newspaper in her hand, held it out to him and said, 'Well, Wilson, perhaps you will condescend to explain all this to us.' But Mr. Whicher ignored her and looked at his wife and said, 'Linnet, darling, you look lovely this morning.' 'Wilson!' said Mrs. Donnithorpe. 'Did n't you hear me? This house has been a perfect shambles for two weeks with reporters and people telephoning and calling, but of course your wife is not to know what

it is all about, and I must say —' 'Please sit down, Mrs. Donnithorpe,' said Mr. Whicher, looking her in the eye, and she opened her mouth and then closed it again and sat down. And Mr. Whicher got up and kissed Mrs. Whicher and led her to a chair and said, 'I'm sorry, Lin, if you've been bothered.' 'Oh, that's all right, darling,' said Mrs. Whicher. 'You've had so many important things. Was the President nice?' 'Charming,' said Mr. Whicher.

'Wilson!' said Mrs. Whicher after a minute. 'Do — do you have to go into town to-day? I've hardly seen you at all these past few weeks.' 'Why, no,' said Mr. Whicher, 'I guess I can take a holiday. What do you say we go up to Rock Hill for a couple of days?' 'Lovely, darling,' said Mrs. Whicher, and Mrs. Donnithorpe said, 'Linnet, if we go to Rock Hill I —' 'Just us two,' said Mr. Whicher firmly, looking at his wife. And Mrs. Donnithorpe's eyes flashed and she took in a good lungful of breath, and then she hesitated and let it out again slowly without saying anything.

So that's about all there is to say about the Whichers. The circulation of *Bon Voyage* had jumped 500 per cent during Mr. Whicher's invisibility, but the first time he went to the office he fired the circulation manager again anyway, and this time the man stayed fired. Mr. Whicher accepted an offer from one of the evening newspapers to write a weekly political column. Of course he had no further inside information to give out, and his political views were in consequence no more important or interesting than yours or mine. But his reputation was made, so he did n't have to say anything much. And of course he stayed visible. But the funny thing is that Mrs. Donnithorpe has begun to get sort of indistinct. I was over there the other evening and I give you my word I can't remember whether she was there or not. I even had to turn back to the first page when I wrote this to see what her name was.

# UNCLE JOLLY

BY JAMES STILL

## I

THE pawpaws got ripe while Uncle Jolly laid out a two-week spell in the county jail for roughing Les Honeycutt at a box supper on Simms Fork. Father rode over to Hardin on a borrowed mare to see him, taking the word Grandma had sent us. I went along, riding behind Father, carrying three pawpaws in a poke. They were fat ones, black and rotten-ripe, smelling sweeter than a bubbly tree. We reached the head of Little Carr Creek when the sun-ball stood overhead, and it made us hungry to smell the poke, mellow in the heat.

'How many paws you got there?' Father asked. I said, 'Three,' and Father said he reckoned we ought to eat one apiece, saving the greenest for Uncle Jolly. 'The greenest will be the keepinest,' he said.

I pulled out the smallest, and the tender skin came half off in my hand, the sticky juice oozing out of the yellow flesh. Father popped it in his mouth, blowing the big seeds over the mare's bony head.

'Hain't you eating one?' Father asked.

'I'd be nigh ashamed to take Uncle Jolly just one paw,' I said. 'One just calls for another. If'n I got started, it would take a bushel to dull the edge on my tongue. Anyhow, I like 'em better when they've had a touch o' frost.'

'Hain't no use taking that sorry Jolly a grain o' nothing,' Father said. 'I figger he gets along pearter on jail cooking than anything else. He's et a-plenty. Two years he got in the state pen for dinny-

miting Pate Horn's mill dam, and after he'd been shet up nine months they give him a parole. Now he's fit and cracked two o' Les Honeycutt's rib bones, and them Honeycutts might make a sight o' trouble. Hit's not beyond thinking they'll fotch him back to Frankfort.'

'Uncle Jolly fit him square,' I said. 'I heard Les cut the saddle off his nag. No man a-living would a took that.'

Father drew the reins tight in his hands and we set off faster down the crusty road. 'Jolly was sparking Les's sweetheart,' Father said, his words louder and a little angry. 'I don't lay a blame on Les. They's a lot o' things bigger'n eyes and ears you never seed or heard tell of.'

We went on, not speaking until the wheel-deepened road crawled over the ridge into the head of Troublesome Creek. We stopped where the waters drained out of a bog, spring-clear and cold. Father got off the mare and let her drink, and I slid to the ground. The mare drank her fill and Father tied her to the muscled limb of a hornbeam while we scooped up water in our hats.

'You can set in the saddle a spell,' Father said, when we were ready to go. He swung me up, pulling himself behind, and we went down the trace of waters into the valley. The mare swung her head nervously, crowding against the ditch growth. Father kept reaching for the reins, jerking her back into the road.

'Hit's a pity you can't hold her out o' the blackberry vines,' Father said. 'If

this keeps up, I won't have a stitch o' britches against we reach Hardin. These-here briars are raveling them out, string at a time.'

## II

At the creek's fork we turned into Hardin, hitching the mare to a locust post before the courthouse. Uncle Jolly saw us coming and shouted out to us, his face tight between the window bars. Logg Turner opened the jailhouse door. We went into a stone-damp hall, Logg fumbling through his long keys for the one to Uncle Jolly's cell.

'I could nigh open it with my eyeteeth afore you picked the key,' Uncle Jolly said, twisting his mouth like Logg's.

We went into the cell, the door catching itself back on rusty hinges. Uncle Jolly grabbed me by the arms, swinging me around twice, scraping my heels on the walls. 'Big enough in here to swing a fox by its tail,' he said. He dropped me atop a quilt-ball on his cot and shook Father's hand until the knuckles cracked.

'Hain't no use breaking a feller's arm off,' Father said.

Logg rattled his keys and grinned at us. Jolly winked at him, making a sly pass at the keys and tipping them with his fingers. Logg jerked the iron ring back, quickly though not uneasily, knowing Uncle Jolly's ways.

'Fotch some chairs for us to set on,' Uncle Jolly said. 'Hain't you got no manners?'

Logg showed his stumpy teeth. 'Fotch 'em yourself,' he said. 'They's a bench setting just outside the cell.' He went up the hall, leaving the door open, and Uncle Jolly dragged the whittled seat in.

'Logg's mighty feisty for election time to be so nigh,' Uncle Jolly said.

'Hit's a tall risk not locking that door,' Father said.

'I ain't going nowheres,' Uncle Jolly said. 'Next rusty I cut, it's the pen two years for shore.'

'Your ma sent me to say what you've spoke,' Father said. 'She never reckoned you'd have sense to know.'

'This is my pigeon roost,' Uncle Jolly said. 'I nest right natural in jail, and it's a fact. I get lonesome sometimes, though, nigh enough to start figgering a way out. Reckon I can't trust myself to stay locked up long. Nobody here but me now. The sheriff turned everybody out to pull corn. They won't be finishing their spells till after gethering.'

'You just got nine days more,' Father said. 'Looks to me you could nail yourself down till then, but I would n't trust you spitting distance. Two breaks you made out o' this jail times past.'

'If I had me somebody to talk to,' Uncle Jolly said, 'I'd fare well.'

'Logg ought to be a heap o' company.'

'Ruther hear a bullfrog croaking.'

'Nine days hain't long — one Sunday and eight weekdays.'

'I'm liable to scratch out afore then.'

'That's fool talk. They'll salt you down in Frankfort for shore.'

'Would n't pitch a straw for the differ.'

Pawpaw scent lay heavy in the room, pushing down the mullein-rank jail smells. Uncle Jolly looked at the poke in my hand. 'If I was a possum,' he said, 'I would n't know better what you got.'

I drew out the pawpaws, holding them toward him. 'A good frosting would make them a sight better,' I said.

'Take just one,' Father said to Uncle Jolly. 'He ain't et since we left home.'

Uncle Jolly picked the least, though I held the fat one closest. He pitched it up to the ceiling and let it fall down into his open mouth. The seeds popped out, shot across the room and between the bars into the yard, touching nothing. 'You could n't do that if your life and neck was strung on it,' he said. I tried with my seeds, blowing them hard, but they fell to the floor. Uncle Jolly kicked them under the bed and went out into the hall, calling to Logg, 'Have you got any o' them biled shucks left?'

We spooned up the beans Logg



brought, coated with grease, and as good eating as anything on this earth. They were good to bite into, tender and juicy. I could have eaten more, but I did not speak of it, thinking Logg had scraped the pot.

'I ain't got nothing agin jail victuals,' Uncle Jolly said. 'They come regular as clock-tick, three times a day.'

'If your belly's content, hain't no cause to snake out afore your time is up,' Father said. 'Your ma sent on word for you to stay.'

'If I had me somebody to talk to, hit would n't be so bran-fired eternal,' Uncle Jolly said. 'All I do is set and set, and then set some more.'

The mare whinnied in the yard. Father got up and looked out, getting uneasy and ready to go. 'Sun-ball's drapping fast,' he said. 'Four hours' ride twixt here and home. Ought to be a-going.'

'Set yourself down,' Uncle Jolly said. 'I ain't got my talk out.'

Father walked across the room. He looked at me and cocked his head. 'Reckon you could stay here nine days?' he asked.

'This ain't no place for a chap,' Uncle Jolly said.

'He'd be a sight o' company,' Father said. 'I figger you'd hang around yourself if he was here.'

'Hit's agin the law for a chap to stay shet up in jail,' Uncle Jolly said, 'but Logg gets right free when he's needing votes. He could put a cot and chair in the hall, and that would n't be in jail nor out.'

'Getting late,' Father complained. 'I'll talk to Logg, and mosey along. I figger Logg'll let me have my way. My vote is good as the next un.'

Logg said I could stay. I wanted to, though I knew first frost would come any morning now, and I would miss my fill of pawpaws. They were best after a killing frost, mushy and sweet, falling apart almost at a touch.

When Father was ready to go, I went

out into the yard to see him off. He rode away, the mare walking swiftly toward the forks with her great bones sticking out hard and sharp. Uncle Jolly leaned against the window bars and called down, 'First time I ever seed a feller straddling a quilting frame.'

### III

With election time near, the county seat was filled with people, their mounts chocking stiff heels in the courthouse yard. Before daylight, horses came sloshing through the creek, setting hoofs carefully into dark waters, feeling out the quicksands.

'Candidates thicker'n groundhogs in a roast-ear patch,' Logg told us. 'Got where a feller can't go down the road peaceable.'

'Bet you argue as many votes as the next un,' Uncle Jolly said.

'I don't worry a man's years off.'

'You'd vote your ol' nag and jinny if they was registered.'

'I get a vote any way can be got, buy or swap, hogback or straddle-pole, but when they're drapped in the ballot box, I allus say, "Boys, count 'em square and honest."'

Two days before Uncle Jolly's time was up, Logg came hurrying down from the courthouse. He came with his keys jingling on his belt, and we heard him coming afar off.

'I seen Les Honeycutt talking to Judge Mauldin,' Logg said. 'I figger he's trying to get you sent back to Frankfort. Les's folks can swing nigh every vote on Jones Fork, and the judge knows it. He can't be reelected with the Honeycutts agin him.'

'I never pushed Les's ribs in fur enough,' Uncle Jolly said. 'I reckon the judge hain't going to give plumb over. He'll be needing a few Baldridge votes on Little Carr and Defeated Creek.'

It was dark inside the jail when Judge Mauldin rattled the iron door, though light held outside. Night chill had settled

into the wall stones, and there was a hint of frost in the air. He came in, rubbing his fat hands. Logg opened Uncle Jolly's cell, and I followed, going close behind Logg. Judge Mauldin sat down heavily on the cot, twisting his watch chain around a thick finger. There was a bush-tail squirrel carved from a peach seed hanging on the chain's end, real as life.

'Reckon you heard the Honeycutts are trying to hog-tie me into sending you back to Frankfort,' the judge said.

'I heard a little sketch,' Uncle Jolly said, threading his arms through the bars.

'I can't spare a vote,' the judge said.

'You'll lose a mess either way,' Uncle Jolly said. 'I got no notion o' going back to the pen anyhow. A log team could n't drag me there agin. Hit's like pulling eyeteeth just to stay in this jailhouse.'

Logg brought in a smoky-chimneyed lantern, holding a match to the oily wick.

The judge cracked heavy knuckles against his palms. 'I'm not a-going to send you back,' he said. 'I got it figured this way. You stay in jail till election time — then it won't matter who rows up. I just want me one more term. Logg'll let you out the minute the Honeycutts get voted on Jones Fork.'

'That's eight days a-coming,' Uncle Jolly said. 'Hit'll keep me here plumb till hog-killing time. Like setting on a frog-gig staying, and me knowing I could snake out anytime the notion struck.'

'You've gone nowhere yet, as I see,' Logg said.

Uncle Jolly looked at the ring of keys hung on Logg's belt. 'Never took a strong idea,' he said. 'I ain't safe in here long as there's a key walking around. I can't trust myself to stay shet up.'

'If you don't stay, I'll be bound to

send you back to Frankfort,' Judge Mauldin said.

The judge stood to go. I went out behind him, Logg following and locking the door, and hooking the ring on his belt. Uncle Jolly thrust his arms through the bars as Logg turned, lifting the ring with a finger, quick as an eye-bat. I glimpsed it all and waited, holding my breath, fearing for Uncle Jolly. The judge and Logg walked up the hall, not looking back nor knowing. When they had gone, Uncle Jolly took one key off, handing the rest to me. 'Go take the others back,' he said. 'This one won't be missed for a spell.'

I went to bed early, for there was no heat in the cold hallway. In the night I waked, thinking someone had spoken. Uncle Jolly had called, speaking my name into pitch-dark. His words were barely louder than the straw ticking rustling in my ears. I stepped out on the stone floor, feeling my way to the cell. Uncle Jolly was there, though I could n't see him. He reached through the bars and found my hand, putting the stolen key into it.

'You go home at the crack o' day and get a wad o' dirt betwixt us afore Logg misses it,' he said. 'Give it to your grandma and tell her to keep it eight days, then have your poppy fotch it back — eight days and not a minute yon side. Tell her I said hit.' I felt my way along the wall, crawling back into the warm spot in my bed, and slept until the slosh of horses' feet in the creek came up the rise.

Logg opened the jailhouse door for me when light broke. The steps were mouldy-white. The season's first frost lay heavily on the ground. 'Hit's a killer,' Logg said. 'This-here one ought to make the shoats squeal.' I set off, walking fast over the frosted road, knowing the pawpaws were fat and winter-ripe on the Little Carr ridge.

# THE UNEMPLOYABLES

BY ROBERT N. McMURRY

## I

OFFICIALDOM is beginning to doubt the validity of counting and re-counting the unemployed. Half a dozen surveys, including the Biggers census, give the figure of twelve to thirteen million after estimates are added for recent layoffs. As Mr. Aubrey Williams, deputy administrator of the Works Progress Administration, put the hard case in his *New York Times Magazine* article of March 27, 1938: 'There are more than 12,000,000 unemployed men and women in our country, a large percentage of them able and willing to work, who cannot find public employment.'

The title of his article: 'Twelve Million Unemployed: What Can Be Done about It?' indicates that those who are running the relief show are now ready to think about causes and qualities instead of concentrating altogether on effects and numbers. The same significant emphasis dominated Secretary Morgenthau's declaration that the whole problem should be studied in all its phases by a standing commission.

Obviously the unemployed represent more than mere heads and hands. They present wide variations of behavior, training, and ability. Some are victims of sudden misfortune, some are broken by long runs of hard luck. Part of them have never had a chance; others have muffed no end of chances. There's the fellow who is the victim of a local shut-down, rotting in a dead town from which he is too poor to move; and his rambling cousin whose very mobility has un-

settled him too much. The causes of their present plight range all the way from the disorganization of international trade down to lack of discipline in the cradle.

The twelve million comprise three large groups who are properly the recipients of government aid. These are: —

(1) The young who have not had opportunity to acquire skills and earn a reputation for dependability;

(2) The old who have lost their strength or resiliency, and are unable to place themselves amid rapid technological change;

(3) Those who are handicapped by accident, ill health, stupidity, or destructive appetites which inhibit concentration on tasks.

These last are true unemployables; their joblessness may be considered incurable, except as some may be restored by medical treatment and industrial therapy. But these unfortunates are not the only unemployables, under a social system which combines individual liberty with high standards of competence in work. There is another large group of persons who are able-bodied and technically capable of holding jobs, but who are chronically without employment whether times are good or bad. These are the psychologically unemployable. Often they are well endowed intellectually and are possessed of varied talents, but they cannot or will not remain regularly at work. They constitute a problem which belongs less in the realm

of economics and political science than in that of psychology and psychiatry.

Mr. Micawber, of *David Copperfield* fame, epitomizes the psychologically unemployable. A man of charm and intelligence, albeit a trifle unscrupulous, he is a true child of adversity. Steady employment eludes him, often by a narrow margin. His loved ones (although rarely Mr. Micawber) know the ache of hunger and the sting of cold. Never far distant is the menace of the debtors' prison. But, in spite of all, Mr. Micawber remains serene and cheery, buoyed by his confidence that 'something will turn up.' Were he in the flesh to-day, he would be on the relief rolls.

Various terms have been applied to describe these economic misfits. They are difficult to classify because they do not suffer from obvious intellectual defects and they are not mentally ill in the conventional sense. Recently some psychologists and psychiatrists have noted a similarity between their behavior and that of a small child. Although adult, they make the same demands and employ the same measures to gain their ends that are characteristic of infants. In consequence, they are beginning to be recognized as victims of retarded emotions, or fixations at primitive emotional levels. They have never quite outgrown the cradle.

No surprise need be felt that many find it difficult to mature emotionally. The cradle is the nearest approach to Nirvana that most of us know. Life there has the quality of a dream. Its only end is the pursuit of pleasure. The child is surrounded with love. He enjoys a belief in his omnipotence that he will never again attain. His entire small universe is ordered for his convenience; he shares it with no one. All his capacity for affection is concentrated upon himself. His ego brooks no rival; his narcissism or self-love is complete.

Growth entails painful compromises with reality. The child learns that he

must forgo his single-minded pursuit of pleasure. He discovers that he must accept responsibility for his actions. Belief in his omnipotence gives way to impotence before the problems and terrors which confront him. He comes to know pain and thwarting. No longer may he remain completely preoccupied with himself. As he matures he becomes aware that he must fend for himself, be self-reliant and use initiative to satisfy his desires. Wish may no longer be substituted for act. Emotional maturity implies, therefore, acceptance of the world as a place where rewards are not gained by magic or through wishful thinking, but must be earned.

Some are unable or unwilling to make these concessions to reality. They find it difficult to leave the wish-world of the nursery, hard to take first steps toward independence and self-reliance. Their affections remain concentrated upon themselves. Rather than make the sacrifices entailed by an adult attitude toward reality, they try to perpetuate the passive, dependent, receptive, narcissistic existence which they enjoyed in the cradle. To achieve this they evade and distort reality. Sometimes this results in neuroses; under other circumstances it may predispose the individual to criminality. Often the escape is by way of drugs or alcohol. In nearly every case this evasion of reality is the principal determinant of psychological unemployability.

No one knows why some children fixate at infantile emotional levels. A constitutional factor may well be involved, comparable, perhaps, to a predisposition to tuberculosis. In addition, the influence of the child's environment is clearly recognized in the majority of cases. Paradoxically, two completely opposed types of early background produce this condition with equal facility: the first and more common is that characterized by too much sheltering, protection, and solicitude; the other is where these are not only lacking, but have been replaced

by cruelty, frustration, and a dearth of love.

Naturally, parents wish to spare their children the bitterness of their own struggles. In extreme cases they often create for their children an environment from which the harsher, character-forming aspects of reality have been carefully filtered. As a result, their children, never completely weaned emotionally, remain narcissistic, passive, receptive, and dependent. By no means are all such cases confined to the well-to-do. John N., a WPA worker endeavoring to support his family of eight on \$55 a month, so pampered his son, a hulking youth of twenty-one, that the son could not hold a job as errand boy because he would not get up in time to start work at nine o'clock.

Where there have been too little solicitude and too much pain and frustration, the child's first efforts at independence may be so rudely rebuffed that he is driven back to the cradle as a place of refuge. Seeking vainly to assuage his hunger for affection, he hoards his own store of love and lavishes it upon himself.

## II

In these emotionally retarded adults may often be seen many of the dominant characteristics of the infant.

The small child, for example, exhibits self-love to a marked degree. The adult differs only in his superior skill at disguising it. His counterfeits frequently take the form of convincing, if not too sincere, gestures. Henry M. talked overmuch of his love for his wife and children. He bought them candy and sometimes took them to the movies. Usually, however, they remained in their dank basement apartment without adequate food or clothing while he spent his WPA stipend on clothes and entertainment for himself and his current light-o'-love.

Consequences mean little to the infant. The same is true of the emotion-

ally retarded adult. When something appeals to a baby, the baby wants that thing at once, regardless of its suitability or the possible ill effects of acquisition. So do these grown-ups. Mrs. Grace A. saw an electric sewing machine which she liked. So she purchased it, although she had little need for one. Soon she was seduced by the novel features of a new electric cleaner. Within a month she had also made the down payment on a set of Shakespeare. Since her husband's wages as a grocery clerk would not stretch to cover the payments, they lost all three and their credit as well.

Babies are not expected to respect obligations. It is equally futile to look for dependability in an infantile adult. Promises are made in terms of their immediate yield; for their fulfillment there is always *mañana*. When Henry B. borrowed from his friends, his need for the money was always urgent. Under this pressure he would promise faithfully to make repayment from his next salary check. By that time, however, the borrowed money would have been spent, and new and urgent needs would have developed. This would necessitate the postponement of repayment for another two weeks, at which time the same explanations would be gone through once more. When his friends would no longer lend him money, Henry tried the same tactics on a finance company. It cost him his automobile.

The infant believes in the omnipotence of his wish. So does the emotionally retarded grown-up. The latter may find it necessary to supplement the wish with a little magic (a rabbit's foot or a charm), but his unconscious faith in it is strong. This faith blinds most gamblers to the odds against them, inducing a man to put twenty dollars in quarters into a slot machine in an effort to win a five-dollar jack pot.

Equally typical of the child are the acquisitive and dependent tendencies. When mother has been away, the first cry which greets her return is 'What did



you bring me?' The nursery echoes constantly with demands such as 'Mommy, tie my shoe,' or 'Bring me drink water,' even where the child is competent to satisfy these needs himself. The infantile adult differs only in that his requests are not so naïve and are more plausibly justified. Nevertheless they embody the same tendencies. Many persons of middle age retain the child's attitude of passive dependence upon their relatives or friends. More than one family has its dear Aunt Mary who came for a visit after Grandfather died and remained to become a permanent, if not too welcome, guest.

Where relatives or complaisant friends are not available to lean on, such persons often attach themselves to institutional charities. A recent survey in Chicago revealed that 47 per cent of the relief clients had been on the rolls four years or more, and that 43 per cent of these had been accepting charity since before 1932. Of course, they are the very ones who are most voluble in their advocacy of permanent relief. They are quite willing that the government should take over the rôle of bountiful and protective parent and consider their care one of its major obligations.

Of deepest import for the future, however, is the subtle change in the attitude of society toward these passive, dependent, receptive tendencies of the emotionally immature. Expression of these traits is not only being condoned but also being facilitated in a number of ways. Installment buying permits purchases by the improvident. Pensions provide for those who lack foresight to save for their declining years. Unemployment insurance will care for those who may not wish to work steadily.

Indigence is becoming respectable. Before the depression, to become a pauper was to lose social face completely. Now relief has become a commonplace. A new generation is coming to maturity whose members regard this government help not as an emergency

measure, a stopgap to tide them over until times improve, but as their inalienable right as citizens and voters.

### III

When the unemployed are asked whether they would prefer to remain on relief or to obtain jobs again, the majority emphatically choose the latter. Even those who are obviously among the psychologically unemployable give the same answer. And most of them are quite sincere in this statement.

Unfortunately, clinical experience raises some question as to the underlying integrity of these answers. Freud long ago pointed out that there are unconscious as well as conscious motives; nor is it necessary, he declared, that there be any agreement or even consistency between them. Violently contradictory impulses may coexist in different strata of the human psyche. On this basis, the psychologically unemployable may entertain a strong conscious conviction that they want work, while unconsciously they retain equally powerful drives toward passivity, receptivity, and dependence.

Short of an extended course of therapy, there is no way of integrating these elements. It is entirely futile to *tell* a person that he has this or that unconscious tendency. His unconscious impulses are so insulated from his awareness that he knows nothing of them. Furthermore, they conflict so violently with his ideal of himself that he would deny them indignantly. The fact that they are unconscious renders them proof against argument or logic.

Despite the fact that these impulses are denied access to consciousness, they may exert a definite influence upon the individual's behavior. Striving for gratification, yet prevented from direct expression, they make use of disguises, substitutes, and partial satisfactions. Pitted against them to ensure their exile from consciousness in this battle of the psyche are a number of defense mech-

anisms. These are also unconscious; the entire conflict takes place outside the person's awareness. Nevertheless, much of the behavior of this type of person is expressive of a compromise between these conflicting forces.

The common defense mechanisms employed by the psychologically unemployable are repression (putting out of consciousness), reaction formation (repression plus denial by behavior of the opposite character), projection (accusing others of having the trait which it is wished to deny), and denial by a failure to perceive. All of these have an identical purpose: to prevent the direct expression or even awareness of impulses that are alien to the ego.

Because the behavior of infantile persons so often flows from conflicting motives, it is likely to be strikingly erratic and inconsistent. To preserve the fiction that they are reasonable persons, people of this type early become adept at explaining or rationalizing their conduct. Rationalization may serve both to prevent them from obtaining insight into their real motivation and to justify their behavior socially.

Goldie S. was only infrequently employed. In moments of candor she admitted that she could see no reason for working. She got along just as well without a job. As she put it, she has the same holes in her shoes, the same runs in her stockings, whether she works or not. Her lunches, carfare, and insurance take all she earns. So why should she work? This is a typical rationalization. Superficially plausible, it does not bear careful scrutiny. When employed, she nets nine dollars each week, after expenses — which is far different from the nothing which she has when she is not employed. She is merely justifying to herself and the world her reluctance to exert herself.

It is this difficulty of awakening the insight and enlisting the coöperation of these people that makes their rehabilitation such a problem. Fundamentally,

they have no reason to want to change their way of life. They are obtaining their infantile satisfactions. Any alteration in the direction of increased self-sufficiency might entail a sacrifice. It is hardly to be wondered, therefore, that they resist so tenaciously any attempts to improve them. The clinging vine is often tough to break.

#### IV

In everyday life, the devices used by the psychologically unemployable to avoid work are legion. A few cases taken at random will be illustrative.

Charles H. would describe in detail his efforts to obtain work; but these attempts never succeeded. Ultimately it was revealed that his stories were wholly fictitious. Actually they had only been a form of daydreaming — a compromise solution to his problem. He knew he *should* find employment, but unconsciously he did not wish to find it. His work-hunting stories eased his conscience without subjecting him to the risk of finding a job. At the same time, his wish that they were true was so strong that he actually believed them himself.

A common means for rationalizing unconscious wishes to remain unemployed is that of blaming factors which might be responsible but are not necessarily so. William M., a telegrapher who had been displaced at the age of thirty-five by the teletype, had resigned himself to a life on relief. He said that because of his age, and the fact that he had had only an elementary school education, there was no use in his attempting to learn another trade. Instead, he blamed his 'luck' for having chosen telegraphy as a profession and cursed his previous employer as greedy and heartless. As a matter of fact, he had known at the time when he entered the field that its day was nearly ended. There is no reason why he cannot learn a new type of work. His real problem is that he does not want a steady job; being on relief is too easy.

Many among the psychologically unemployable obtain positions but do not keep them. In four months Harry W. found three places as night clerk in hotels. The first one he left because the proprietor asked him to keep the books in addition to his work as clerk; he had also been given a noisy room, which made it difficult for him to sleep, so that he feared for his health. From the second position he was discharged for sleeping on duty. He left the last place after three days because he did not like the character of the guests. Harry, too, had an unconscious, or at least unadmitted, dislike of work. Since he could not avoid being hired, he contrived to leave as quickly as possible, either voluntarily or by request. By finding fault with his positions he was able to conceal from himself and from society his aversion to work.

Infantile personalities sometimes employ even more subtle methods. Ralph B. was ambitious. His drive for advancement was so strong that it reacted against him. Wishing to reach the top at once, he soon grew impatient of office routine. Promotion of associates stirred him to jealousy. He used every pretext to place himself in a favorable light with the management, and had no scruples against injuring his fellow employees. Ultimately he began to intrigue against his immediate superior, and tried to engineer the man's dismissal. The attempt failing, Ralph lost his position. His ambition was primarily a reaction formation designed to deny the passive, dependent tendencies which underlay it. These passive impulses attained their ultimate objective (his release) by causing him to be overactive.

## V

The problem of the psychological unemployables must be faced realistically. Sentimentality must be laid aside. Social justice, beneficial as it may be to others, deserved as it may be by others,

will not help them, for their need goes deeper. Little is to be gained by an unwillingness to recognize that in a large proportion of the cases the sufferers are primarily victims of their own personality make-up. Although legally responsible, often intelligent, and not among the mentally ill, nevertheless they suffer from defects of judgment and volition which unfit them for adult responsibilities.

The question is not *whether* they should be helped, but *how*. To leave the decision to them would only perpetuate the status quo. Each should be subjected to a thorough individual psychological and psychiatric examination. Because of the complexity and variety of individual cases which may be encountered and the many contributing influences and personal factors which play a part, each should be painstakingly and dispassionately analyzed.

Where emotional infantilism is clearly a contributing factor, it may be best to subject the unemployables, no matter how much they resent it, to what Dr. Harold S. Hulbert has termed 'objective treatment.' This is the manner in which a deaf nursemaid would handle a recalcitrant child; she can see that he is misbehaving, but she cannot hear his excuses or rationalizations, hence she remains quite uninfluenced and applies the punishment which his behavior warrants.

For psychologically unemployable men, institutions such as the army would bear study. There objective treatment is traditional. And, on the whole, army life should not be uncongenial. The soldier has few economic worries. His thinking is done for him; little initiative is required. Life is much as he knew it as a child. His commanding officer assumes the rôle of his father, the commissary that of his mother.

For women and for those men who cannot qualify for the army, adult CCC corps might be organized, where again objective treatment could be instituted.

This does not mean that the unemployables would be inhumanely dealt with; merely that provision would be made to place them in charge of persons who had been schooled in the characteristics of the infantile personality make-up. Such supervisors would be competent to recognize and discount the subterfuges and rationalizations with which they would continually be confronted.

Short of the employment of such objective treatment, no satisfactory means are available for salvaging more than a small part of the productive capacities of these misfits. The harsh alternative, of course, is to write them off as inadequate to the demands of modern life, which implies either a continuance of relief or the institution of a dole, as they cannot be expected to be consistently self-supporting. Such a course means that ultimately they must become permanent wards of the state, like the criminal and the insane.

The greatest hope for the future lies in the prevention of emotional retardation in oncoming generations. This is almost wholly a matter of education. As society becomes increasingly heedful of this condition, cases will be recognized

earlier and subjected to appropriate treatment. At the same time, the rationalizations will become more transparent and less effective. The individual will be forced to choose between relinquishing the gratification of his infantile impulses and satisfying them in the face of public intolerance.

The psychological unemployables are not a new phenomenon. They probably antedate civilization. It is only recently, however, that their social and economic significance has been realized. Because they functioned without ostentation, they have been overlooked. Yet, when viewed in proper perspective, their cost in human misery, frustration, and waste has been tremendous. It equals, if not exceeds, that of many more dramatic and better-publicized catastrophes. Plagues are devastating, but they burn themselves out; war is futile, and its cost extortionate, yet it finally ceases. But human frailty persists without end, and until there is a more scientific approach to this particular phase of it relief will continue to be a muddy pool in which economists, sociologists, and politicians tread water without ever touching bottom.

# RELIEF FROM MURDER

BY HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

## I

IN the course of my job as a book reviewer I have recently read a powerful and sombre novel, *Slogum House*, by Mari Sandoz. To its indubitable merits as a piece of writing I have paid my tribute in the notice of the book. There is an energy in the author's style which has my admiration, and I shall not soon forget the central character, Gulla Slogum, as impressive an incarnation of insatiate greed as I have met in fiction for a long time. She recalls Balzac's misers, she recalls the grand manner in villainy; and to the imagination which created her I give my willing homage. Miss Sandoz has, I think, the right to create any kind of character to which she can give plausibility; and in this case the character is so vast and vivid that objection to Gulla Slogum on the ground that her moral principles are those of Satan himself would be idle.

In the course of the story Mrs. Slogum drives all her daughters save one to prostitution in her own house — prostitution carefully calculated to permit Mrs. Slogum to break the laws of the United States and of the State of Nebraska, where the novel is laid. It seems incredible that a mother would serve as a madam to her own daughters, but Miss Sandoz has made me believe it can be true. Mrs. Slogum furthermore drives most of her sons to commit murders of one sort or another in order that the glory and possessions of Slogum House may increase. She shields her brother, a fugitive from justice, so long as he is use-

ful to her, and then raises no obstacles to his being 'bumped off' by the family. The lover of one of the daughters, a rather likable upright young man, is gelded, largely through her instigation, and there are various other acts of darkness in the book. The characters talk with great frankness, and make reference to matters of defecation and copulation much as certain groups of characters talk in real life.

As I think over *Slogum House* my eye wanders to my bookshelf, and I go over and take down the first six or seven review copies of other novels as I come to them. The first of these is diversified by a seduction scene on a golf course, a murder, a lynching, a riot, besides what other derelictions I do not now recall. The next, an admirable novelette, has for one of its chief characters a psychopathic father whose son is the captain of the ship on which the father serves as mate, and reaches its climax when the father throws some unoffending live birds into the furnace of the boat, whereupon he is slain by the Mohomedan keeper of the birds, to the vast relief of the other characters and of the reader. The third is the story of a bootlegger's daughter. Most of the characters live outside the law, and there are various scenes of violence and cowardice in its pages. The fourth is dedicated to the proposition that American history is the history of fools; it begins with a savage hunt for witches and ends with the hysteric folly of the post-war years, and in between are



piratical murders, mob violence, scenes of corruption and bribery, and other treasons, stratagems, and spoils. The next is devoted to showing how a bereaved husband discovered after his wife's death that she was a female cad. The sixth is principally laid among tenant farmers in the South; it ends with a murder and includes a seduction or two, a prostitute, an unhappy marriage involving adultery on both sides, and one or two characters who are slightly deranged.

If I were to take down more of the novels of recent vintage on my shelf, I know I should but prolong the same Thyestean banquet of authors creating characters only to destroy them, physically or morally as the case may be. Or, if the characters are not thus destroyed, I may safely expect them to be strong, violent men or weak, frustrated human beings. I shall expect them to commit rape or suffer seduction, just as I have learned to expect that fictional weddings are but the opening scenes in a long series of unhappy episodes for husband and wife. I know from novels that children are born to be miserable and that old people are a burden to themselves and to others. No one in a novel who has a job is satisfied or contented with his work, and a good many characters are sure to lose their jobs.

I have trained myself to believe that the true pith and marrow of existence, or at least what the novelists believe to be those parts of existence worth writing about, are mostly outside the law and beyond the jurisdiction of the limited moral codes I am familiar with. It is true that this extra-legal life does not seem to bring the characters any greater amount of satisfaction than if they lived within the law and within a moral code of general application, for they are uniformly unhappy and customarily come to a bad end. The novelists report — are they not the true abstracts and brief chronicles of the time? — that life in the United States is compounded of boredom and horror, violence and despair. It is a

verdict which is supported by many of the poets — Mr. Robinson Jeffers, for example — and, as poets are also persons who see into the heart of things, I must of course believe. If I did not believe, the dramatists would persuade me of a similar truth.

## II

So far as I know, I have no objection to literary violence *per se*. As a student of literary classics I know that Agamemnon and Clytemnestra were murdered, that Antigone violated the moral code of her time, that Hamlet accused his mother of incest, that Dickens reveled in criminal melodrama, and that *Moby Dick* is a symbol of man's struggle against evil. The Italian critic, Mario Praz, has demonstrated how large a portion of nineteenth-century literature is devoted to themes of sensuality, lust, abnormal sex, necrophilism, and other matters of that sort. What is *Macbeth* at bottom but bloody melodrama? What is *Don Juan* but a brilliant, cynical comment on all modern society?

I happen to be interested in Victorian literature, — a literature not undistinguished by scenes of violence in its fiction, — but I see, or at least I hope I see, the limitations placed upon literature by Victorian propriety. I think 'Ulysses' is a great poem, but I do not admire 'Dora' or 'Enoch Arden.' I like to read Trollope, but I know his novels are only a partial report on life. I think Colonel Newcome is a bore, and I find I can get through George Eliot only by determination. I am probably a bit of a Victorian, — most of us are, — but I do not think I am enough of a spiritual inhabitant of that much-injured century for my interest in it unduly to warp my artistic judgments.

I also believe in the freedom of the artist to treat the scenes and create the characters which interest him. I think more harm than good is accomplished by the censorship of literature, and I could support no movement which, by legislation or by police interference,

would through force take away his corn-cob from Mr. Faulkner or his 'sons of bitches' from Mr. Farrell. I do not believe the literary artist should be bound to any programme, Victorian or Marxist, proletarian or aristocratic. I think there must be a vast deal of wasted experimentation in any literary movement before lasting results are achieved, and I think twentieth-century American novelists — some of them — are achieving enduring books. I think the relation of morality to art is so subtle and important an affair that it cannot be confined to any formula, however well intentioned, whether it originates in a church, a college, or a critical school.

Nevertheless, I am bored by these novels. I think a great many other readers are bored. I think one of the most exciting things that could happen in American literature would be a sit-down strike among novel readers. I think it is time for somebody to lead a protest against monotony. I am fed up with this interminable procession of weak and cowardly men, strong and brutal men, oversexed women, undersexed women, frustrated children, bewildered parents, hopeless farmers, and greedy overlords. I have had my fill of cruelty, rape, seduction, incest, Lesbianism, illegality, lynching, murder, castration, and general hellishness. I am willing to admit that the language of the uneducated has its moments, but I should like to read some merely civilized conversation. I long to be introduced to a cultured human being in a story and to enter an ordinary home. So far as I know, I do not say these things because I am a hopeless Victorian or a college professor or a theorist about literature or a bourgeois or an upholder of a particular moral code. I say them in my simple capacity as a reader of books. I think I have had about all of this diet that my system can assimilate.

The pride of the hard-boiled school is that it is realistic. We do not care, say these novelists in effect, whether you like our picture of life or not, for this is exist-

ence as we find it, and as honest artists we portray what we see and feel. Any other approach to the artistic problem would be suicidal. We are discovering that life in the American republic is not wrapped in the rose-pink cloud of Jeffersonian idealism. We are telling you what the tenant farmers and the workers feel; we are telling you the real thoughts of the men and women, so docile, so civilized, so meek and well behaved, whom you see daily on the streets or in the country. If you don't believe us, see them at a lynching or a labor riot. Trace their secret thoughts, and you will find at the bottom of their love affairs and their family relationships the lust and cruelty and frustration we portray.

Bosh! I know only one human being intimately, and even that intimacy is imperfect, for no man can know himself. American life has been historically an unruly and violent life, and if earlier American novelists intended to report the whole truth concerning it, some of them certainly omitted much that could have been told. Nevertheless, bosh! It is the pleasing delusion of every literary movement that it, and it alone, has got at the truth at last, but I see no reason to suppose that the reigning fashion in fiction is any nearer ultimate reality and truth to life than any earlier literary fashion, and I am puzzled to know why novelists so intelligent as ours are taken in by their own rhetoric.

As a literary historian I know something about fashions in literature. Professor John Livingston Lowes has written a book called *Convention and Revolt in Poetry*, in which he shows how the history of one of the most individual of the arts is really a vast systole and diastole of expansion toward freedom and contraction toward restraint. Somebody ought to write a book called *Convention and Revolt in Fiction*.

For example, there existed at the turn of the eighteenth century a popular school of fiction writers known as the

Gothic or Terror novelists. We smile at the absurdities of the conventions upon which they depended for their effects, but it appears upon inspection that we are not entitled to smile — at least not very broadly. For what were the ingredients of the Gothic novel? Violence, horror, seduction, rape, murder, incest, adultery, illegitimacy. In *Ambrosio, or The Monk*, the hero rapes a nun in a burial ground and uses language which is still sufficiently indecent. In the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe the leading character lives outside the law and abandons all moral codes in order that he may commit as many crimes, sexual and otherwise, as the lady thought the palpitating reader could stand. In *Melmoth the Wanderer* an ageless hero, outside the ordinary canons of humanity, wanders the earth as the hero of Mr. Hunt's *Greathouse* wanders through American history.

The literary historian can point to novels having to do with parricide, infanticide, matricide, and various other melodramatic modes of destruction. The only reason why the writers of Gothic fiction did not create a few morons of sadistic tendencies, such as Mr. Faulkner sometimes employs in his extraordinary novels, is, I suppose, because the earlier school had not yet learned about morons, but they did what they could. They ravished as many virgins in their badly printed pages as romantic probability could stand for, and they got a lingering thrill out of every sexual act. The conventions of this group, in fact, so curiously resemble the conventions of the reigning school of violence that I wonder why rape and murder and holocaust and fornication are in the one case dismissed as romantic hocus-pocus and in the other case are considered seriously as a disillusioned report on life.

### III

Now of course there is more to contemporary novels than murder, incest, rape, and adultery. They rest upon

sociological grounds. They picture American discontent. They report the truth about the tenant farmer and the workman in language used by such persons, and they are therefore to be considered seriously as art.

How much of it is art? I turn to the preface of a once famous novel no longer read — Charles Kingsley's *Yeast*, published in 1851 — and I read: 'This little tale was written between two and three years ago, in the hope that it might help to call the attention of wiser and better men than I am, to the questions which are now agitating the minds of the rising generation, and to the absolute necessity of solving them at once and earnestly, unless we would see the faith of our forefathers crumble away beneath the combined influence of new truths which are fancied to be incompatible with it, and new mistakes as to its real essence.' But eight years later, in a preface to the fourth edition of *Yeast*, Kingsley was compelled to say that 'so many things have changed since then' that his novel had in 1859 only a sort of historical interest.

Or I turn to Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton*, published in 1848 because Manchester workingmen 'seem to me to be left in a state wherein lamentations and tears are thrown aside as useless, but in which the lips are compressed for curses, and the hands clenched and ready to smite.' The preface ends on this ominous note: 'The state of feeling among too many of the factory people in Manchester . . . has received some confirmation from the events which have so recently occurred among a similar class on the Continent.' And my point is, not that Mrs. Gaskell was not justified in telling the truth as she saw it about industrial Manchester, but that the revolution she was afraid of never came off.

Or I turn to Dickens's *Hard Times*, published in 1854 to show that 'the English are, so far as I know, the hardest worked people on whom the sun shines. . . . They are born at the oar, and they

live and die at it.' But John Ruskin said of this novel: 'The usefulness of that work (to my mind, in several respects, the greatest he has written) is with many persons seriously diminished because Mr. Bounderby is a dramatic monster, instead of a characteristic example of a worldly master; and Stephen Blackpool a dramatic perfection, instead of a characteristic example of an honest workman.' And yet Dickens, like Kingsley and Mrs. Gaskell, basing his novel upon a sociological truth, was like them actuated by honest indignation at the social conditions of his time, and like them in consequence created characters that shortly seemed incredible.

I do not wish to deny any contemporary novelist the power of honest indignation. The honest indignation of the three Victorians undoubtedly helped to ameliorate the lot of Victorian workmen, just as the honest indignation of Mr. Upton Sinclair in *The Jungle* helped to clean up Packingtown. I hope the indignation of contemporary novelists will have similar results. But it will not have a proportionately adequate result if their indignation is conveyed through characters who are dramatic monsters.

Moreover, the judgments of art are not the judgments of sociology — a fact which leads contemporary novelists into arguments curiously confused. The contemporary novelist mutters something about bourgeois morality if the harassed reader finally tells him he is tired of dramatic monsters, but in the next breath he appeals to his reader for support because the author is morally on the right sociological side. The novelist draws these pictures of greed and violence, lust and cruelty, he says, because in the long run he thinks it will improve American life to know the worst. But if the artist demands our moral approval in the one case, he cannot consistently dodge our moral disapproval in the other; and if he insists that moral judgments have nothing to do with his characters, he cannot com-

plain if the reader remarks that his sociology is at bottom moral, and does n't belong in the novel.

## IV

Nobody writes for posterity, but everybody hopes his own book will endure. Books written out of moral indignation about society do sometimes outlive their day, — *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, for example, — but they are not usually improved by taking a sociological stand. Social indignation in art is a good servant, but a bad master, as Ruskin pointed out when he said that Bounderby is a dramatic monster and Blackpool a dramatic perfection, for the monstrosity of the one and the inhuman perfection of the other were the direct products of Dickens's social indignation.

Or take the case of Kingsley, who became extraordinarily angry because the Church did not serve society, and society neglected the Church. I defy any reader to warm up the dead ashes of Kingsley's moral indignation in *Yeast*, the hero of which begins by breaking his leg at a fox hunt (that striking bit of conspicuous waste among the upper classes) and ends by becoming a preacher to the poor; and in the same novel Squire Lavington, Lord Minchampstead, Lord Vieuxbois, the ineffable Argemone, and other pale wraiths from Kingsley's sociological pen have n't a spark of indignant life left in them. As for *Mary Barton*, in an effort to express her honest indignation about the poor, Mrs. Gaskell strewed so many deathbed scenes in that book as to provoke a modern smile. Most of us prefer *Cranford*, which has no sociological attachments. As a prop for enduring fiction, I fear that social indignation is a frail reed.

As for psychological reality — oh well, what's the use? *La Nouvelle Héloïse* was once a profound revelation of human emotions, but its few readers nowadays find it lachrymose and long-winded. There used to be solemn discussions in the better magazines about the psycho-



logical realism of George Eliot, but any practising novelist nowadays will carve you half-a-dozen characters before breakfast more psychologically 'true' than Silas Marner — and yet the Corinna of the later nineteenth century rather prided herself on her profound knowledge of men and women. Mr. Meredith was once a novelist to puzzle the young withal, and even poor old Bulwer-Lytton rather fancied himself as a psychologist. There are fashions in fictional 'psychology' just as there are fashions in fictional themes, but some writers without a speck of psychology in them seem to surpass the experts when it comes to vitality of character. I don't suppose Mr. Pickwick or Mr. Micawber would know an Œdipus complex from a compound fracture of the tibia, but the two characters nevertheless exist. I don't know whether Shakespeare had a profound insight into the human soul or not, — sometimes I think he did, sometimes I think it is mostly a matter of magnificent language, — but, unencumbered by psychology, he created Hamlet. I am speculating how profound the psychology of contemporary fiction really is. I wonder how much of it is another example of the solemn acceptance of a literary convention.

But the horror school is true to American life — or at least true to important aspects of American life. Is it? Suppose that by the twenty-fifth century a great natural catastrophe has destroyed all vestiges of American civilization, but that an exploring expedition from New Zealand digs in the ruins of the apartment house where I live and finds preserved the contemporary novels on my shelves. These they take back to Auckland, that centre of the Japanese-Eurasian culture of the day, where delighted anthropologists and historians set to work to reconstruct the vanished culture of the United States as we, from brick tablets, try to reconstruct Babylonian civilization or from the remains of Anglo-Saxon literature try to imagine

what life in the British Isles was like between Julius Cæsar and William the Conqueror. What extraordinary conclusions they will draw! Not finding anything important in these books about the public school systems, symphony orchestras, medical foundations, the efficiency of our railroad system, our bus lines, or our highways, gymnasiums, churches, philanthropy, humor, health, or a dozen other matters we take for granted, they will solemnly conclude from the evidence that the vanished Americans lived in a state of perpetual insanity; that their whole lives were spent in crimes of violence; that rapine filled the land, thievery was common, every man was unhappy and every woman unchaste. They will draw, in short, a picture of a desolate and degraded culture without order, without government, without a code of conduct (or with one but feebly enforced), without means of subsistence (for all farmers in fiction fail), a land in which gangs of desperate men banded together to loot the few remaining seats of justice, a people that treated its children with unexampled brutality, a country of greed, famine, selfishness, a nation living in the dark ages of mankind.

Doubtless the test is unfair. Doubtless if I could lift off the hat and look into the skull of the man who is driving last year's car past my window I might find, given the right insight, that his stream of consciousness was compounded of whoredoms and abomination, a lust for cruelty and an insane desire to kill. I sadly know that social justice is not yet attained in the United States. The newspaper daily informs me and hundreds of thousands of other Americans of murder and adultery, violence and death. Lust and cruelty are altogether too rampant in the world. But as a mere reader I protest that lust and cruelty do not operate twenty-four hours a day, even in the United States, that singular country in which I happen to have been born.



I hear a good deal of conversation of all sorts during the course of a year, some of it freely sprinkled with obscenity, but I fancy most of us do not begin breakfast by shouting: 'You —, pass me the — cereal or I'll — — —!' I have not, in the course of forty-five years of reasonably diversified existence, known any murderers, and I gather that the number of murderers in actual life is proportionately less than the tally of fictional characters given to homicide might lead me to believe. I never met any woman who was seduced on a golf course, though she may exist. Some of my acquaintances have committed suicide, and one or two have met violent deaths, but most of them seem to live relatively peaceful lives. A few are actually happily married. Most of the workingmen I have talked with have seemed much more interested in the World Series and the Old Gold contest than they were in bashing in their employer's head with a bloody club. I suspect that the plea of the school of violence that its members are faithful reporters of the American scene is just about as true and just about as false as Zola's belief that he, and he alone, had discovered the last secrets of fictional art.

All this may well be wrong. Undoubtedly art changes, and undoubtedly as you get older you are increasingly puzzled by the later manifestations of literature. Perhaps I live a sheltered life — I think I do — and therefore I don't know the proper people. But have I no rights as reader which the novelist is bound to respect? I have no objection to violence *per se*, I repeat, and a novel without wickedness would be, I suspect, rather flat reading. I am quite willing to accept murders and rape and noble souls breaking their hearts over the girls they have, or have n't, slept with, provided only that the percentage of these things in fiction shall have some faint proportion to their probable percentage in actual life.

It so happens that, along with a good many other Americans, I read detective stories, and detective stories always centre around a violent crime. Sometimes the inhabitants of the country house where the dastard killed the victim are unpleasant people; sometimes the victim deserved to be killed and sometimes he did not; but, under all circumstances, reading the detective story gave me the pleasure of the chase. But I suspect that another reason why readers turn eagerly to the machine-made detective story is that violence is kept within some due proportion to the art of fiction. It is also curiously true that a detective story is almost the last kind of novel in which you can read reasonably civilized conversation as it is carried on by fairly sane and, if you like, ordinary people.

I have no illusions about the art of the detective story, and I think the novelists I have been talking about are much greater artists than any writer of detective stories whatsoever. But as a reader I demand — and I do not think the demand altogether unreasonable — that, mixed with whatever instruction and awe, insight and disgust, one of these novelists wishes to give me, he shall also give me a little entertainment, and I am getting to the stage where I am no longer entertained. If the novelists in question want to say that my aesthetics are beneath contempt or that I am filled up with bourgeois ideology or that I am just an old moralist at heart, I shall not combat the charge. I am willing to waive everything I have said as wrongheaded and misleading with one exception: I am not willing to waive my suggestion for a sit-down strike among novel readers — a rebellion against the tedious convention which furnishes us with an unbroken diet of frustration and violence and insanity among a set of characters as stereotyped as any set of characters in past fiction. I think we are entitled to a new deal in novels. When do we get it?

# THE GREAT SKEDADDLE

BY WILLIAM B. STARK

[AMERICAN armies have had little experience in retreating through hostile country without benefit of an assured line of supply to assist retirement. This most difficult of military movements has a classic example in the retreat of Xenophon from Cunaxa to the Black Sea in 401 B.C. General Hunter's retreat from Lynchburg, Virginia, where he had been soundly beaten by the Confederates under Early in June 1864, has somewhat similar features. His army was larger, but, unlike Xenophon's, it was a whipped army before Early chased it over the Alleghenies for the long, roundabout haul back to Harper's Ferry by way of the New, Kanawha, and Ohio rivers.

These pages have been selected from the manuscript account of a private soldier, William B. Stark, of the 34th Massachusetts Volunteers. After spending eleven months on garrison duty at Washington, the 34th went to the Shenandoah Valley and participated in the battle of New Market, where, according to General Sigel, no men ever fought better. Then, as seasoned soldiers, the 34th started south with Hunter's 18,000, burning as they went, with the objective of destroying Confederate stores at Lynchburg. They took so long putting Staunton, Lexington, and other towns to the torch that General Early, sent on by Lee to save Lynchburg, arrived just in time. — THE EDITORS]

*June 17, 1864.* — While laying on the skirmish line tonight we knew when reinforcements came to the enemy. They were chopping and hammering all night. We waited anxiously and wondered why our forces were idle but concluded that the Cavalry were flanking them. We supposed Grant would send us reinforcements. We heard heavy canonading afar off in our front.

*June 18th.* — After the battle, Hunter made preparations to retreat. The wagon trains were soon started back but we did not think such a thing possible. We must and would take Lynchburg at all hazards; rations we must have and we could get them only in Lynchburg. We could never retreat, that was impossible; if we were not all captured we should most certainly starve.

Our dead and most of our wounded fell into the enemy's hands. Our battle lines were kept up and our skirmish lines strengthened. This was done in order to deceive the enemy for our rear was

already on the retreat. At half past 8 Pm we were right about faced and marched by the flank. We had not marched 10 minutes until we saw enough to satisfy us that we were retreating. Everything was moved with caution and in perfect order. It was a very bad place to get an army from without alarming the enemy.

The Cavalry left their horses some distance back and opened a brisk fire all along the line. The firing served to drown the noise of our retreat. We thought when we were going to Lynchburg that we had an awful large army and nothing could stand before it. We have since learned, to our cost, that it was too small to go where we went. We also found that it was not impossible to overcome us. The troops are not so very differently constituted. Rebel soldiers fight splendidly and there is no better soldiers to bear burdens or suffer privations or defeats.

We were hundreds of miles away from

reinforcements and supplies. Our ammunition was nearly exhausted and we had no rations or place to get any. We were already worn with hunger and exhaustion from the last 4 days and nearly sleepless nights. Some were completely exhausted and had no control of themselves. They fell and were of course gobbled.

Some two miles out we came upon some of our boys who had been ordered to cook beef. We got about half a pound each. That beef raised our spirits. We marched all night, nor rested until ten o'clock the next morning. Those fortunate enough to have anything to eat cooked it and those that had none went without.

The houses were searched high and low. The Cavalry generally go in advance and pick up everything that is eatable that could be found. We again passed through Liberty and encamped about one mile out of the town. A good many went foraging. They found some flour and some pigs and had quite a good supper.

The Rebs came up on our rear this afternoon and attacked with spirit. They whacked our Cavalry badly and drove them through Liberty. Averell met them with heavy columns and checked them. Everything moved lively now. The waggon trains started on. Hundreds were set to chopping down trees and throwing down fences. Such a hammering as you never heard was kept up until midnight. The noise was to deceive them and deaden the sound of our trains. The trees were felled to obstruct progress in following up our rear.

We marched until the noon of the 20th, then halted very hungry. Before going into camp some pigs were discovered. Several broke for them, firing regardless of the troops.

We are now marching again in this lovely valley. We traveled close by the RR leading from Lynchburg to Salem some 60 miles. The RR had been destroyed for about 100 miles. Whenever

we halted for a few minutes fences were fired, rails piled on the RR track and fires started. Dwelling Houses, Mills, Furnaces, Manufactorys of all kinds were burned.

Our army marched one column on each side of the road and the Artillery in the centre. The waggon trains also kept the middle of the road, sometimes two abreast. Our columns traveled through most of their fine dooryards and gardens. It was gay to pluck the strawberries and honeysuckles but we could only make a grab as we passed on.

The negroes have had no chance to escape until now. We have an army of them on our hands, nearly all of them carrying great bundles of clothing hastily packed. Old men and women, children and babies all going for freedom. Some of them took their masters buggys and loaded them with young nigs and rode along quite stilish. They saw trouble before they reached the Ohio. Our army left 8 mile gap near night.

*June 20th.* — We waited until all the troops except a small force of cavalry passed by. We brought up the rear. I found a small bag of coffee and pepper in the berry in the road. It was a God-send to me. When passing through a large town tonight we burned a woolen factory and foundary, then broke for the houses in the dead of the night. The soldiers went into dairys and took milk and butter and cows. I could not make up my mind to go on these expeditions until I was nearly starved.

Every room and cellar would be cleaned out in a short time. The garden would be filled by as many as it could hold and all the vegetables taken, the potatoes dug or spoiled in 5 or ten minutes and nothing left but the tops scattered upon the ground. The potatoes were not much larger than peas or hickory nuts. They were eaten raw as soon as obtained.

Those living on the immediate route suffered the most. I do not recollect seeing or hearing of any outrages being

committed by our men on that route; nothing but plundering to satisfy our starving bodys and perhaps, I might say, weak minds.

We halted at Salem two hours. The Rebels pursued us very closely and we were afraid they would catch us in Salem gap. They took a shorter route and we surely thought they would head us off. If they had accomplished this they surely would have taken our whole army. Gen Hunter knew that we could not make Staunton without being headed off in these gaps. His men were hungry and dispirated. His horses were played out for want of forage, and we had not amunition enough to fight one good battle.

Salem is a very pretty town. The Alegany's in some places appear to hang over the town. We rested here about two hours and marched soon after noon, our Brigade taking the advance. The outlet of this mountain pass had been blockaded by falling trees for 3 or 4 miles.

Gen Duffer had been sent on ahead with a large Cavelry force to clear the road and reconnoiter in the vicinity. He sent back word that all was clear and the road well guarded. This was a mistake. There was no guard. The long waggon train was shoved up into the gap, the Artillery following close. The mountains jut closely together scarcely leaving space for a narrow road. It was impossible for one team to pass another. The Rebels hid near the road on the side of the mountain. When the waggon train came up they left that pass and when the Artillery came they slid down upon them.

There was some 3 or 4000 of the Rebs. They fired a few shots into the head teams, then they fired upon the men and ordered them to surrender. They cut the horses loose and sent them, and the men they had taken, away up some ravine. They cut the wheels and spokes of the waggons and knocked off the trunnions of our guns. They battered and spiked some, tipped over limbers,

threw out the amunition, and set fire to some. We had about 20 pieces stove up and ruined in a very short time. We hurried to the rescue on the double quick. The sun shone down upon us in that narrow gorge with uncommon heat and we went on and on, on a run. We soon came up to the Cavelry and Artillery men. The former were working around and trying to catch the raiders. The Artillerymen were idle, some of them had escaped from the Rebs.

They were mostly Germans, great strong swarthy men that you would not think had any feeling for anything. Some lay bleeding whilst others were lamenting for their poor horses and lost guns. There were waggons burning with amunition in them. They were cut, burned and hacked to pieces for the space of about three miles, thrown over the bank, &c. We got to the front at last, 7 miles in 85 minutes by the watch.

Ninety of the Artillery horses were found and shot as they had to be left. The Rebels took perhaps 100 prisoners. We captured some. We rested one hour. Seven miles brought us to the top of the mountain. The road was very crooked and the ascent steep. I was nearly played out. It was 4 miles down the mountain.

We went into camp about dark. This had been a hard days march, about 30 miles in 20 hours with all these difficulties to contend with and worst of all an empty stomach.

*June 22nd.* — I came back to 14 mile gap. There is some talk of dividing our force and sending part of them across West Virginia to Cumberland or Grafton. It was finally decided that we should remain together. The full trains started early. Crook commanded now: 'Take the lead and keep it until we reach the Ohio.' His troops are acquainted with the route.

We are in Gen Sullivan's Division. A Rebel scout got a part of the train to take the wrong route and they had to

come back to the place of starting. We did not get fairly under way until nearly noon. This misleading has been done several times. The Rebel scouts dress in our uniform and mix with our men and then do all the mischief they can. They are sometimes very bold and risk their lives on one bold stroke. A Rebel scout and spy marched with our troops all the way from Staunton to Buccan-non. He was not detected until he attempted to get our train on the wrong route. Averill had him shot at once. Our scouts do the same. There are many scouts in both camps but it is dangerous business. They get big pay.

I became so fatigued that I took but very little notice of anything. After getting the trains back, we again started for Newcastle. It was about 12 o'clock when we finally got started. There was no mountains of any account to climb today. The roads were good but very dusty, the dust completely blinding and nearly choking us at times. We got about 3 spoon fulls of flour and 2 ounces of bacon each.

We passed a family of aged Unionists. They offered us all they had. We did not accept anything for they were very poor. At another place a barrel of flour was found. The woman said her mistress was sick and if we took that flour the family would starve. A Captain said his men would starve without it and he took it.

We forded one stream 17 times, some 30 yards wide and knee deep. The guards on the waggon train fired their pieces. We were hurried up on double quick, splashing through the stream every few rods and tumbling over logs, brush and rocks in the dark. We found it was only a ruse to hurry us up for we were the rear guard. The train had not been fired upon at all. From now on we took our own time, arriving in camp at Newcastle about 9 o'clock, traveling some 12 miles since noon.

*June 23rd.*—The road is very difficult today, over high mountains and

as crooked as these pencil lines. [Here the artist has plotted the tortuous route beyond Newcastle.] We have to cross three mountains, making 28 miles. Water was almost out of the question.

All suffered severely, even those with full canteens, for they were drained in traveling 3 or 4 miles, owing to our great exertions, heat, weakness, &c. We got over the first mountain; at its base ran a stream of water. The horses and mules were nearly exhausted and contrary to the general rule many of them were allowed to have a few swallows. This hindered everything behind them and as the waggon trains are very long it takes a very long time, as only 2 or 3 teams can be watered at one time. I got disheartened at last and left the ranks. I took a short cut down the mountain, crossed the road a few times and came to the brook.

I took a good drink. I washed myself and lay down and took a rest of nearly an hour. When they came up I fell in again. I had saved some distance, got some rest and was all right while those who stood to their post were weary for want of rest. This is a play-off and against orders, but I consider myself justified. Many had been taken sick and were either in the waggon train or left behind, as many as 3 or 4 hundred. Many of our men had become so fatigued and exhausted that they cared but little what become of them. They would go a few steps from the road and get into the bushes or lie down behind a log or fence, to keep out of sight of officers. They would sleep so sound that they would not wake until they were gobbled by the Rebs who followed like a pack of jackals to pick up straglers. The rear guard left many behind. What else could they do? When a man gets entirely played out, what can you do with him? Coaxing, threatening or even killing him does not mend the matter at all.

The Artillery horses and mules began to linger; a great many of them could



go no farther. Something like 50 wagons were burned. This left the road full of old rubbish and played out nags. Sick and stragglers mounted these nags and rode as far as they could.

The second mountain presents greater difficulty; hundreds of teams and Cavalry horses gave out. The Cavalry are compelled to walk. I finally got to the top of the mountain after great exertion.

The rear guard said they had shot 700 horses and mules on this mountain alone. Many of them were young and valuable if they could have been fed. There was no pasture here now and perhaps never had been. But what was the loss of animals when compared with the loss of human life? Our brave boys were falling by the way with hunger and fatigue.

Look where you would, you could see nothing but mountains. The darkness prevented us from witnessing many painful sights. I did not wish to see anything and therefore kept my eyes on the ground and my senses closed as much as possible and plodded on among the thick moss. I stumbled nearly every rod against a horse or mule either standing or lying down to die. I could hear them as they fell or were thrown from the road, as they rolled and tumbled over and over down the side of the mountain among the bushes. Such crackling and groaning as they made that night I can never forget.

We reached the foot about midnight and went into camp at Sweet Springs. It was truly an oasis, this beautiful watering place.

*June 24th.* — A few families still live here. Although we camped in this beautiful valley, what charms had it for a famishing army? The officers gave us liberty to get food if we could find it. Some few got a little. The Cavalry are in advance and they generally clean out everything.

Crook's long columns come next. Officers and orderlies scour the country far and wide. Officers select the most

daring and theiving men from the ranks of every regiment whose special business it is to provide such comforts as can be found. They are furnished with passes and can go anywhere in the camp or out of the line. The more plunder these foragers can get and the more horses they can steal the better they are liked.

We have 40 or 50 cooks and orderlies in this Regiment who are taken from the ranks to wait upon the officers. This is entirely against the rules. The government loses their services entirely.

Col Lewis' house was ransacked and plundered. When permission was given to forage hundreds rushed to this large brick house elegantly furnished and surrounded with beautiful lawns. The Col's wife was a sister of the notorious John B. Floyd<sup>1</sup> (that was enough). The house was ransacked from top to bottom. Clothing, plate, money and a variety of other things were taken and a great deal was destroyed. The boys acted like madmen and destroyed much that was of no use to them. They found wine and other liquors of which they partook freely. They played upon the piano and then pocketed the keys for mementoes. The Col finally got a hearing. A Captain of the 34th was sent to the house and arrested all who were found there.

I was disgusted with the whole affair. I could not blame them for taking provision. All I got was a few small potatoes and some currants from the garden. I was not starved yet. A few days later I wished for a like opportunity which I think I should have profited by. We broke camp about noon and marched for White Sulphur Springs, 18 or 20 miles away.

This was a very tedious march. We came into a gully, very narrow. We appeared to be completely shut in here. It was Egyptian darkness; we could not see anything. We often ran against each other, often falling down and causing

<sup>1</sup> Secretary of War in President Buchanan's Cabinet. His disposition of armaments and munitions had infuriated the North. — Editor

others to fall upon us. Then we tried to set fire to the side of the mountain but it would not burn. Everything moved very slow here. The trains in advance kept us halting very often. We lay down in the road the moment we halted, one lying upon another and falling asleep the moment we lay down. Then, not fully awake, we would stagger about and plunge into a mudhole or run upon the rocks. As soon as the road or gully widened hundreds fell out. Some of them made a fire and cooked coffee, those that had any. Others lay down and slept.

The men that fell out could not nor would not go along with the main columns. I could endure this marching no longer and, live or die, rest I must have. I think that I must have slept 3 hours then got up and traveled on. The Gorrillas and Bushwhackers are very plenty about here and I heard of their capturing quite a number of our poor fellows along the route and shooting many more.

*June 25th.* — White Sulphur Springs is in a pleasant, fertile valley. There is some fancy cottages here built on the outside of a circle with the spring in the centre. The spring is truly white. We filled our canteens.

The boys scraped an old grist mill from top to the bottom. They scraped the flour boxes and barrels and made cakes of the scrapings. Some of them got some sour bran which was full of worms and baked it in the ashes and ate it. I would have been glad to share with them.

We must leave this place or starve. We were very weak and dispirited but we should meet supplies at Meadow bluff, some 40 miles farther on. It would be a hard struggle to get there. I took very little notice of the country or any thought of my diary, which was entirely neglected. I recollect seeing a squad of backwoods ladies standing by the road side in the wilderness looking in

wonder at the blue coats as they passed. We cheered them of course. Their fair forms and beautiful faces raised our drooping spirits.

There are no bridges in these parts. There had been quite a drouth or we should not have been able to cross Greenbriar river. The river was full of men from shore to shore and far up and down stream, many with only their heads above the water, some waist deep. We got over about dark and started up the mountain. We had not gone far when we found a bridge was gone and we had to turn back and take another road. We traveled all night.

We wished to go into camp but were not permitted to do so. We marched through Lewisburg. Hundreds if not thousands of our troops strayed off and stayed in and about here all night. I think they must have found some provisions. It was almost impossible to lift our feet from the ground. Our tobacco was gone. We passed some good farms but soon were in the wilderness again. Squad after squad now fell out.

On and on we went; at last we halted. Of course we did not pitch our tents. We had dispensed with almost everything of that kind long ago. All we wanted now was to lie down anywhere and be let alone. Our clothes were fast passing away. Many had worn out their shoes and were barefoot. I have stood it thus far and resolved to endure unto the end if possible.

I obtained permission of the surgeon to go in advance of the column. This may appear strange but it proved a benefit. We get an hour's start, push ahead, then stop and rest without fear of being left behind.

We expected to meet rations tonight and that gave us encouragement to travel on. I was fortunate enough to get about  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb of meat. A calf came in sight and it was soon made meat of. This gave me a new start.

Everything that was eatable that came in our way was eaten, such as roots and

herbs. We peeled the black birch trees and ate the bark. I picked some currants which I cooked and ate without sugar; they only added to my misery. The men and teams continued to give out. What Amunition we had left was thrown away to lighten our burthen. Most of the men threw away their ball cartridges. Trunk valises, Knapsacks and all kinds of baggage was thrown from the train and left or burned. Sugar belonging to the commissary department was thrown out. Some of the boys that was near at hand got a good supply. We did not suppose there was a pound of sugar on the train. If we had it would not have remained there long.

*June 26th.* — I crippled along, stopping when I could go no farther. I thought of leaving my equipments and breaking my Springfield but finally brought them through. Their weight was about 18 lb and they were all that we had to protect ourselves. We came through Meadowbrook, a dismal swampy wilderness between mountains with corduroy roads and broken bridges. We did not get any rations here as we had expected. Rumor said that we would get them next day. Our Brigade halted and camped here for the night. Still in advance, I crossed over what is called Little Sue Mountain and encamped with the second Brigade.

Little Sue Mountain was full of Bushwhackers. The road was full of sick and stragglers. We could hear the report of guns in every direction. This waked us up. I was glad that I kept my trusty rifle. We kept in squads of from 10 to 15 and sometimes more and looked out sharp for the bushwhackers. Our squad got through all right at last.

Our Brigade was several miles in the rear and this was rough for the wounded. They suffered for want of food and care and were roughed about until they died. Dr. H. Brockway of Co K died on the road. He was a fine fellow and a christian. I missed him very much. Captain Lovell, Orderly Burley, Sergeant Putnam

and several others of my company were badly wounded while many others were left behind. Others are dead or in prison.

*June 27th.* — We marched at early dawn and were soon climbing the Big Sue Mountain, last of these monsters. Scouts had been sent through to Gauley bridge several days before to hurry up the supplies. Some of them had got safely through and the supplies were on their way to us. They had come as far as this mountain. Two stories were afloat. One was that Hunter had met them with orders for them to put back to Cave Mountain. The other was that they had been attacked by Gorrillies and a part of the train burned.

The supply guards were one hundred days men and easily frightened. The train had gone back. We were getting very ravenous and weak. It was some 8 or 10 miles up this mountain, and about the same distance down. I happened to find some carrion where a beef had been killed a few days before. I managed to get some meat from the carcase. It was something like Sampsons riddle of old (Sweet out of the Strong). The carcase was not inhabited by bees, neither was there any honey found in it, yet it was virtually the same, for swarms of living creeping worms were there and yet the meat was sweet to the taste. Had a splendid meal. A few others shared with me.

I now felt strong and made better time. We now reached the mountain top and it was a grand sight. After traveling some 10 miles through the forest we came to the base and went into camp.

Rations came in just before dark. The mountains ring and echo back the shouts of joy. Cheer on Cheer now went up until we were hoarse and out of breath.

We were saved; bread and life was ours at last. Half rations were dealt out for one day. Many ate all that was given them at once but the wise kept

oil in their lamps and had breakfast out of the fragments. And now cooling rain began to fall. We took off our caps and gave it welcome. The bread and the small rain gave new vigour to both mind and body and sweet peace to our souls. We slept sound and awoke cheered and refreshed. Thanks be to God!

Some men were sent back as far as practicable after those that had given out by the way. Many were brought in in most pitiable condition. Some were in a dying state. Others with the flesh gnawed from their arms and other parts. Some died soon after. They were starved! Starved to death!

*June 28th.* — We were now among loyal people. We were cheered by the sight of the old flag. We halted about noon and met our full supply train. Here was rations in abundance. We drew small, for had we drawn a full supply a great many would have been sick and perhaps lost their lives. Hard-tack, Pork, Sugar and Coffee, Salt, Soap and candles.

Those that brought an order from a commissioned officer got rations by paying for them. The officers buy their rations. A Commissary is kept on purpose to supply them. Privates can get nothing of them for themselves, only for the officers. A great many orders were given to the privates who brought a full supply. A crowd soon gathered around the supply train. No one expected a raid here but one was soon in full blast. The raiders had it all their own way for a few minutes. They were fast emptying the waggons and running off among the crowd with their plunder. Roughs rushed in and gathered the remainder of the spoil. We looked on and laughed to see the ludicrous scene. It had been so long since we had ventured to laugh that we were getting melancholy.

We did not care a pin for the rations. We should all have plenty now. Hundreds were busy at this grab game, carrying boxes and barrels in all directions.

They were soon lost sight of; a very few were caught. The officers came to the rescue. They drew their swords and cut about them right and left in earnest. The more determined and hungry still kept at their work. Some Cavalry and Infantry now came down upon them and knocked them right and left. They used the saber and bayonet freely, some of the raiders getting badly cut up and bruised. Guards were now placed at each waggon to protect it. A commissary depot was at once started. Those who had no rations, and there were hundreds of them, were supplied with rations free. Order was once more restored.

We started again after 3 or 4 hours rest feeling much better. This part of the country is more thickly inhabited and quite pleasant. We are now in the Kanahway country, or rather, valley. The supply trains which have now been emptied into our haversacks are loaded with sick and played out soldiers. I, too, would like very much to ride but there are so very many that are weaker than I am that I do not ask the privilege. I think I can stand it now if we take it cool. We camp at Cave mountain about dark and have traveled 15 miles today.

*June 29th.* — We march to Gauley Bridge. I enquired, of a citizen whom we met, if there was any hills or mountains to cross today. He replied there was 2 or 3 slight raises. They proved to be young mountains but we got over them very well and came to New river. The name should be Mad or Lost river, for it was sunk down, down many hundred feet below us and could scarcely be seen.

This wild scenery along the New River is the most picturesque that I ever saw. The lofty mountains hanging overhead. The darkness occasioned thereby and the road hanging, or appearing to hang, on the almost perpendicular sides. There were ledges of rocks rising perpendicular hundreds of feet and hanging over the road ready to fall upon the passing traveler. The river rolling and plunging hundreds and sometimes thou-



sands of feet below you, sometimes at your very feet.

We followed the river to Gauley Bridge and now descended rapidly four or five miles. The Kanahwa river is a quarter of a mile wide here and quite still water. There are falls one mile below here and steam boats come as far as the falls. None but flatbottom boats can run now for the water is very low.

Our sick and wounded are taken at once and carried to the boats and sent down the Ohio river to Gallipolis to the hospital, 115 miles from here. We expect to get transportation at Camp Pyatt, 50 miles farther down.

*June 30th.* — We are having a good rest and washing up. The Gauley river is full of soldiers all day long. We bought some pork and cookies and we had an excelent stew today. I shall never find fault with government rations again, they tasted so good after our long starvation.

*July 1st.* — There was another raid made on the commissary by some scoundrils. We have eaten too much and have a reaction.

*July 2nd.* — March at daybreak, fast with very little rest. The most of us are quite poorly. This starving then stuffing does not agree with us very well.

These mountains are full of minerals. We passed several coal mines and oil wells today, also manufactories for purifying Coal oil. There is a R R running from the top of the mountain down about 45 degrees to some store houses. We had a hard march of 25 miles, camped at dark.

*July 3rd.* — We march 6 miles to Pyatt, arrive at 9 quite poorly. There is a long supply station here where immense quantities of government rations are stored. Large flatbottomed steamers come up as far as here where several are now loading for the Ohio. Col Wells took possession of steamer *Cottage No 2*, making it his headquarters. He has

command of a Brigade. We draw rations for 4 days and 2 days back rations are given us extra. The rations are now thrown all over the ground and wasted. This is a soldiers life, sometimes starving and again given more than he can possibly carry and obliged to throw it away.

This is the home of quite a number of our boys.<sup>2</sup> They call at their houses as they pass through here. Guards are frequently stationed at the houses to prevent the roughs from plundering.

This is the 4th of July and we are still in camp at Pyatt landing. The 100 days men are standing guard here. They are very inquisitive but very kind to us. They appear to be but little acquainted with war matters. Some of the soldiers are picking up pork and trading it with the sutlers on the boat who allow them about three cents per lb.

Hunter disgraced himself in our eyes at Pyatt when he reported to the war department at Washington that his retreat from Lynchburg was successful. He said some had fared rather hard owing to the want of supplies in the enemies country, but all were doing well and were well satisfied and in high spirits and would be ready for another grand tour in a few days. I saw this report in print myself and was disgusted. This was too much for flesh and blood to bear. Hundreds and thousands were entirely used up. None of us were in a fit condition to go immediately into the field and he knew it as well as we did.

We draw more rations and prepare to go on a steamboat. The *Cottage No 2* is waiting. The 34th go on board and leave Pyatt at 4 Pm. This steamer makes a very pretty appearance at a distance but is very uncomfortable when on board. We filled every inch of space and were badly crowded all the way down, yet it is better than marching and we tried to be thankful and even joyful.

<sup>2</sup> The 1st West Virginia Volunteers were brigaded with the 34th Massachusetts. — EDITOR

(To be concluded)



# FORGOTTEN MONEY

BY HELEN BANNARD RISDON

A CALL for assistance, published simultaneously in all the newspapers of New York City, came from an unexpected source — the City's largest mutual savings bank. It drew attention to a long list of depositor-owners of that bank who had forgotten, or ignored, deposits totaling \$300,000. These were men and women who had 'laid up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come,' but had failed to recall the sum held for them, or to tell their heirs where to find it. Silent people these, from whom no word had been received; who had disappeared so completely that the hunting down of all clues by bank authorities had finally culminated in this unusual request.

Such an appeal was not only a successful gesture; it set a precedent which savings banks generally were willing to follow in such a hurry that the repercussions extended throughout the state. Old, old record departments came awake, with clouds of names shaken out of ancient files, each one representing a real person for whom a futile search had been made.

Some idea of the number of these long-lost depositors may be gained from the fact that one of the oldest savings institutions, the Bank for Savings, chartered in 1819, required twenty-four columns of an evening paper to record its unfound claimants to funds left with the bank; and the Union Dime Savings Bank had 3700 depositors who had never claimed sums amounting to \$250,000. The Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, however, topped that figure with nearly half

a million dollars; and the Seamen's Bank for Savings, long the target of the sight-seeing guide who pointed it out as 'holding millions of dollars belonging to sailors lost at sea,' actually held \$300,000 of unclaimed money. Among the missing of the Central Savings Bank was the eighth depositor to open an account during the first day of the bank's business in 1859. He was among 2266 lost actors, merchants, attorneys, educators, housewives, labor leaders, and depositors who had become soldiers in the Civil War and had given their service units as their last address.

The accumulated compound-interest dividends had increased the initial capital deposited in one account from \$754 to \$7048 — and it was collected!

It would seem inevitable that the same name should be included in more than one list, as savings banks in New York are limited in the amount they may accept from a single depositor and may have but one branch bank. The private secretary of one very active lawyer, after reading his name in two lists published, found six bankbooks of different banks wrapped and tied in a twenty-year-old newspaper deep in one of the recesses of his safe. He did not remember having any of them. His collection was nothing compared with that of the traveling man whose hobby had been 'a bank account in every city visited.' His personal effects disclosed that he possessed five hundred passbooks, some containing but a single entry.

These moneys, if unclaimed, and

those held by the various banking institutions in the state (totaling \$5,413,790) which had not been claimed over a period of twenty-two years by July 1937, were designated as *abandoned* accounts, and in accordance with a new state banking law were turned over to the State Comptroller on December 1, 1937. Previous to this there had been no provision for the disposal of these funds. The banks had retained all the deposits in their active ledgers, crediting regularly the interest dividends up to the close of a certain period, — ten or twenty years generally, — after which they were called dormant accounts. Interest payments then ceased in some states, and lists of owners were advertised only in the year each account reached the age of dormancy. For instance, in New York the savings banks reported to the State Superintendent of Banks those inactive accounts of \$10 or more which had become twenty years old (the period is now fifteen years for dormant accounts and twenty-two years for abandoned accounts), and the trust companies, private banking houses, investment and commercial banks, reported any deposit of \$50 or more which had been inactive for five years.

One such sum was held by a trust company with whom a broker had placed \$21,000 in opening a trading account for use abroad. He sailed for Europe and later took return passage on the ill-fated *Titanic*. He left not the smallest clue of a family connection.

Nor would the heirs of another depositor have been found had it not so happened that he had formed a partnership, and the partner, reading his friend's name among those recently published, notified the bank of his death, in 1921. He was surprised to learn that his former associate had left \$9000 in the bank.

With no place to put their troublesome dormant accounts, bankers found themselves obliged to decide whether to take continuous action in trying to find the lost, or merely to transfer the accounts as

they became dormant to inactive ledgers. They could not dispose of them to members of a depositor's family without proof of death. As one banker remarked, 'If a young man desires to leave his money with us, and then when he has reached the age of sixty years returns for it, he has every right to expect to find it here.'

In some banks these 'sleeping' accounts have remained undisturbed, the funds being invested as usual; but in other banks they have involved strenuous detective work on the part of a staff of researchers, who have had to deal with secrecy, suspicion, ambition, adventure, and sudden death.

The search has frequently provided quiet humor, as in the now famous account of Johanna Murphy, who died or disappeared in 1824, sometime after leaving a share of the Bank of Manhattan, founded in 1799, in custody of that bank. When Johanna acquired the stock its value was \$50; and in the passing of time a stock dividend credited her account as two shares at a par value of \$50 each, with a market value of \$320. Up to 1925 she had been credited with 200 dividends on her stock, and so her account continued to grow and grow. So did her popularity. Determined claimants as heirs persisted, even to starting a case at court, quickly withdrawn when it was explained that Johanna was a colored woman.

Another owner of an account amounting to \$4000 was finally discovered in a state institution for the insane. A brother knew of his incarceration, but steadfastly refused to give the bank any information, although he presented the passbook regularly for interest entries. When the bank found the owner, he boasted that he not only owned that bank but several others, leading to the discovery that his fortune came to \$20,000.

The president of one bank personally conducted a long and expensive hunt which culminated in the discovery of a

very old blind man, with a helpless, bedridden brother, living in extreme poverty in Ireland. Many searches have ended just around the corner; for instance, when two presidents of neighboring banks were discovered as owners of long-dormant deposits.

Adventurers and veterans of wars have returned to find their former bank closed, and, without making any inquiries which would direct them to the State Banking Department, they have hastily concluded that their money was 'closed out,' too. Undoubtedly bank mergers have left hundreds of depositors unfamiliar with the new name of their bank. Sometimes old people die without making a will, perhaps without possessing a single relative, and feel that the bank should keep their small hoard in return for protecting it.

Again, families have been wiped out by accidents at sea and by automobile fatalities, while other families have been so busy living that the small trust funds created by young parents have become forgotten as the children have grown up and opened accounts of their own.

Even the depression failed to stir the memory of some of these men and women. A practising physician absolutely refused a sum of money which had been accumulating compound interest for him in the bank where he left \$50 when a student at college. He says he does not believe there is such a sum belonging to him.

This inexplicable forgetfulness has prompted one woman bank executive to caution her staff against permitting a single lost depositor to escape their search. The East River Savings Bank has not been mentioned thus far because this bank in 1936, through remarkable diligence, succeeded in finding every absentee owner, although the search was carried, clue by clue, to depositors or heirs residing in Algeria, the British Isles, Norway, and Argentina. This bank had no names to publish that year, and possibly would have had none this

past year if the law had not unexpectedly stepped up the period of dormant account publication from twenty-year to fifteen-year accounts, leaving little time to close over a hundred deposits.

'The law may be satisfied with a minimum of effort,' this bank woman explained, 'but the depositor whose name has been published, with consequent ragging by friends who offer to be his banker or suggest he needs a guardian, develops a defensive state of mind, and cordially denounces the bank. A friend is lost, an enemy made, and only the state is satisfied.'

Some of these bank researchers have been engaged in the work for many years; one official, connected with the oldest savings bank on Long Island, first became interested more than forty-five years ago in helping the bank to discover the legal claimants for four hundred dormant accounts. This man was born in London, and it is probable that his familiarity with the agony column prompted his interest in this kind of sleuthing. A London paper offered him free space for notices which would attract the attention of any heirs in Great Britain, and many clues were found, leading to prisons, army posts, and the colonies.

To this man, who has become a genealogist, the great mystery is not that people forget they have money in the bank, but that those found living often refuse to come into the bank or to send in their passbooks for interest posting — which would keep the account from becoming dormant and reportable. Another veteran researcher uncovered one answer to that mystery when he found a depositor who had refrained from touching, or indeed having anything to do with, the first money he had earned in this country.

Understandably, bankers have welcomed with a sigh of relief the recodification of the state finance law, simplifying, as it does, the status of the ancient accounts in their institutions.

# I WOULD NOT BE A GIRL AGAIN

ANONYMOUS

COME back,' lilts the circular in colored ink, 'come back and pretend the last ten — fifteen — twenty years have never been . . .' And to show what fun we shall have, there is the class animal making a little face at us through the class numerals.

Early every year these missives from our class secretary begin to bob up in our mail. At first they are cheery and whimsical, then pleading, then they seek sternly to shame us. Their avowed and constant purpose is to raise money and to get us all back in record numbers for reunion, two ends which seem as one. If it is one of our class's regular reunion years, — say our first, third, fifth, tenth, or so on, — a questionnaire is enclosed asking us what we want to do, whom we still like, and how many children we have. We are rallied by little scares — that some other class may be back in greater numbers, or donate more toward the beautiful new building the alumnae are giving the college for themselves, or win the prize for the most effective and at the same time the most economical costumes. . . . Unthinkable that we should let another class win anything.

At the same time we get more austere notices from the Alumnae Association, enclosing the programme of what will happen the end of June anyway, no questionnaire about it, but including the alumnae parade on the list of important events and also asking for money.

By April it is practically settled who is to room with whom and where we sit at class supper. It is all so emotionally

keyed that it would be dreadful to find oneself away from one's most intimate friends for such a meal as the caterers may provide in the basement of one of the town churches. The president will come to speak a word to us there, telling us that we look just as we did years ago, and disappearing with a little wave that leaves us with lumps in our throats. He is a scholar who has made the college twice the place it was when he found it, but the alumnae pay the piper and must be handled tactfully.

Our secretary welcomes good ideas for organizing everything so thoroughly that there will be never one uncharted moment. Should we like to have a member of the faculty tell us what is happening in the world to-day, or an undergraduate tell us what is happening in the college to-day, or one of our really distinguished members tell us about herself, presumably to-day? Please check. And which of us will compete for the hundred-dollar prize offered by one of the older classes for the best song suitable for singing in the open air by unaccompanied female voices — praising Alma Mater, of course? And will we donate something toward the fund for those who cannot come back on this sentimental occasion unless the class pays their way? And then think of who needs the help. And please sign up for discussion groups on gardening, child raising, careers for married women, and how to fill time. AND put your name down for committees — witty sign committee, stunt committee, costume . . .

What shall we wear for costumes? Shall we go as cigarettes — are our figures equal to that? Or have we got to the stage where it is more comfortable and becoming to be gypsies? But why consider comfort — even that of the bystanders? We will go as grasshoppers.

Now it is not for the *alumnæ* of our great women's colleges to question the stimuli for money raising, or even to reason why we are expected to pay for the rest of our lives for an education which cost the college, as the circulars always point out, so much more than our parents paid. But what will the money we give be spent on? Professors' salaries, so that the men cannot buy the jewels straight out of our newly set crown? To raise the scholastic level of the college, so that there one can be sure of getting as good an education as can be found anywhere? Oh dear, no. We *alumnæ* don't really believe in education anyway, you know — except in so far as it keeps up with that offered to men. All we ask is that the girls be Christian gentlewomen, able to cope with problems which will arise in their lives as homemakers, mothers, business women — good mixers, organizers, confident on their feet in public, knowing where to look up a fact if they need to, and conditioned, by short courses in drama, art, hygiene, music, the novel, and psychology, to hurdle all obstacles, at least in conversation.

Of course we have some *alumnæ* who do not think pure learning is folly, however happy we are now, and they rise in their wrath and lash us into giving a 'chair' or making appropriations for salaries; but most of us like to spend our money in a womanly way — on something we can see, like ourselves, or new dormitories with perfect plumbing and interior decoration. It costs money, lots of money, to organize *alumnæ*. If you question why we should be organized — to get money, of course. Whether this, like the church food fairs where everyone makes a cake and then buys someone

else's, really makes more money in the end than spontaneous giving, no one seems to know.

And anyone interested in why our women's colleges are as they are has only to look at American men's colleges. We cannot bear to have men have anything we cannot have, not even higher education wholesale. We can't even be so original as to have a great women's college that is just a great women's college bent on educating women fit to be educated. We must have it the way the men have it — education spread thin enough to go around. We don't even dispense with the foolish and provincial trappings of the men's colleges. We sing songs copied from Yale that Yale copied from King's College, Cambridge.

At college American women learn, by experience, how to run things, including each other. Executive ability is rated high as one of the saner manifestations of genius. This explains the interlacing and overlaying of women's clubs throughout the country, our welter of organizations. College clubs, garden clubs, political clubs, clubs for every profession (including parenthood), reading clubs, just clubs — all presided over flawlessly by gayly confident women versed in the last flicker of parliamentary procedure. American college women are conditioned to listen to speeches, to receive information from a platform. Committees are home pastures. There is often no time left for reading, even the newspaper. Most of us have never learned how to read a newspaper, anyway.

But if one belongs to enough organizations one need never think for oneself. With one's knitting, or the seventh needlepoint chair seat, one can listen to the lecture on current events, weekly — so informing. And there are plenty of other lecturers to tell us what to read, or to see, or where to go, and how to get the most out of life or love. At college, although we may not have learned to think for ourselves, most of us acquired a conscience about the printed word.



We know it is more laudable to spend an afternoon with a good book than to waste it playing bridge. So we subscribe to several digests and a club that chooses a book a month for us—and settle down to bridge with clear consciences. We are still hungry for learning. We ask the professors for reading lists. Teacher, what shall I do now?

If you think that we have any ideas beyond imitating men, come to see us at reunion time. The only difference between us and the men then is that we go through the whole proceeding cold sober. Sentiment alone must wave the magic wand and make us girls again. Where in even the most distinguished men's colleges and universities, with the most enviable reputations and endowments, fat men in tarbooshes can think they are a circus complete with hoops and horses, we women must rely on song and laughter. But we march like the men, and dress up like the men, and act funny like . . .

So here we go while you read this, thousands strong, for our march past the president, our skirts all carefully planned to hang the same height from the ground, to look nice. First, elderly ladies in shawls, getting watery cheers like the oldest G. A. R. veterans. Next the stout, slightly younger ones, graduated before it was *de rigueur* to look sixteen at sixty. Rather comfortable and jolly they are, dressed as gypsies. They sing fast and high. 'Yip-I-Yoddy.' Now comes the class that had so much class spirit and pep, qualities so outmoded even in our time that their red-faced *joie de réunion* embarrasses us all. They are dressed as coal miners and give more money than anyone else. They sing in Negro dialect, trying for bass notes.

And now the classes come in larger numbers, more signs carried high and crooked. Some have the class baby marching in front. (The class gives a college education free to the first girl

born after graduation.) The signs always begin by telling how many husbands the class has, how many children, how many jobs—in that order. One year a class back for its first reunion pushed a typewriter in a gocart at the head of the procession. Almost not a joke—a whole year out and no baby. (That was the class that had so many jobs.) Some signs, especially among the older classes, brag a little about the accomplishments of their members—a college president, a Senator, or someone married to one; for it counts to mention the husbands' attainments, too.

And after the *alumnæ*, what? Girls in white marching slowly, each carrying a rose, between lines of girls in garden-party clothes bearing long ropes of laurel—an idea we *alumnæ* had for making Commencement even more movingly beautiful and mawkish than it was before. The way to raise money for a women's college is to keep things emotional.

So we all go back, acting and talking the way that was fashionable when we were in college, just as elderly society women persist in arranging their hair in the style that marked their years of greatest triumph. What we all seem to the modern girl, I dare not think—psychopathic cases, probably. We look to her, with our American faith in the young and female, to release us from our cambric revelries. But she too, next year, will be marching past dressed as something. . . .

Sentiment takes us back, willy-nilly. Curiosity and exhibitionism, if you will, and a sort of landscape love that makes us want to walk the ways again and see how trees have grown or gone. And we always look at our old rooms. The current occupant rises politely and says, 'Did you have this room last year?' and the gray-haired tin soldier reels joyfully away down the staircase, for one moment actually made a girl again.

# PAN'S GARDEN

BY ETHEL ANDERSON

ON this high ground grows tallowwood, and the saw-leaved Callicoma. Here spotted gums and turpentine rise, tower-tall, where once the great leviathan took his pleasure. On these rocky spurs, these razor-backed hills, are potholes, wave-worn. On these summits, even yet, the earth has the sea sand's salt in it, and fossils, finny treasures. But the light on this risen world has forgotten the ocean.

Above these undulating ranges the sky has its spectrum of flight, its bird cycles, its winged traffic; in the upper air, companies of cranes, and curlews, cry-by-nights, farsighted voyagers who pass, unresting, from one horizon to the other; in flocks above the treetops, parrots, cockatoos, their kindred; in the higher branches, dollar birds, dusky wood swallows; sweet-throated singers in the lower boughs, and in their due degree birds of the scrub, ground birds, water birds.

By the trickle of moisture in the creek where the duck-billed platypus is, white Sally grows, and two-veined hickory, and false sarsaparilla, — *la belle dame sans merci*, — and those pied violets, white and blue, which are not shy, but daring.

And sometimes, coming out of the distance, there is a sound like clapping hands, and sometimes hares dance, and leverets, or spotted wild cats play; and all along the ranges' length, breadth, depth, and in the footholds of the hills, each log, each leaf, each twig, each grassy square and water brook, shelters some creature instinctively remembering it, experiencing it. Yet in all these spreading ranges there is but one sign of man — a clearing, railings, a weather-board hut — the first he ever put there.

Who is this who comes creeping and prying through the brushwood? Who

is this who, stooping, runs to the red gum that stands alone in the clearing; who is aware of its height and diameter, its age and destiny and family, its rings and striations, its boughs and leaves and branches, its tasseled flowers and seed pods, its makeshifts and contrivances for procreation, and the bees that visit it?

Who is it who runs swiftly across the paddock to finger the morticed palings in the fence, who fumbles with the gate in the palings; who, at last opening it, will not pass through for joy of opening and shutting it; who, at length entering, marvels at the bricks in the pathway, ponders the usage of the mint and thyme and parsley growing in its borders; who rejoices in the cut lawn?

Who, kneeling in amazement to feel the planed surfaces of the planks on the verandah (profoundly considering them, calculating, guessing what sands, what winds, what tides, what ages and generations of Time have so smoothed them), who, delighting in the doormat, in the knob and knocker of the door, the paint and panels of the door, goes on tiptoe down the verandah (knowing the place is holy) to peer through the sitting-room window, tapping in bewilderment on the slats and hinges of the shutters, looking with awe on the red woolen balls on the tablecloth; who, slipping along the side of the house (dissatisfied with a damask rose there), glances with shy pleasure at the shallow pans of cream set in the dairy window sill, crosses the gully at the back of the house, and goes out, over the timbered belts of the hilltops, beyond the ultimate edges and margins of the stars, the moony wastes of space, to dwell apart — to dwell apart, smarting under a sense of wrong, troubled with doubt?

# MORNING, IN THIS CITY

BY EDWARD WEISMILLER

THE ash sinks in the pit, and the morning smolders.  
This is the city of memory (that deceived thing  
That feeds like a dream on air, and does not grow older):

This is the city of haze. No sound will sting  
This morning stooping like smoke on the frost and water.  
On the leaves outside the wall — on the stone within —

There are water and frost, and the sun is not remembered.  
It was always so, this was never a city of men,  
Nor was anything ever built, or destroyed, or assembled;

Nothing was ever shaped except by wind  
Here, and the gray towers stood always as gritty  
As rock. They are rock again.

It was always like this, in the morning, in this city.  
Now pigeons pace on the cornice stones and sway  
To air, and return; they are pious and mild with beauty.

They do not even turn their heads to the cold day  
Where a gull leaps through a crumbling windy shoulder  
Of air and whirls on and up: on up into the slatting sky:

Pigeons are lowly birds. They are silent; they do not sing.  
There is no need to sing, for nothing is new.  
This is the city of memory, in which always the heart is calm;  
and could be true  
Forever — to anything.

# BLAMING THE MONEY MANAGERS

BY H. B. ELLISTON

## I

**I**N the old days the human mistakes which may have generated business depressions were regarded as acts of God. Modern depressions are recognized as man-made. And, if there is one thing which they have in common, it is that they must all be equipped with a scapegoat. That is the mundane penalty for a mundane phenomenon. The present depression is no exception. On the bread line it is difficult to keep from devil-hunting; yet few even among those farthest removed from the bread line seem capable of refraining from this latest of indoor sports. Among them Mr. B. M. Baruch, who says there is enough blame to spread around, stands out. But most of us prefer to invoke particular devils according to our particular prejudices.

A subsidiary devil on Capitol Hill and elsewhere is the Federal Reserve System. As set up again in the Banking Act of 1935, the Reserve System was widely hailed as the Supreme Court of Money. In 1935 the legislature endowed it with new influence in respect of the supply and the cost of money available to the community. For, thanks to the great deflation of 1929-1932, there was a magic associated with money control. 'Money,' said Tom Paine, 'is the right of action,' and to some of the lay theoreticians who flourished under sundry Pied Pipers in the reform era the controller of money assumed the function of controller of economic activity. I am thinking of a diversity of folk, from

money-minded business men to Father Coughlin's congregation. It was those who had thought in such terms who in particular turned upon the Federal Reserve System as the responsible agent for the 1937 breakdown.

Two questions arise as a result of this failure of the Federal Reserve to prevent the debacle. Was it ever proper to think of the Federal Reserve System as possessing omnipotent powers over economic activity? Has the Federal Reserve System exercised its powers wisely? The questions are not necessarily related. But an answer to the first question is a necessary preliminary to the examination of the second. For, if we find that the System is not omnipotent, then the actions — or lack of them — of the Federal Reserve System must lose some of their potency in our minds.

Actually our economic system is run by the multitudinous decisions of millions of free individuals, particularly risk takers and investors. Money may give them the 'right' of action. But action is not necessarily realized either by the availability or by the cost of money. The history of the New Deal proves it. Between the second quarter of 1933 and the second quarter of 1935, money increased by 50 per cent and corporate profits doubled. Yet there was an increase in factory output of only 10 per cent. In the same period an increase of 60 per cent in factory pay rolls was accompanied by only a 30 per cent increase in retail sales. Such comparisons

show what the Harvard Committee on Research into the Trade Cycle calls 'the enormous amount of "play" in our economy.' By this is meant the lack of automatic influence of money stimuli upon economic action. No mechanistic theory can account for human phenomena.

In fact, the Federal Reserve System has not even played the decisive money rôle in the history of the New Deal. In 1935 the central bank was entrusted with broad powers which enable it to *affect* the volume and the cost of money available to the community. The word 'affect' is the way that the System itself puts its authority. And there is nothing unduly modest in this phraseology. For it is obvious that for years past the Treasury has had far more influence than the Federal Reserve System in affecting the volume and the cost of money. This it has exerted by selling its bonds to the commercial banks for the purpose of covering government deficits. When commercial banks buy government bonds, they create a deposit to the account of the Treasury, which thereupon checks out the deposit to contractors, relievers, and others. Money is cheapened by the plethora of it which the Treasury thus creates. Even the cost of money is affected directly by the Treasury's stabilization fund in buying and selling its bonds on the open market.

Nor can the Federal Reserve System do anything about the number of times the dollar is turned over. Turnover is that recipe of prosperity so dear to the Townsendites known as velocity of circulation. By 1936, deficit financing had reflatated the volume of money to a figure above the figures for 1929. But the index of work which the dollar was supposed to do remained subnormal. The dollar turned over about fifteen times a year, compared with thirty times in 1929. Nothing that the monetary authorities could do could influence this velocity of circulation. It is a psychological factor, pure and simple. This factor

reënforces the proof that the reflation of money is not the same as the reflation of work — that psychological deflation can coexist with monetary reflation.

Even the cheapening of abundant money by the monetary authority does not necessarily increase its availability. Neither the Treasury nor the Federal Reserve Banks can make the commercial banks lend. Nor can they make business men borrow. Usually cheap money and easy money go together, but in the New Deal recovery they parted company. The rates for short money and for prime bonds have been the lowest in history. In twenty-seven Southern and Western cities the rates on customers' loans have fallen steadily till they are now 4.15 per cent. In 1929 they were 6.16 per cent. Yet, according to W. Randolph Burgess, vice president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, speaking at the last meeting of the American Statistical Association, 'because of a feeling of uncertainty as to the future, the position of the borrower is scrutinized with the utmost care, and money is not easy to obtain for any but prime borrowers.' Here is another illustration of the limitations of the power of the central bank to influence the *effective* supply of money.

So that the Federal Reserve System is omnipotent neither as an economic nor as a monetary controller.

## II

At the same time the monetary weapons of the Federal Reserve System are powerful. They are of two kinds. One set is destined to accelerate economic activity by increasing the supply of money and putting down its cost. Another is destined to brake that activity by doing just the reverse. It was to the 'braking' function of the Federal Reserve System that economist and banking eyes were turned in 1935. The reason has just been stated. The Treasury had been engaged both in knocking down the cost and in



increasing the volume of money by unbalancing the budget. To many watchers the process had in it all the makings of an inflationary rise in the cost of living. Therefore the Federal Reserve System was expected to help to stabilize economic society when this 'reflation' had been completed.

The brake of most interest in the System's brand-new armory was the power to 'change the requirements as to reserves to be maintained against demand or time deposits or both by member banks' in order 'to prevent injurious credit expansion or contraction.' It is the use of this particular brake that has come into question in blaming the money managers for the breakdown of 1937.

The meaning of these banking terms will not be taken for granted in view of their importance in the economic history of 1936-1937. Reserves that banks must maintain with their local Federal Reserve Bank are ratios of their customers' *deposits*. I have already explained how deposits are created in favor of the Treasury. They are created in the same manner for private individuals. It sounds odd to say that deposits can be *created* by prior loans and investments. At least it sounded odd till the Social-Crediters popularized the explanation. Nevertheless it is a fact. H. D. Macleod, in his classic *Elements of Banking*, says: —

When it is said that a great London joint stock bank has £25,000,000 of deposits, it is almost universally believed that it has £25,000,000 of actual money to lend out, as it is erroneously called. But these deposits are not cash at all; they are nothing but an enormous superstructure of credit.

The hen of a loan (or investment) comes before and creates the egg of a private deposit with the antecedent loan (or investment). For the loan finds its way by one route or another into somebody's checking account.

The condition of a bank's reserves is the limiting factor on this process of money creation. And these reserves are

kept in the Federal Reserve System. Requirements vary with the type of deposit, whether time or demand. They also vary with locality, whether city or country. In 1935 they averaged, roughly, 10 per cent of customers' deposits. Thus for every ten dollars of customers' deposits a bank had to have one dollar in backing with a Federal Reserve Bank. Obviously if the Federal Reserve System is empowered to increase reserve requirements at will, it can exert a powerful drag upon the commercial banks' lending ability. Suppose the banks were 'loaned up.' If the Federal Reserve made the reserve requirement two dollars instead of one dollar per ten dollars of deposits, then the banks would have to contract their loans, and the economy to that extent would be deflated.

In 1935 the banks' lending ability on the basis of their existing reserves was by no means exhausted. This in spite of the heavy drafts on it from the Treasury. There were, in fact, about three billion dollars of 'excess' reserves. On the basis of one dollar reserve requirement for every ten of deposits, the banks, therefore, could have lent another thirty billion dollars, or much more than the total money (demand deposits and currency) then in use. The reasons for this money amplitude were the stretching of the gold supply by devaluation and the inflow of gold from abroad. It requires no economic knowledge to appreciate that an 'injurious credit expansion,' or inflation, was at least potential on the basis of those 'excess' reserves.

The key to the employment of this thirty billion dollars was the development of a buoyant commercial feeling in which business wanted to borrow and banks wanted to lend. That would have spelled an 'injurious credit expansion,' or inflation. In 1935 and 1936 authoritative opinion talked and wrote as if this inflation were just around the corner. Among the economists E. W. Kemmerer was the leading calamity howler; among the

bankers Winthrop W. Aldrich, head of the Chase National Bank. Mr. Aldrich described the excess reserves as so much 'explosive material awaiting the match.' Successive meetings of the Federal Advisory Council, which is composed of one important banker from each of the twelve Federal Reserve districts, issued solemn warnings that excess reserves must promptly be reduced 'in order to obviate the probability of an undue and dangerous credit inflation.' On few subjects have the bankers been more sure. Of all the bankers only one firm, to my knowledge, refused to endorse the Advisory Council's proposal. This was J. P. Morgan and Company. Speaking through the late S. Parker Gilbert, the Morgan firm thought that 'the proposed increase in reserve requirements might do more harm than good by administering a severe check to recovery and setting in motion new forces of deflation.' Prophetic words, if you think that the Federal Reserve can administer 'severe checks.'

The Federal Reserve System turned a deaf ear to this authoritative and clamant demand. Chairman Marriner S. Eccles, indeed, remained one of the leading and consistent reflationists in Washington. Even as late as March 15, 1937, we find him saying: —

I have been and still am an advocate of an easy-money policy and expect to continue to be an advocate of such a policy so long as there are large numbers of people who are unable to find employment in private industry, which means that the full productive capacity of the nation is not being utilized. Under such conditions, to restrict the available supply of capital and thus to make it difficult, if not impossible, to employ these people would not only be antisocial but uneconomic.

If Mr. Eccles held these views in March 1937, he certainly held them before that date. And yet he and the majority of his colleagues on the Board of Governors in Washington subscribed to action to satisfy in part the banking

demand upon them. In mid-year of 1936 the Board ordered a 50 per cent increase in the reserve requirements to take effect on August 15. That is, instead of an average of one dollar of reserves to ten dollars of deposits, a dollar and a half was now required.

This was a landmark in New Deal history. Till then the standing order had been 'full steam ahead' in reflating the money stream. That had been more than accomplished by mid-1936. Total money (demand deposits and currency) outstanding had reached twenty-one billion dollars. In the lush days of 1929 the corresponding figure was only eighteen billions. When, therefore, the Federal Reserve System put on the brakes, one was justified in assuming that the Board thought (1) that depression was a thing of the past; (2) that monetary policy should henceforth be directed toward the prevention of undue, or inflationary, expansion.

And yet there was nothing actually deflationary in the Board's action. There was no mopping up of necessary reserves for the continued financing of recovery. Consequently, the commercial banks were put under no need to contract their loans or investments in building up their reserves to the new ratio. All that was done was to transfer the excess, or unused, reserves to the active, or used, reserves column. This left an 'excess' still remaining of nearly two billion dollars, which, so far from involving any credit strain, was sufficient, if the need arose, to increase customers' deposits under the new dispensation by about fifteen billion dollars, or three quarters of the total money (demand deposits and currency) then in circulation.

Thus the Federal Reserve System might be said to have 'tested' its new brakes, rather than to have used those brakes. Clearly it could not essay any *control* over either money volume or money cost while the banks possessed so much surplus lending power. That surplus kept the System at a distance

from active control. All that the August 15 change did was to narrow the distance so that, to quote one of the governors, the System could be placed 'in a position where it can more easily prevent an injurious expansion if it should threaten to develop.'

Finance, however, does not stand still. Later in the year, bank imports of gold added to reserves, and reasserted the original distance between the banks and the Federal Reserve credit controllers. To offset this building up of excess reserves the Treasury, on December 21, began to impound the incoming gold. Then the Federal Reserve System, on January 30, 1937, once more stepped on the brakes. It announced that it would raise reserve requirements by the full 100 per cent permitted by law. On the average this ruling would, therefore, require two dollars instead of one in reserves for the support of every ten dollars in customers' deposits.

The increase was not to take place all at once. One half of it was to go into effect on March 1, and the other half on May 1, at the end of which time, it was calculated, the banks would still possess 'excess' reserves of around one billion dollars, or five billion dollars excess lendability — a figure which, as events turned out, was almost reached.

### III

Yet something happened to the economy, after the March 1 increase in reserve requirements, which apparently had not been expected. Coincidentally New York City banks started dumping government bonds on the market. As a result, government bonds suffered a total loss of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  points from the high level. When bonds fall, the yield on them increases, and this puts up the cost of further accommodation to the government. Yields on Treasury bonds with more than five years' maturity advanced from 2.10 per cent to 2.58 per cent, an increase of nearly 23 per cent, and never

regained the former abnormally low level. Certainly the bond market suffered a crack.

Some commentators refer to this break as the handwriting on the wall of what one writer calls 'the deflation deadlock,' or the new depression. Certainly the new capital-issues market went to a new low in April, and new issues constituted the key of success or failure of pump priming. They had been stagnant in the depression, when the government was the great capital spender. In 1936 the new issues had moved up to \$4,200,000,000, as compared with \$2,600,000,000 in 1935, \$696,000,000 in 1934, and \$230,000,000 in 1933. In the late twenties they were anywhere from eight to ten billion dollars. It is perhaps unfair to pick on that period as a yardstick. That was a period of overcapitalization, unhealthy socially and economically. Still, after so much stagnation, the 1936 record was subnormal, and healthy prosperity required a much bigger amount of capital building. Such a hope lingered on after the falling off in underwriting. The sag in April was succeeded by three fair months; then the bottom fell out of the market, and it has since lain utterly prostrate.

From what we now know, the 1936 demand for capital goods was merely for replacement purposes. It made up for deferred maintenance. And, when that necessary job — which cannot be put off indefinitely — had been completed, there was not the long-term willingness either to demand or to supply the means for those additions to capital equipment which are the *sine qua non* of capitalistic progress.

So the economy ran down. Industrial production had already passed its peak in December 1936, when the index stood at 121 per cent of the 1923-1925 average. It dropped to 114 in January 1937, and pursued a side movement up to September, when the sharpest falling off in history occurred, the year closing at 84, a decline of 26 per cent.

A coincidence between the use of Federal Reserve brakes and the running down of the economy is evident. Personally I do not think that the coincidence was a case of cause and effect. For reasons already stated, I do not share the view current in some quarters that the Federal Reserve System is omnipotent.

An English economist, D. H. Macgregor, in an invaluable book, *Enterprise, Purpose, and Profit*, concludes an investigation of the business cycle with the observation that 'enterprise has had priority over the other primary indices, and the changes upward or downward have depended on the prescience of enterprisers.' To be enterprising you must be hopeful of a future that will yield a profit, and other events besides Federal Reserve 'anti-inflation' action could be cited with equal force and more reason as signaling a breakdown in long-term enterprise.

To particularize: in 1936-1937 the budget was on the way to a balance by the reduction in emergency payments and the increase in receipts from social security taxes. This was anti-inflationary in itself. The pump, moreover, remained unprimed, partly because of the advance in wages and prices, particularly in the construction industry. Residential building, for example, had priced itself clean out of the market, to adopt Robert H. Jackson's phraseology. Industry was in the throes of digesting New Deal taxation of a kind which put a discount on long-term business initiative. Strikes were common, and the epidemic of sit-down strikes, coupled with the ambiguous response from government, created almost a condition of civil war in some of the main centres of business activity. These situations, superimposed upon the general calamity howling about inflation, caused a good deal of forward buying which could not be sustained. Finally, there was the Supreme Court Plan, sprung upon a startled country on February 5, 1937.

Any one of these events depressed the

business mind in the winter of 1936-1937 much more than any Federal Reserve tinkering with the money brakes.

The second reason for my feeling there was no cause-and-effect relation between the testing of Federal Reserve brakes and the running down of the economy is that the actions of the Federal Reserve System were deflationary neither in intent nor in effect. Chairman Eccles's views have already been quoted. He and the members of the Board saw alike in wanting definitive reflation. Indeed, one governor, John K. McKee, was so doubtful that such a goal had been reached that he was the only dissident from the January 30 action. For this reason the System tried to counter the March setback immediately. Having just treated the economy for an excess of funds, it proceeded to pump funds back again with another control weapon, an action which, while testifying to its surprise over the repercussions of the March 1 step, evidenced also its antipathy to deflation.

The effect of the reserve requirement action, moreover, was not to cause deflation. In testimony before the Senate Committee on January 4, 1938, Chairman Eccles explained how the System creates deflation: —

The way that the Reserve System would influence the use of credit on the part of the public, through the banks, would be to put the banks in a position where they had to borrow from the Reserve System in order to extend credit, and then the Reserve System could raise the discount rates; so that in effect the restraining action would have to be brought about largely by extinguishing any excess reserves, putting the banks then in a position where, if they extended credit, they would have to go to the Reserve System to get it, the Reserve System, in turn, raising the discount rate, so as to discourage the banks from borrowing from the Reserve System and, hence, discouraging them from making loans.

At no time during the experiments with the brakes were the affected New



York City banks deprived of 'excess' reserves, or lendability. At the height of the bond selling they were down to fifty million dollars. But this was still a plus sign. And the Federal Reserve System quickly eased the position for them by using other weapons in its armory of accelerators which reexpanded excess reserves. Nor were the New York banks scared into putting the screws on their customers. I quote Robert B. Warren, of Case, Pomeroy, and Company, in the 1937 annual review issued by the *New York Sun*: —

At no time was this tension so severe that the banks had any occasion to refuse sound commercial loans — indeed, during most of the period the customers' loan rates in representative cities were progressively falling, as loan rates were more attractive to banks than the rates attainable on many types of government securities.

And there was no decline in the lendability of the banking system as a whole. Last year-end total money in circulation amounted to more than the total on August 15, 1936.

Mr. Warren, a leading authority on the banking system, points to two additional factors in explaining the March break. He speaks about interior bank repatriation of funds from correspondent banks in New York City because of the need for financing better conditions. Then he mentions the shortage of capital on the part of New York City banks. Both of these factors would explain New York's liquidity preference at a time when its reserves also were being contracted.

As to the first point, the reasoning is *prima facie*; but the second, which has now become of great importance in view of the absorption of government securities expected of the banks under the new pump-priming programme, deserves examination. A sort of unwritten rule is that the ratio of deposits to capital should be ten to one. But in June 1937, according to information for which I am indebted to Mr. J. H. Riddle, economist

of the Bankers' Trust Company, the ratio was less than seven to one. Accordingly the deposits of the banks as a whole could have expanded more than twenty billion dollars on the basis of their existing capitalization before reaching a ten-to-one ratio. This shows a better position than Mr. Warren implies, and throws more importance upon the inter-regional shifts which were going on simultaneously with Federal Reserve action.

Still, the Federal Reserve action must have added its mite to the general long-term uncertainty. So that the braking of the Supreme Court of Money was badly timed. With the benefit of hindsight (we could all be good central bankers after the event) we may say that the testing of the brakes found the central bank wanting in two respects. First, the true inwardness of the banking situation seems to have been wrongly evaluated; and, secondly, the psychology of the business situation appears to have been miscalculated.

The prophecy of S. Parker Gilbert has been thrown into high relief by the events in early 1937. He questioned whether the method of changing reserve requirements was well adapted for use as a regular measure of control. In 1935 he said: —

The banks of the country, if they are to do business and respond to the needs of industry, agriculture, and trade, must know with some degree of assurance what their reserve requirements are. Otherwise it becomes inherently difficult for them to carry on their normal operations, and if the requirements are to be changed from time to time as a measure of control, the tendency will be to restrain their lending activities and perhaps create again an exaggerated device for liquidity.

More or less the same stand seems to have been taken by Governor McKee. With Chester C. Davis, he dissented in 1936 from the testing of the credit brakes. He was the lone dissident in 1937. At that time he felt that some



braking should be done, but that the implement to be used should not be the brake on bank reserve requirements. In *post hoc* evidence before the Senate Committee, Chairman Eccles agreed that the weapon was not 'a flexible instrument'; for in the use of it there can be no particularizing among the banks according to the condition of their individual reserves. The braking in both 1936 and 1937, to be sure, was not done without a careful review of reserve conditions in general; and it was found on both occasions that reserves were well distributed. And yet the dumping overboard of bonds by the New York banks in March 1937 revealed border-line cases in New York City.

The lesson of the first 'controlling' done by the Federal Reserve System under its new setup is that this weapon of changing reserve requirements is ill-adapted to the American system of unit banks. It revealed once again, moreover, the structural weakness of the system of unit banks as compared with a widespread branch-banking system. Nevertheless, to judge from the new pump-priming announcement, the System intends to persevere with this weapon. On April 14 of this year the President himself said that the Federal Reserve Board would reestablish the reserve requirements effective prior to May 1, 1937. This, with the desterilization of gold, would boost excess reserves to nearly four billion dollars, or by far the highest figure in history.

The brakes were used, furthermore, before it became clear to most observers that the pump had been primed. Colonel Ayres has lately evolved an index of confidence. Surely we have such an index at hand in the index of bank debits.

The annual rate of turnover of demand deposits in 101 cities, including New

York, is given in the following table in percentages of the 1919-1925 average: —

|                       | Per cent |
|-----------------------|----------|
| August 1936 . . . . . | 58.5     |
| March 1937 . . . . .  | 61.3     |
| May 1937 . . . . .    | 56.0     |

By comparison, the rate of turnover in New York City in 1929 was 192.5, and in a hundred other cities was 124.8. In other words, the recovery rate of money turnover never recovered to more than half the 1929 rate! Clearly the chill has never been taken off the circulation of money since the Great Depression. That is as good a sign as any that the reflation of money did not reflate the confidence necessary before business could take over the responsibility of recovery from the pump primers. *The notion that the money doctors nipped this confidence in the bud would be more tenable if that confidence had ever budded.*

#### IV

No one cause is responsible for business depressions. Mechanistic causes in particular may be discounted in this very human field of economic activity. Surely this is obvious from the change of vocabulary that takes place when boom turns into slump. In booms we talk mechanistically about 'controls,' 'brakes,' 'accelerators,' 'pump priming,' and devices in general. As soon as a slump arrives, 'depression,' 'hope,' 'confidence,' 'fear,' are the chosen words — a sudden change from mechanics to psychology. Logically there must be psychological roots in booms as well as slumps. In economic society, as Professor Pigou says, there is 'a certain measure of psychological interdependence,' and when the border line between boom and slump occurs, there comes into play a 'quasi-hypnotic system of mutual suggestion.' A strike of capital, indeed!

## UNDER THIRTY

*[What are the aims, the experiences, and the perplexities of the Post-War Generation? The ATLANTIC intends to find out. In this and successive issues, space will be reserved for the best letters written by men and women under thirty — letters that speak vigorously, honestly, and with free rein. Each letter should, if possible, be compassed within 650 words. Contributions are invited, and those published will be paid for. In special cases, anonymity will be preserved. — THE EDITORS]*

### WHAT PRICE SCHOLARSHIP?

*Brookline, Mass.*

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

Four years ago Mr. Roosevelt discontinued fifty-one consular offices, dismissed four hundred and fifty-one Foreign Service men, and postponed indefinitely the next examination. Foreign trade was in the doldrums.

At the time I had just received an M. A. from a school of international law and diplomacy. But I was not particularly dismayed. My college record was garlanded up one side with memberships in Phi Beta Kappa, Delta Sigma Rho, Pi Gamma Mu, down the other with an extracurricular record including debate, journalism, honors reading, and a bit in sports. Further, I had 'worked my way through college' with the assistance of a tuition scholarship received when I graduated from high school, a special Phi Beta Kappa award when I was a senior in college, a year of teaching in the Department of Economics, and a fellowship to the school of international affairs mentioned above.

I had plenty of confidence that I should soon find a job of some kind or other with a company engaged in foreign trade. Meanwhile, the sturdy belief that infancy ends with Commencement precluded the idea of going home, or borrowing money with which to seek the job I wanted — and still want. I would

take whatever offered and then look around. I was not quite out of money when a classmate and I landed something at a summer hotel. That was nothing to write home about; but after six years of school and working summers, I thought consolingly, perhaps a 'vacation' would be beneficial. Moreover, every post office accepts letters of application.

When the summer ended I hid myself to a large Eastern seaport and tried to sell vacuum cleaners while 'looking around.' Someone recommended that I enroll with a reliable personnel agency; but their thirty-five-dollar registration fee bulked large against the forty-five dollars I had. As that dwindled, I relinquished glowing potential earnings from vacuum sales for an immediate fourteen dollars per week as stock boy in a department store — they prefer college men.

Finally came a fellowship which paid part of my expenses for an 'internship in practical politics' and a trip to Washington, D. C. After two weeks of tramping through governmental halls, I was still two assistants from the secretary to the official I was supposed to see — and almost out of money. I returned to Boston to take the job I have now, writing advertisements.

That was three years ago. My search meanwhile has revealed opportunities so various as classifying fingerprints for the

Department of Justice and investigating risks for a personal loan company. None seemed any more satisfying emotionally than my present work. Besides, there have been a couple of salary increases, and I am making almost enough now to afford marriage.

Were I alone in my travail, I should be sure that the fault lies only within myself that I am 'disemployed.' But at the boarding house where I live there is a young chemist who took his Ph. D. at a Berlin university. He is trying doggedly to sell business machines.

Another friend has a recent LL. B. He is still wrestling with silverware in the department store where I met him.

How explain? Each of us selected a definite vocation, devoted an average of two years to specialized study, displayed enough intelligence and industry to receive an advanced degree. Why did we get where we are? And how shall we get back? I won't go into that; but I will observe that it is unlikely that any recent business-school graduates will be considered for the job I hold.

Let the June graduate ponder the question and count ten before taking just any job. Let college presidents ponder.

Cordially yours,

E. P.

*[A scholarship student while attending his state university, and the recipient of B. A. and M. A. degrees, E. P. is now in his twenty-eighth year.]*

## CHALLENGE FROM ITALY

*South Hadley, Mass.*

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*:—

On my desk as I write is a picture of Paolo, a young Italian boy. He is wearing a Fascist uniform as he stands tall and proud, ready to defend the ideals that he knows are worth fighting for, and worth dying for — ideals far higher than those which prompted the desire to make the Yangtze safe for Standard Oil. I

know what he feels as he looks before him, for I too am Italian, and have been pursued by stupid epithets of 'Dago,' and so forth, in my youth, and have run for solace to the culture of my elders. To-day I do not need such a defense mechanism, but my experience has opened up to me the real world of a people who are simple and good, as people everywhere, regardless of race or nationality.

Paolo and I know, although we are too young to remember, that out of the chaos of the last world war, which proved so conclusively the utter stupidity of international conflict, a bedraggled Italy emerged, more weary and disunited than she had ever been in the years since independence. She emerged victorious, but it was a Pyrrhic victory, whose small glory was soon disrupted by riots and anarchy. In the democracy of a limited monarchy, with its vacillations and weakness, the Italian people could find no security, no firm hand that they might grasp in a world that tottered about them. It was not until October 1922 that one arose strong enough and daring enough to lead his country to salvation. Step by step he was able to transform the collapsed economic system into a collectivized capitalism, which ordained that capital and labor should work together for the good of the nation. The feeling of being an active part in a movement for the common good heartened Italy's bewildered population. This was a way out for them.

Borgese and others of his school shout that the price has been too great, that the end secured by the setting up of a corporate state is not commensurable with the sacrifices necessary for its attainment. Yet they know that, for all their strength, they could not give the people faith and hope in those hectic post-war days. The Italian people, despite their prerogatives of freedom of speech, press, and assembly, had never attained any real measure of independence under the iron hand of a Crispi.

Little wonder that in such a time of crisis they would need a Duce.

Not only did the voice of dissent rise from within the country, but the world also looked askance at the imperialistic ambitions of Fascism, which came to a head in 1935. The 'have nations,' smugly satisfied with their far-flung possessions, called to heaven for vengeance upon Italy for crimes of which they themselves had formerly been guilty. Yet not one of them would come forward with satisfactory suggestions whereby Italy might be made to feel one among equals. Not until Italy attains an equal footing with other European powers will Italian imperialism be satisfied.

Paolo is dead to-day somewhere in Ethiopia. Many of his friends who still live are at the mercy of petty men who have made use of the Fascist State to satisfy their personal grudges, and for whom any system of government would be merely a means for the attainment of their own selfish ends. Yet to-day, as I watch my young cousins grow up with opportunity and education that monarchist Italy never gave their parents, I feel sure the true Fascism of Gentile will succeed. Why, in some not-distant future, cannot the real fruits of coöperative action come, not as the Dead Sea apples they seem to-day, but sound and sapid with the slowly matured harvest of common endeavor?

Many American people look with horror at the importation of this 'ism' to American soil. Somehow as I watch them lean back complacently upon phrases symbolic of American freedom, such as 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' I wonder if they have forgotten the struggle which is necessary for devotion to those ideals. What 'pursuit of happiness' is there in a nation where one third of the people are ill-clothed, ill-housed, and ill-fed, while others more fortunate are at the mercy of an outmoded capitalist system? Yet, the growing insecurity of the people here need not give way, as it has in Italy, to the politics

of despair. Within our legal framework, action can be taken to dispel the abuses of our modern economy with the gradual establishment of a socialist state.

Rugged individualism is gone, and change to a planned economy must and will come. 'Thought without action is dead,' but it is thought which seems sorely needed here. I see an electorate which must be awakened from the intellectual lethargy in which it has sunk, and educated to the real principles of citizenship. This lethargy is present even among our trained college men and women. The American people must realize that if they are to have coöperative action without paying the price that others have paid they must accept the challenge of the hour. Otherwise they will be forced to accept the ruthless coercion of a dictatorship.

Sincerely yours,

ELLA TAMBUSSI

*[Miss Tambussi, now in her twentieth year, was born in America of Italian parents. She is an honor student at Mount Holyoke.]*

## SPRING IN VIENNA

*[The following letter was written to his family by a young American studying in Vienna. Since his return from Italy, where he had gone for a few days after Hitler's invasion of Austria, it had been impossible for him to write with any freedom. All letters, including this one, were opened at the border. The device of casting his reflections in the form of a book review was adopted for the practical purpose of avoiding the censor. The members of the family with whom he was living were, of course, Jews.]*

WHAT I have come back to is not easy to tell. Philip will explain this when he sees you; meanwhile I shall say nothing. I shall tell you instead about a book I have been reading lately. It is called *Since Venice*.

When it begins, tragedy has fallen across the land: it has already been established over three weeks; it has passed the stage of blank amazement and

hysteria, and has settled deep into the everyday thoughts of the people. Terrible and great events are felt with no more passion than the rantings of an angry cook would be in ordinary times. The occasions for feeling are greater than the capacities of the people, and hence they must be reduced, must be laughed at, and if possible passed over, if life is to be livable at all.

The author has selected one family in particular as a sort of artistic personification of the horrors he is portraying; and to set their emotion in relief he has placed among them a young man from a foreign land, whose feelings throughout are only indirect and vicarious. The other characters are a woman, her mother, her daughter, and her granddaughter by another child. There is also an old cook who has been her whole life in the family, and a young girl from the country.

These make up the little community, a world in itself — isolated except for a few who come from the outside for advice, or simply to pour out their woes. Between them all is an intimacy and directness such as would be impossible in normal times. There is no energy to spare for conventions.

In the centre of all is the mother, clear-minded and straight. Her mother, with a pile of white hair, has a quiet, lingering hopelessness about her. One evening when she is alone with the young foreigner she says, '*In der Nacht oder später — in den frühen Stunden — muss ich mein Buch ergreifen — nur nicht zu denken. Nur nicht zu denken.*' A friend of hers, also an old lady, commits suicide; she ties the gas outlet to her mouth so that it won't fall away before she is dead. Another time, when someone says of the dog that he is n't sick but only growing old, she replies, '*Ja, das ist auch eine Krankheit.*'

The daughter, who can no longer go out as she used to, and who is naturally gay, spends her time playing the guitar or the foreigner's accordion, and singing

the songs she learned among the peasants in other summers.

The girl from the country is bewildered and unhappy. Her fiancé tells her she must turn against the family she instinctively loves. But she has not the character to decide, and alternates instead between a guilty antagonism and a no less guilty affection, as the huge issues, only half understood, move vaguely across her mind.

Most interesting of all is the little granddaughter, aged four, called Gabrielle. She is wholly oblivious, in a blissful existence of her own, where evil and hardship exist only to be overcome by some heroic *Mäuslein* or *Osterhase*. At table she listens or talks, has her private tragedies when she upsets a glass or drops the bread in her soup; and sometimes she catches on to enough of what is being said to make her own wildly imaginative comments upon it.

Every day these same elements — the unconsciousness of the child, the bewilderment of the maid, the exhausted hopelessness of the grandmother, and the fear of the mother and daughter — make up the story. Meanwhile the spring comes; the woods turn a light, then a dark green on the hills over the house. The cherry blossoms bloom in the garden, and the full moon plays through them on clear nights. In the mornings, the mother works in the garden to bring forth flowers she will not be there to see. For they are allowed the spring only — the beginning. Summer they must see in a strange and alien land.

This will give you some idea of the book. It is not always sad; there are some moments of true gayety in it. And throughout there is a cord of restrained heroism which makes it well worth the reading. . . .

Affectionately,

M. H.

[M. H. is an American who graduated from Oxford in June 1937. He is twenty-two years old.]



# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

## GRANDMA GOES FISHING

'YOUR grandmother goes *fishing!*' If Grandma, who can claim her threescore and ten, golfed or bowled or played the trumpet, the matter would cause small comment. But fishing!

Public reaction to so unconventional an idea is usually scornful incredulity. Apparently it is socially *comme il faut* for gentlemen of grandfatherly persuasion to pursue the finny tribe, but not for a woman with three up-and-coming grandchildren.

Perhaps such discrimination is the result of jealousy. In our own family it might well be, for when we want fresh fish it's Grandma who can be counted on, with devastating certainty, to catch the first fish, the last, the biggest, the most.

But being unique does n't worry Grandma. She dons knickers, a disreputable jacket, a straw hat of the sort formerly used to protect horses' heads from the summer sun, and fares forth. To Grandma a fishhook is a fishhook. What need, then, to talk about Limericks or Carlises or sneck bents? The language of angling paraphernalia is no more intelligible to Grandma than Sanskrit or Swahili. The patter of the most enterprising high-pressure salesman would n't make a dent in the armor of her noncomprehension — or her sales resistance. She'd probably end up by convincing him that he ought to be fishing, not talking about it!

Snappers first introduced Grandma to the delights of angling. Grandfather and Uncle George had been stirring up a great to-do about the prospective fishing — immensely long bamboo poles cluttered up the decks of the *Dolphin*, bait and tackle boxes were underfoot, dinner-table conversation was liberally besprinkled with 'snapper.' Grandma alone took no part in the hubbub. She watched the preparations incuriously, only bristling indignantly when she encountered an uncovered bait can in the icebox.

Grandfather and Uncle George established themselves and their impedimenta on the afterdeck and fished — and fished — and *fished*. Nothing happened. They rearranged

tackle, they changed bait. Still nothing happened.

Finally Grandma looked up from the sheet she was hemming.

'Here, let me try that long switch!' she demanded.

Grandfather looked dumfounded, but he surrendered his pole, partly out of sheer surprise at the request, partly out of disgust with the entire snapper situation.

Grandma cast about wildly, narrowly missing the left ear of a passing rower; she plopped bait and hook into the water with the finesse of a coal heaver.

'No, Addie,' Grandfather began. 'That's not the way!'

'What's not the way?' Grandma wanted to know, swinging a shiny snapper aboard. 'Is n't this what you're trying to catch?'

Faced with an argument so unanswerable, Grandfather retreated in more haste than good order. He recalled, suddenly, an urgent job in the galley.

Grandma fished. She pulled in snappers with clocklike precision. It seemed as though the fish had a private rendezvous with her hook — they appeared to be milling around, jostling one another for the privilege of swallowing her bait. Over what Grandfather thought of the performance I draw a kindly veil.

From snappers Grandma was promoted to weakfish. The first time she tried weakfishing the wind was wrong, the tide was wrong, the hour was wrong — at least that's what the captain of the fishing boat averred, and he ought to have known. But did it deter Grandma? Dear, no! She was out to catch fish. What possible connection could wind, tide, or hour have with weakfish that were, presumably, swimming peacefully in the briny depths, far from the upper elements and certainly without watches in their pockets? Grandma caught weakfish — the rest of us caught dogfish and sea robins.

Grandfather began to view the situation with growing alarm. At first Grandma's success had looked like an exaggerated case of beginner's luck. Her fishing technique was too naïve, too utterly amateurish to

stand a chance with Grandfather's knowledge and experience. Why, he had been fishing, man and boy, for upwards of sixty years. Grandfather, poor soul, was unaware that as an angler Grandma was a 'natural.'

Then came a trip to the North Woods, and Grandfather expanded. Now he would come into his own once more. Grandma, praise be, knew nothing about the art of fly casting. So Grandfather, his self-respect restored, went off with his masculine cronies to pursue the speckled trout, and Grandma, forsaken, did some thinking.

Below the hill upon which the camp cabins stood were the remains of an old dam, a pleasant retreat and a good place from which to view the water beneath its wide-spaced timbers. One day Grandma climbed up from the dam with determination in her step and battle in her eye. She went into solemn conclave with the man-around-camp, who could presently be observed cavorting in a near-by clearing. Grandma disappeared into the woods, from which she soon emerged with a not too straight, newly cut pole. She collected a hook and a length of line from Grandfather's paraphernalia and a can of fresh-caught grasshoppers from the man-around-camp. Then Grandma repaired to the dam.

Just what the old trout thought when he discovered a lively grasshopper disturbing his quiet pool is not on record. At any rate he stopped his lazy fin-waving in order to investigate the unusual phenomenon and found himself, suddenly and without ceremony, flopping helplessly on the warm timbers of the dam.

Six of his relatives followed him at short intervals before the rest of the tribe decided that there were safer places in the Spencer than this particular pool.

At twilight Grandfather and his cronies returned from their hegira. They were lugging their expensive rods, their beautiful, expensive reels, their capacious and singularly empty creels.

To-day Florida is Grandma's favorite haunt. She catches sailfish on a handline and all manner of things, from the speedy bonefish to the ponderous grouper, on tackle that has only one virtue — it holds together. In a wildly tossing motorboat she glues herself to a chair that is providentially bolted to the deck, and fishes. Grandfather fishes, too, but he is content now, having achieved acquiescence, to catch three fish to Grandma's nineteen or thirty-nine, as the case may be; he even takes pride in the angling prowess of this partner of his and recounts her exploits to his cronies, who are inclined to be politely, and perhaps justifiably, incredulous.

A grandmother who fishes! Well, there are limits to what a person can believe, even in fish stories.

---

#### SHORT HISTORY OF MAN

QUICK! Grab the baby, the precious pet!  
 He'll pitch right out of his bassinet.  
 Hey! Raise the side of the fellow's crib.  
 He's getting over. He'll crack a rib.  
 Look out! To-day is the day he dares  
 Climb the gate at the top of the stairs.  
 Go get him! He's out in the entrance hall.  
 I thought his play pen looked too small.  
 Hurry up there! Fence the garden in  
 As high as a very tall man's chin.  
 Come on! He's learned to lift the latch,  
 And I have an idea he's hard to catch.  
 Run! Run faster! We're still too slow.  
 What do you say if we let him go?



*The Atlantic Serial*

CHAPTERS 32-41

# Men against Mountains

BY

OSCAR LEWIS

## *Preceding Chapters of 'Men against Mountains' . . .*

A VISIONARY began it, as is so often the case. His name was Theodore D. Judah. He came from Bridgeport, Connecticut, and had an engineering turn of mind. Railroads were his ambition and his dream. In his twenty-eighth year he went west to Sacramento to build a twenty-one-mile spur. Then his vision possessed him, and this spur became for him the first unit in a railroad that was to link the oceans. He drew up plans, lobbied at Washington, talked to anyone who would listen. His nickname was 'Crazy Judah.'

Not until 1862 did Judah succeed in raising the money for his project. At the St. Charles Hotel, in Sacramento, he expanded his plans before a druggist, a jeweler, a lawyer, the owner of a dry-goods store, and two hardware merchants. Among those present were four names destined to go down in California history — Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, Mark Hopkins, and Collis P. Huntington — the Big Four, as they later came to be known.

During the preliminary stages, Judah and Crocker were the men who did the taxing physical work. Judah surveyed the line from Sacramento across the foothills to the base of the Sierras, and then — with the optimism of a genius — over and around the towering heights. But early in the construction the engineer was forced out of the partnership.

Storming and bellowing up and down the line, it was Charlie Crocker who carried the work forward, directing the largest force of workmen the country had ever known. It was Crocker who conceived the idea of importing shiploads of Chinese workmen from Canton. By use of a temperamental new substance called nitroglycerine, and with the Chinese crowded shoulder to shoulder chipping and hacking at rock faces, the road advanced — in winter by working against thirty-five-foot snowdrifts and in summer during the sizzling heat and alkali dust. Thus, against tremendous odds, men fought their engineering war against the mountains until in May 1869 the Irish gangs of the Union Pacific and the Chinese gangs of the Central Pacific fitted rails together, driving home the golden spike which spanned the continent with its first railroad.

Building the road had proved fabulously profitable. But by 1870 the partners faced an entirely different task. For the road had to be maintained, its traffic secured, and its credit upheld through years of financial panic and against

bitter odds. But, thanks to the sagacity of the partners, bankruptcy was avoided. As dividends piled up, the Big Four began building their impressive mansions on Nob Hill. Such houses they were! When Crocker commissioned his early Renaissance dwelling, a local critic pronounced it a 'delirium of the wood-carver.'

For years Stanford had been the president of the road, and its spokesman to the public. The Governor, as he liked to be called, lived spaciouly. At Palo Alto he laid out a 9000-acre farm suitable for horse breeding. For a million dollars he acquired 55,000 acres in the northern end of the Sacramento Valley. All of this vast empire was to have been inherited by the Stanfords' only son, young Leland, who was educated with fastidious care but died of typhoid in Florence in his sixteenth year. Heartbroken, the parents returned to California, and there began the building of that enduring memorial to their son, Leland Stanford Junior University.

The deaths of Crocker and Hopkins led to an inevitable conflict between the surviving partners, Stanford and Collis P. Huntington. The original partnership had not been in force three months before Huntington was referred to as the brains of the group. From his office in New York City he determined the strategy of the mighty enterprise. He it was who kept the railroad in good standing at Washington, lobbying with persistence and skill for the subsidies so essential to the construction. It was Huntington who, with iron determination, schemed to control the traffic of the entire Pacific Coast.

Connecticut born, Collis P. Huntington had made his way in a hard school. In business he was cold and crafty. Whatever stood in his way he fought stubbornly and with every evidence of pleasure. Strong as an ox, he was likened to Atlas 'controlling and guarding the railroad after his associates had died and he himself was an old man.' From the first he and Stanford had been antagonistic. At the annual stockholders' meeting in 1890 Huntington forced Stanford out of office. Bitter was the feud that followed.

'We have served California,' Huntington once said, 'better than any other set of men have ever served any other state in the Union.' He was speaking of transportation, not of philanthropy. But the dollars wrested from the people by the railroad were returned to California in the shape of the magnificent Library and Art Gallery assembled by H. E. Huntington, who inherited his uncle's fortune.

---

Now with each twelve months of the *Atlantic*  
**THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR**

---

# MEN AGAINST MOUNTAINS

BY OSCAR LEWIS

## IV. COLTON AND THE IRON HORSE

WHEN the last spike was driven at Promontory, the four partners had already traveled far since the evening in 1861 when they had lent support to Judah's dubious gamble. They had accomplished the most momentous engineering and financial feat of their generation, to emerge rich and famous. Completion of the transcontinental railroad was celebrated as a milestone in the nation's progress; the names of the four were conspicuous in a chorus of praise that issued from the newspapers and pulpits of the country.

With such laudation in their ears, the group soon came to regard the operation of the railroad, with its variety of new problems and its uncertain reward, as a dull business. There was a natural reaction — a desire to rest on laurels already won and to avail themselves of the ease their fortunes put within reach.

Thoughts of selling out were much on the minds of all four during the early '70s. Crocker withdrew in 1871, and returned again, not altogether willingly, two years later. Huntington's letters of the period are full of references to his desire to get out, and Hopkins, as usual, was willing to follow his lead. Only Stanford hung back; he was reluctant to surrender the distinction of his office.

Negotiations for the sale of their interests to a group headed by D. O. Mills dragged on for months and finally came to nothing. Huntington, convinced that he was 'losing his grip,' cast about for other possible purchasers. But he had

little real hope, for the financial skies were darkening steadily, and not many weeks later Black Friday ushered in the most severe money panic the country had ever known. All hope of a favorable sale was swept away. There was no further talk of letting go. The emergency not only kept the three partners together; it brought Crocker back into the fold.

That the road was carried safely through this most critical phase of its existence was of course due mainly to Huntington. With a leader of only average resourcefulness and tenacity, disaster could hardly have been avoided. Both on Wall Street and on the Coast rumor said the Central and the Southern Pacific were going into receivership. By his energy and stubbornness and a native adroitness in money matters, Huntington eventually carried them through, a fact that he was never slow to point out to the others. His letters harped on one theme: too much was falling on his shoulders, and his strength was not equal to it. The others were not doing their share. Stanford wasted his time on ranches and such nonsense; Crocker wandered aimlessly about the Coast and seldom went near his office; Hopkins was ill; 'while I was working every day in the year almost, and about fourteen hours a day . . . I was not satisfied with the hours they put in.'

Partly because of dissatisfaction, partly because Huntington needed someone in California who could be depended on



not only to be on the job but to understand it, a fifth member was presently admitted to limited partnership.

The newcomer was General David Douty Colton. Forty-two years of age, a native of Maine, and a resident of California since gold-rush days, the General already had his finger in many local pies. He was red-haired, shrewd, industrious, and aggressive. A driving desire to get ahead, to associate on terms of equality with the leading men of the Coast, was his chief characteristic. While still under twenty-five, he became a useful cog in the political organization built up by David C. Broderick, the wily ex-fireman from New York. On the morning in 1859 when Senator Broderick and Judge Terry settled their differences in the famous duel on the sand hills south of San Francisco, Colton was one of his chief's seconds; later he helped keep the dead man's organization together. Certain parcels of San Francisco real estate owned by Broderick passed into his possession, and these later became valuable.

Like many another politician, Colton was mainly interested in organization and manipulation; one term as sheriff in the mountain county of Siskiyou ended his desire for office. His liking for his military title, however, persisted. He was universally called 'the General,' not always without irony, for the title dated from an early connection with the state militia and he had never seen service. After the Civil War he went east, studied law at Albany, then returned and formed a partnership with an Albany classmate, Ralph C. Harrison.

The firm of Colton and Harrison remained in existence for years, but the General's talents lay in other directions and he soon gave up practice. 'Why sit around waiting for a fifty-dollar fee when a smart trader can go out and make five hundred in half the time?' He recognized that the judicious exercise of his political influence would most quickly gain what he wanted. Accordingly he extended his party connections, always

making himself useful to anyone who needed favors at the city hall or in Sacramento. In return he was given opportunity to participate in promising speculations.

Most of these ventures proved lucrative, and one seemed to be the opportunity of a lifetime. In 1871, gambling-mad San Francisco was stirred by news of immensely rich diamond fields in northern Colorado. A group of the Coast's shrewdest financiers formed a ten-million-dollar corporation to exploit this bonanza, with Colton as its manager. The General believed himself the owner of an incipient fortune of millions. Presently came proof that the field had been salted with a few thousand dollars' worth of low-quality diamonds bought in Antwerp and London; two 'honest prospectors' disappeared with the \$600,000 they had received for their interests in the 'discovery,' and General Manager Colton's corporation dissolved before he had completed fitting up its handsome offices. With the other dupes, the General shared the ridicule of the nation as he turned to more prosaic means of making money.

### XXXIII

Notwithstanding this setback, the red-haired General rapidly became prominent. By 1872, five years after his return from Albany, he had a house on Nob Hill, a ranch on the slopes of Mount Diablo, and the distinction of a three months' tour of Europe. His wife and pretty daughters were named in local society columns, and his advice on the more practical phases of state politics was sought by men of the first importance.

The General's ego grew with his prosperity: an acquaintance recalled that 'he made money fast and enemies faster.'

His brashness and self-esteem alienated many. When Alfred Cohen made his famous defense against the charge of embezzlement filed against him by the

Big Four, the vitriolic attorney aimed some of his most telling blasts at Colton, then the Central Pacific's financial director: —

When I had business relations with the plaintiff and its officers and agents, I was compelled to come in constant contact with many men whose manners, whose habits, whose modes of thought and whose conversation were not calculated to advance me either in my own esteem or that of my fellow citizens, but I thank God . . . that I was not required to cooperate with 'General' David D. Colton.

He sketched Colton's rise to local importance, hinted that he had made away with part of Broderick's estate, and continued: —

The inflation of his fortunes has brought with it inflation of vanity, until to-day there dwells on this peninsula no man so able or so important as is 'General' David D. Colton — in his own estimation.

Cohen was not content to dwell merely on his victim's past and present; he also predicted his end: —

'General' David D. Colton will never go from among us by the ordinary processes of nature. When that dread hour arrives wherein a mourning community can hope to contain him no longer, it will only be necessary to cut the thread that binds him to this cold earth, when, like one of the painted, transparent bags of gas sold by toy vendors on the street corners, he will sail quietly away through the clouds and be seen no more.

These aspersions of Cohen, however, were not made until some years later, when the General was at the height of his career. He was to attain his greatest prominence through his connection with the railroad, and this was made possible mainly because of his friendship with Charles Crocker. In 1873, Crocker bought a residential site near the western edge of Nob Hill, directly across Taylor Street from Colton's house. The General wrote Crocker at once: 'I am delighted to learn that you have acquired those lots. I now feel . . . with you my next door neighbor my future good conduct

is assured.' The two were presently inseparable; they addressed each other as 'Dave' and 'Charlie,' exchanged advice on business deals, and traveled about the Coast looking over possible investments in mines and ranches. 'To the House of Crocker the House of Colton sends love and greetings,' wrote the General as the year 1875 opened. The Coltons had passes over the Central and Southern Pacific lines, and the General was permitted to invest moderately in the railroad's Rocky Mountain Coal and Iron Company, of which he was made manager.

This brought the General into closer contact with Stanford and Hopkins. These gentlemen, however, failed to share their partner's enthusiasm for the newcomer, and Crocker's suggestion that he be given other railroad connections was coolly received. But the ambitious General was not easily discouraged. The Central Pacific had proved itself the most facile money-making machine ever seen in the West, and a place, however inconspicuous, at the same table with its owners was worth struggling for. Colton continued his intimacy with Crocker, remained agreeable through Stanford's sullen silences, and endured the inimical glances of tired Mark Hopkins. Nothing needed to be settled in a day, and Huntington would soon be out on one of his visits. Meantime if the General's connections would permit him to be of any small service to the partners, they had but to ask.

Huntington duly arrived; Crocker presented his new friend, and the matter of his joining the Big Four was reopened. Huntington proved willing to listen. By then he had reached a definite conclusion that his partners were not doing their share. A monopolistic railroad system produced a variety of problems. No group of two-hour-a-day executives could hope to cope with them. By Huntington's code, subordinates were hired to carry out orders, not to give them, and he clung to his theory even

though it often required that he remain at his desk until past midnight. He had given up hope of much help from Stanford and Crocker. So Huntington listened while Colton, red-faced and self-assured, made his plea. The road needed a twelve-hour-a-day man on the Coast — but not any man. He must have a variety of qualifications and a variety of connections.

His face earnest, the General talked rapidly, persuasively. It was clear that he knew the political ropes, that he understood what favors the railroad needed from legislatures and from city and county lawmakers, and that he felt sure of the steps necessary to secure them. Huntington listened, hesitated — at length allowed himself to be convinced. Later he admitted that Colton had seemed 'just the man we wanted.'

The General was allowed to come in.

He came in, however, with reservations. In return for the use of his talents in the interest of the railroad, he was permitted to share moderately in both its profits and its hazards. The agreement he signed in the fall of 1874 bristled with clauses safeguarding the interests of the original four. Financial provisions were liberal enough so that the newcomer might, and did, enrich himself. But he also 'put his head in a noose and gave Huntington the other end of the rope.' From the General's standpoint, Huntington was not, as events proved, its best possible custodian.

Colton received twenty thousand shares each of Central Pacific and Southern Pacific stock. In return, he gave his note for a million dollars, payable in five years. During the first two years the agreement might be canceled at the will of either party, and the stock and the note both returned. By this transaction the partners received the services of a politician, who could do on the Coast what Huntington was skillfully doing at Washington and who could be on the job when needed. For his part, Colton became associated with the most power-

ful corporation in the West; he was able to speak publicly of the other four as 'my partners' and to sprinkle his letters to Huntington with such phrases as 'our interests' and 'us five.' To the ambitious General this was a privilege worth the high price he was paying for it.

That the price was high grew clear not long before his two-year probationary period ended. Early in 1876 he received notice that the partners were terminating his connection with the company. The blow, coming out of a clear sky, proved a severe shock. In his plight he hunted up Crocker and threw himself on his friend's mercy. Crocker later stated that the General had shed tears as he pictured the ruin that would ensue to his personal fortunes. Colton had made it widely known that he was one of the associates; he had neglected to state that the arrangement might be only temporary. If he were dropped now, how could he face his friends? Or his enemies? For the General's connection with the Big Four had not lessened his arrogance. He may have recalled an ironic reference in a local weekly to 'the Big 4½.' If he were turned out on the street again it would hardly plunge the community into mourning.

There is evidence that the dismissal had been engineered by Hopkins, whose dislike of the General dated from their first meeting. Perhaps the other partners, too, had become annoyed at the newcomer's mounting ego and had adopted this device only to remind him of the insecurity of his railroad connection. At any rate, the order was presently withdrawn. The chastened General continued to bear his title of financial director. But he realized very clearly his insecurity.

His plans were made accordingly. In less than four years his note would reach maturity. That it would have to be paid in full he no longer doubted. He set himself to accumulate a million dollars by October 5, 1879. But his need urged him into new difficulties, for in this

game his opponents held all the cards. The bulk of the money could come only from the railroad, which was controlled in every detail by the other four, two of whom regarded him with active distrust. He needed to exercise rare diplomacy on one hand and a high degree of acquisitiveness on the other.

He did his best. The original four then drew salaries of \$10,000 a year. Colton received a like amount. It occurred to him that if salaries were raised to \$25,000 he could pick up a few needed thousands. This was unimportant to the other four, whose incomes were derived from other sources, and they blandly told him that moderate salaries for corporation executives are always pleasing to the stockholders.

Colton looked elsewhere for possible sources of new income. Before his admission to limited partnership he had been manager of the company's coal mines, and he had since continued to hold the position and to draw its \$6000 salary — evidently without the knowledge of the others. It was one of a number of ways by which he was storing up funds against the impending settlement. But while he made impressive progress, including some successful speculation in San Francisco real estate, it at length grew clear that he would still miss the goal by a wide margin. One unlucky factor was that his forty thousand shares of stock had not made expected advances; the market for railroad securities was still badly depressed. The outlook was dark.

#### XXXIV

In his dilemma the General hit on an ingenious scheme. His duties included oversight of the Western Development Company. This was the successor to the Big Four's famous 'profit mill,' the old Contract and Finance Company, by means of which the partners, as railroad officials, had awarded contracts on extremely liberal terms to themselves as railroad contractors. Colton had a one-

ninth interest in this highly lucrative company. The value of his share, if it could be made available in time, would easily solve his troubles. Like all good tacticians, he decided that desperate situations demand drastic measures.

One afternoon in the summer of 1878, Huntington, Stanford, Crocker, and Hopkins were conferring in one of the rooms at Fourth and Townsend streets when the door opened and the affable General appeared. He was followed by two clerks loaded with bulky packages.

Colton announced pleasantly: 'Gentlemen, here are your securities.'

The partners were told that the Western Development Company had declared a dividend. General Colton had quietly arranged the matter. He had not troubled to tell the others, preferring to spare them the bother of discussing its details. In fact, he had planned the whole matter as a surprise. The faces of the four men must have convinced him that to that extent his coup had been successful, for all later professed complete astonishment. The 'dividend' proved to be a distribution of the assets of the Western Development Company, chiefly Central Pacific stock and Southern Pacific bonds. At par their value was in excess of \$21,000,000. Colton's one-ninth interest had, therefore, a par value of two and a third millions.

The ensuing half-hour was a difficult time for the General. The other men, none of whom had a million-dollar note hanging over his head, accused him of an unwarranted assumption of authority; more, they insisted that the securities be returned at once. Again Colton was forced to throw himself upon their mercy. To return the stocks and bonds would, he pointed out, injure his standing with employees of his department, many of whom had been busy for weeks working out the details of the transaction. He added a more crafty argument: the Western Development Company was entirely owned by the five of them; transfer of its assets to their personal accounts



would injure no one; the action merely gave each the control of his share. The General was not without knowledge of human nature. As he had foreseen, once each one's share of the handsome sum was in his hands, each partner found himself reluctant to give it up.

The 'dividend' remained distributed, but Colton was prevented from benefiting by the move. He retained his one-ninth interest, but his partners required him to sign an agreement that he would not sell any part of it, and that he would turn the full amount back whenever they demanded. He might have possession of the securities, but he must not use them to pay his debt; they were his, but they were not his. It was another of the General's empty victories.

Nonetheless, he remained hopeful. After four years with the railroad, the public, knowing nothing of the financial squirrel-cage in which his partners confined him, considered him almost as important as the Big Four themselves. As Huntington's political aide on the Coast, he was the man to see when railroad business was of a nature that could not prudently be transacted through the usual channels. More, the prestige of his railroad connection extended among leaders of the Coast who would otherwise have remained remote. In local papers his name was mentioned on equal terms with those of the lesser industrial and financial giants—the rising crop of bankers, promoters, merchants, and real-estate and mining speculators—and only a step below the half-legendary railroad and silver kings who constituted the city's aristocracy.

Colton, indeed, frequently penetrated within this charmed inner circle. With William Chapman Ralston, most spectacular of the Coast's bankers, he had been on terms approaching intimacy. He usually joined in the excursions Ralston liked to arrange for groups of prominent visitors, and his name could always be found in printed lists of guests (sometimes occupying two columns of

eight-point newspaper type) at the stupendous Ralston banquets at Belmont. His two daughters were pretty and popular, and the marriage of the elder to Crittenden Thornton, son of a San Francisco judge, was a social event of importance.

The General was rising financially as well as socially. The incident of the Western Development Company dividend in time was forgotten. The partners, Huntington in particular, grew less cautious in extending him their confidence. He was even honored by having his name given to a crossroads station on the new Southern Pacific line east of Los Angeles.

As the General's sun approached its zenith, the million-dollar note, nearing maturity, seemed less formidable. Value of railroad securities had been rising slowly above the financial swamps of 1871–1873. His stocks might realize enough to enable him to meet his note in full. For more than four years he had been drawing his share of the railroad's profits. In 1878, when his note still had a year to run, his assets were well above the three-quarter-million mark. Rents from his San Francisco real estate averaged from \$2500 to \$3000 a month.

The former sheriff of Siskiyou had not done badly from any standpoint. His Nob Hill residence, one of the most attractive in the city, had become surrounded by a dozen others, homes of the financial and industrial leaders of the West, with most of whom he was on terms of friendship. There were a few exceptions. Stanford was one. On the other hand, Colton's relations with Huntington were no longer formal. In the middle '70s the General refurnished his residence, and one of his letters to Huntington turned aside from more important concerns to discuss a matter of art. One of the walls of his drawing-room needed to be properly covered: Huntington was sent \$5000 and given *carte blanche* to select a suitable painting. In



April 1878 another message requested Huntington to have 'his Mr. Phillips' purchase '200 tube rose bulbs' and send them west. They were for Mrs. Colton's Mount Diablo ranch, and the General specified that they must be fresh and of the 'very best quality.'

Colton's correspondence leaves little doubt that he considered himself secure. Early in 1878 he wrote 'My Dear Huntington' that 'So far as I am personally concerned, I propose to stand or fall with you all.' And a little later: 'We have not got together enough and talked our plans over among ourselves. It may not be boastful to say that we five men each in his way has some strong points.' Even his feud with Hopkins seems to have been patched up, for on the latter's death he sent this philosophical and prophetic note to Huntington: 'It was a terrible shock to us all . . . I know how severely you will feel the blow, but it is only a question of time with us all.'

Colton was then enough in Huntington's confidence to feel no hesitation in advising the older man not to overtax his strength: 'I know, Huntington, I could not do half as well or half as much as you do if I was in your place.' The General had been engaged because Huntington wanted a man on the Coast who was not afraid to work hard, and his letters to Huntington (he sometimes wrote three a day) contained frequent reminders that he was not loafing. 'All my hair in front has either dropped out or turned gray,' he reported on February 7, 1878. A month later he added: 'Since November last I have not had 3 hours of sleep out of the 24.'

Success increased his self-importance. 'D.D. had a way of stroking the cat's fur the wrong way,' recalled a one-time clerk in the railroad's office. 'He used to strut through the building like a bantam rooster, looking neither left nor right.' The red-haired General annoyed others besides the railroad employees. One morning early arrivals on Montgomery

Street found printed posters tacked to walls and telegraph poles adjacent to the company's executive offices. Crowds gathered before the not too cryptic warning:—

#### A COLT-(ON) THE WRONG SCENT!

There is a Colt-(on) Montgomery Street, to be seen every day, who needs a wholesome piece of advice. . . . Look out, old SORRALTOP! Neither your PAID HOUNDS nor yourself, will obtain the prey you seek for. There is a BLOOD HOUND on your track you little dream so near, who will have justice, slow but sure. Lawyer, Priest or Doctor, you cannot, shall not escape calumny, and were you in any city but San Francisco, your DAMNABLE LOOKS would hang you. Meddle no more with business not your own, or you will reap a bitter but well-merited punishment, fit for such scoundrels as yourself, for you are known.

JUSTICE

The poster aroused amusement, curiosity, and considerable speculation. It was presently forgotten — to be recalled after October 8, 1878. At half-past ten on that evening a carriage appeared before Colton's Nob Hill house; the General was lifted out, carried across the sidewalk, past the crouched lions of the steps, through the grilled door. Later the carriages of Doctors Lane and Keeney hurried up. Other men appeared: Charles E. Green, Colton's secretary; his law partner, Harrison; his daughter's father-in-law, Judge Thornton. Lights on the ground floor and in upstairs rooms remained burning all night.

A startling rumor electrified the offices of morning papers: General Colton had been fatally stabbed. Reporters in hacks climbed the California Street hill. They were refused admittance and information. Hours later a statement was given out: some days before, the General had been injured by a fall from a horse at his Mount Diablo ranch. He was thought to be not seriously hurt. The newspapers printed the statement the following morning; they reprinted it word for word two days later when he died. Rumors persisted that the Gen-

eral had been murdered, but details of the mystery — if it was a mystery — never reached the public.

## XXXV

While Colton's widow and his younger daughter were hurrying by special train from New York, and his former partners were composing messages of condolence, the public speculated on the General's rise to prominence and on the heights he might have reached had he not been cut off at the age of forty-seven. Like sentiments were expressed at the funeral, where masses of late autumn flowers cascaded about the altar of Grace Church, and wreaths from Stanford and Huntington were admired. Crocker, the dead man's closest friend, was in London with his family. 'I loved Dave Colton,' he later stated, 'and when I heard of his death . . . I sat down and wept.'

Mrs. Colton was watching from one of her windows the evening of Crocker's return to Nob Hill. She sent a servant across to ask that he call. Crocker appeared the next morning, and the two shed tears while the dead man's virtues were recalled. Mrs. Colton had been made sole heir in the will the General had dictated the night before he died. But it was not long before the widow found Crocker's attitude growing less sympathetic, his visits infrequent.

Ellen Colton — she had been Ellen White, daughter of a Chicago physician — knew little of the General's business affairs, but she was a woman of energy and intelligence. She familiarized herself with the outlines of a complex situation. From Crocker she received reports that daily grew more disturbing. Men had been at work at the railroad offices. They had uncovered enough to show that the General's estate was in a deplorable condition. Crocker stated gloomily that the Western Development Company dividend would probably have to be returned. There were also the million-dollar note, soon to fall due, and

the prospect of heavy assessments on the Central and Southern Pacific stocks. Besides, the General had incurred obligations for the investment of funds in other railroad enterprises.

That was not all. Irregularities had been found in the General's accounts. This had been a saddening surprise to all the partners. Crocker added: 'I would have given \$20,000 as quick as a penny to prove Dave Colton innocent.' Despite all this, Mrs. Colton was told no attempt would be made to freeze her out. The Big Four were willing to carry their ex-partner's widow along with them; she was free to remain. To do so it was necessary only that she perform the obviously impossible feat of paying the General's obligations in full. In that event, the partners assured her, his defalcations (which, it was charged, amounted to \$190,000) would be kept secret. There need be no scandal.

Crocker's visits across Taylor Street grew coldly businesslike, then ceased entirely. 'When I discovered what kind of a man Colton was,' he explained, 'I never went to see Mrs. Colton again. . . . I could not face her.'

Thereafter negotiations were conducted through a third party. One day Crocker sent word that the partners had voted to return their shares of the Western Development Company dividend; Colton's share must be returned too. 'You had better do it to-day — before night.' Mrs. Colton failed to understand the sudden need for haste in restoring the securities. Crocker's emissary gave two reasons: the period during which claims against the estate might be filed would soon expire; besides, Huntington was about to return east and wished the matter settled before he left. But Huntington, as it proved, remained on the Coast for weeks longer.

S. M. Wilson, one of the railroad's staff attorneys, had been Colton's legal aide, and, like Crocker, a close friend. The widow turned to him for advice. His report brought her no comfort. The

estate owed the railroad a great deal of money, and the partners demanded a prompt settlement. If she hesitated, the four would file suit, and in that case Colton would be charged with stealing company funds.

To the widow, it had become a question of salvaging something from the wreckage and shielding the General's reputation. She decided to capitulate. The settlement was signed late in August 1879, ten months after Colton's death. The securities the General had been at such pains to acquire were turned back. The list included half a million dollars in first-mortgage Southern Pacific bonds, forty thousand shares of Central and Southern Pacific stock, his shares in the Rocky Mountain Coal and Iron Company, ten thousand shares in the railroad-controlled Oriental and Occidental Steamship Company, and of course all the securities obtained in the Western Development Company dividend.

She was required to sign a release for nearly a third of a million dollars due Colton from his one-ninth interest in the Western Development Company. On one lot of bonds, interest of about \$6000 was due; it was specified that these be turned back with the coupons unclipped. As a wedding present to his daughter, Colton had presented her with fifty shares of Southern Pacific stock; this too had to be returned. Of all the General's railroad property his widow was allowed to withhold only two hundred Southern Pacific bonds. These, however, she was not permitted to keep permanently. They were placed in trust; she was allowed to draw the interest on them for ten years, after which the bonds were to revert to the company.

The settlement did not leave the General's widow penniless, as was later picturesquely claimed by the Big Four's critics. Colton had made other investments, and these yielded enough to support his widow and younger daughter in more than average comfort. But Ellen

Colton believed the terms had been more severe than circumstances warranted; that she had parted with more of the General's assets than would have been the case had her knowledge of his affairs been more explicit. But the agreement had been signed and its provisions carried out. There the matter rested for many months.

Meantime San Francisco newspapers published the inventory of the Hopkins estate — Uncle Mark had died a few months prior to Colton. With closer interest than most, the General's widow read the list of Hopkins's railroad securities and the values placed on them by the impartial court appraisers — values far higher than she had been allowed for identical issues she had turned back to the Big Four.

The information, of course, confirmed her suspicion that she had been defrauded, and she reached a decision to try to have her agreement set aside. Avoiding attorneys with railroad affiliations, her choice fell on J. Frank Smith, one of the few leading members of the local bar not inside the 'railroad corral.' Smith shared his client's belief that she had been cheated. He uncovered the fact that the Western Development Company, represented to her as insolvent at the time of the General's death, had in fact assets of more than \$10,000,000; that Colton's share of the dividend had been turned back at much less than its market value; and that the embezzlement charges against Colton were unlikely to be sustained. Smith urged the widow to seek an annulment of the agreement and the return of her securities.

From experience Mrs. Colton knew that the surviving members of the Big Four would prove formidable opponents. In fifteen years the railroad had not lost an important case in the California courts. An effort to effect an out-of-court settlement failed, and Mrs. Colton thereupon commenced legal action.

The 'Colton Trial' proved one of the

longest and most sensational in the annals of the state. At the preliminary hearing, the defendants entered a general denial of the charges in the complaint and made a variety of counter-charges, including the accusation of embezzlement. On motion of the railroad attorneys, headed by Hall McAllister (brother of New York's Ward McAllister), the case was removed to the superior court in Sonoma County, a farming community fifty miles north of San Francisco. The trial opened at Santa Rosa in November 1883.

The case remained in the courts nearly eight years. Judge Temple presided over the original trial, which dragged on until October 1885. A stream of witnesses for both sides flowed from San Francisco to the valley town. Tons of company records were shipped north as the financial and political activities of the associates were probed, and details long kept secret became available to an interested public.

As the long trial told on the nerves of the participants, clashes between opposing counsel increased in frequency and virulence. 'The other side is ugly and nervous,' McAllister wrote in the summer of 1884. 'This is a good sign. . . . J. Frank Smith looked to-day like a "damned soul."' Exasperation at one of his associates caused the normally urbane McAllister to burst out: 'What a damned old bore Fullerton is! [Fullerton was also on the railroad's legal staff.] He has just come into my room (as he does every evening) to prevent me from working by going all through my trunk of papers. I requested him politely to leave, and he has just departed in a furious mood.'

Correspondence between McAllister and Alfred Cohen — the latter was again devoting his talents to the service of the railroad — makes interesting reading. One of Cohen's duties was to round up San Francisco witnesses and to dispatch them to Santa Rosa as they were needed. There is evidence, however, that he was

expected also to arrange for the convenient disappearance of persons who might prove useful to the opposition. In a note from McAllister to Cohen, of July 1884, one reads this cautiously phrased suggestion, the first sentence carefully underscored: '*I understand that Colonel Gray was going to leave San Francisco, about Wednesday, and to be absent for a week or ten days.* If this should be so, the other side could not have him for a witness.'

McAllister's letters urged Cohen to coach railroad officials thoroughly before sending them north. Neither Crocker nor Stanford was ever an adroit witness; in the past both had caused railroad attorneys bad hours while they were under examination by opposing counsel. McAllister sent Cohen pages of careful instructions as to how Crocker should answer questions expected to be fired at him during cross-examination. On the other hand, the railroad attorney on whose advice Mrs. Colton had made the original settlement proved a witness after McAllister's heart. 'Wilson to-day was all that I could desire. He showed just the right amount of non-eagerness and impartiality which makes his evidence tell. . . . Hayes [Judge Hayes was associated with Smith as counsel for the plaintiff] is preparing for a long X-ex. [cross-examination] of Wilson, but I think he can stand it on every point.'

#### XXXVI

One afternoon Judge Hayes casually submitted a packet of letters, stating that by them he wished to show to what extent Colton had participated in the inner councils of the Big Four. The matter aroused no particular interest, and Hayes selected a letter and proceeded to read it. It proved to be a rambling and gossipy message from Huntington to Colton, written from Washington eight years earlier. In a vein of complete frankness it dealt with the railroad's control of state politics and of



the California delegation in Congress. The letter, and those that followed, proved what Mrs. Colton's attorneys wished: that the General and Huntington had been on very confidential terms indeed.

This was the first public notice of the existence of the 'Colton letters,' soon to become notorious not only in California but throughout the nation. Their hastily scrawled pages exposed the railroad's political methods with a thoroughness that a man of Huntington's caution would have allowed only if he possessed complete confidence in his correspondent. In them the canny New Englander permitted himself the luxury of speaking his mind. He and the railroad were to pay well for the privilege. Three years later, while Huntington was testifying before the Pacific Railroad Commission, the incriminating letters were read into the record, and he was questioned in detail as to the meaning of various passages. The old man bore the ordeal for half a day, then burst out: 'If I had known that this particular correspondence was to have gone into the national archives to go down to future generations, I would have tried to have it full in every way.'

Hayes's reading of the letters brought vigorous objection from the railroad's attorneys, who foresaw that matters more important than Mrs. Colton's four-million-dollar suit were involved. Judge Temple ruled they were pertinent evidence, and plaintiff's counsel jubilantly read the entire six hundred into the record. From them the public learned not only the extent of the railroad's control over legislation, but the by no means subtle methods by which that control was maintained. In his closely scrawled pages Huntington named scores of officeholders in California and at Washington who were taking orders from Colton and himself. He revealed the railroad's policy of promoting deserving politicians and summarily retiring to private life those who failed to 'keep in line.' The

cost of getting a bill through a state legislature or through Congress was discussed as frankly as the establishment of a railroad tariff or the price of steel rails.

Opposing newspapers of course seized the opportunity. The San Francisco *Chronicle* devoted solid pages of eight-point type to their publication, and others — notably the New York *World* — gave them almost as much space. Huntington's graphic picture of the railroad's control of legislation proved the real beginning of a fight to drive the corporation out of politics, a feat that was not accomplished, however, until a generation later.

To-day the letters, and Colton's replies, are important chiefly because they present one of the few available portraits of the two men in informal moods, when they felt safe to be completely themselves. Huntington's uniformly begin 'Friend Colton,' and with no preliminaries plunge into the business at hand. That stated, they end with equal brusqueness, with 'Yours truly' and the scrawled signature: 'C. P. Huntington.' When personal matters are mentioned they are passing references to a favorite theme: he is working too hard and overtaxing his strength; he is tired and wishes he could quit.

The letters mainly relate to railroad finance and railroad politics, with the emphasis on the latter. Huntington devoted many pages to bitter condemnation of the California group in Congress. Nothing short of a hundred-per-cent railroad delegation was ever satisfactory or even tolerable to him. Colton could never quite accomplish that, and at each election the opposition managed to put at least one man (usually a representative from San Francisco) into office. The rebel's appearance at Washington aroused Huntington to exasperated profanity. From experience, he knew that a California delegation that would vote solidly for whatever the railroad wanted was a valuable asset; moreover he recog-



nized that a shrewd politician who could get himself elected on an anti-railroad ticket was in a far better position to bargain profitably than one who had been committed to the railroad policies from the beginning.

This was the situation of John King Luttrell, sent to Congress from San Francisco in 1874, without benefit of railroad backing. Soon after his election Huntington wrote to 'Friend Colton': 'I know he can be persuaded to do what is right in relation to the C. P. and S. P., but some political friend must see him, and not a railroad man, for if any of our men went to see him he would be sure to lie about it and say that money was offered him, but some friend must see him and give him solid reasons why he should help his friends.' A note a week or two later indicates that Colton had attended to the matter: 'Yours of the 12th is received and I am glad to learn that you have Luttrell under your charge, but you must be careful not to let him get anything to strike back with, as he is a cuss.' What follows throws light on why Huntington felt the need of a discreet politician on the Coast: 'I do not think it safe for Stanford to talk with him on our matters, as it would be just like him to get up in Congress and lie about what Stanford said to him.'

Following the Luttrell references, one finds Huntington writing on December 1, 1874: 'I will see Luttrell when he comes over and talk with him and maybe he and we can work together, but if we can brush him out it would have a good effect, and then we could, or at least would try to, get better timber to work with.' The interview could not have been an entire success, for Huntington was presently convinced that better timber was necessary. 'I notice what you say of Luttrell; he is a wild hog; don't let him come back to Washington, but as the house is to be largely Democratic and, if he was to be defeated, likely it would be charged to us, hence I should think it would be well to beat him with a

Democrat; but I would defeat him anyway and, if he got the nomination, put up another Democrat and run against him, and in that way elect a Republican. Beat him.'

By the following January, however, Luttrell was surprisingly in the good graces of the railroad. In one letter Huntington wrote: 'I hope Luttrell will be sent back to Congress. I think it would be a misfortune if he was not.' And a little later: 'I hope Luttrell is elected and Piper defeated, as it is generally understood here that our hand is under one and over the other.' From that time on, William A. Piper replaced Luttrell as Huntington's favorite aversion. Huntington was then opposing Tom Scott in his attempt to get governmental aid for his Texas Pacific Railroad. That line seriously threatened the Big Four's monopoly of the Coast traffic, and the partners were rushing their own road to the Gulf in the hope of forestalling this potentially dangerous rival.

Both sides were courting the favors of Washington legislators, and the fact that the new San Francisco Congressman promptly joined forces with Scott infuriated Huntington. He wrote Colton: 'All the members in the house from California are doing first rate except Piper, and he is a damned hog, anyway you can fix him.' Again, three months later: 'Scott got a large number of that drunken, worthless dog Piper's speeches printed and sent them broadcast over the country. He has flooded Texas with them.' The wily Scott made capital of the anti-railroad newspapers in California, reprinting many of their more violent attacks and distributing them by the thousands, thereby seriously weakening Huntington's claim that California was solidly behind the Southern Pacific in the fight.

Colton's failure to win the unanimous support of the local press brought bitter complaints from Huntington. 'The Sacramento *Union* hurts us very much.'

Again, on May 2, 1876: 'Is it not possible to control the agent for the Associated Press in San Francisco? The matters that hurt the C. P. and S. P. most here are the dispatches that come from S. F.' In the summer of 1876, Huntington thus evaluated candidates in the coming state election: 'Wigginton has not always been right, but he is a good fellow and is growing every day. Page is always right and it would be a misfortune to California not to have him in Congress. Piper is a damned hog and should not come back. It is a shame for a great commercial city like S. F. to send a scavenger like him to Congress once.' Fortunately for Huntington's blood pressure, Piper failed of reelection and his place was taken by a man who more closely approximated the letter writer's idea of a cooperative legislator.

When the Colton letters were published, railroad spokesmen on the Coast made valiant attempts to read harmless meanings into them. Huntington's concern over the calibre of men sent to Congress from California was, they cheerfully explained, merely the desire of a good citizen to see the most competent men elected. The theory fell short of conviction, for throughout the correspondence Huntington many times stated his opinion of the House and Senate in terms indicating a belief that those bodies were beyond redemption. 'This Congress,' he informed Colton early in 1878, 'is the worst body of men ever gotten together in this country.' Two months later he was definitely of the same opinion: 'This Congress is, I think, the worst set of men that have ever been collected together since man was created.' The subject fascinated him, and five days later he returned to it again: 'I think in all the world's history never before was such a wild set of demagogues honored by the name of Congress. . . . We have been hurt some, but some of the worst bills have been defeated, but we cannot stand many such Congresses.'

Introduction of the Colton letters at the Santa Rosa trial caught the railroad forces completely by surprise. It was the opinion in legal circles on the Coast that the plaintiff's advisers made a blunder in failing to put the letters to more effective use on behalf of their client. Huntington, of course, assumed that Colton had destroyed the letters; he had given instructions that this be done. That his orders were not carried out is another indication of the General's astuteness; obviously he had not preserved the letters for sentimental reasons, and he therefore must have foreseen that they might be useful in the future. It was claimed that, had the fact that they still existed been revealed to Huntington in advance of the trial, the latter would have made any reasonable out-of-court settlement to get possession of them.

With their admission as evidence, however, the damage was done, and their only effect was to cause the Huntington group to contest the suit with greater vigor. The trial continued through 1884 and most of 1885, while its cost mounted to over \$100,000 for each side. Judge Temple's decision, when it was eventually handed down, proved an almost complete victory for the defendants. Colton's name was cleared of embezzlement charges, but the plea for an annulment of the agreement was denied. The court held that the widow had entered into it with full knowledge of its terms, that the contract was sound and must be upheld. Mrs. Colton appealed to the state supreme court. After further long delays a second trial followed. The decision, rendered in January 1890, sustained the Santa Rosa judge. No further action was taken.

The long contest was an expensive one to General Colton's widow, but in the end it proved more so to the victors. Even journals friendly to the railroad and enjoying subsidies from the corporation did not claim that the Huntington-Stanford group had emerged with credit

to themselves. Shrewdness, ability to drive a close bargain, to press an advantage, were qualities still highly regarded among California business men, who acknowledged no more coveted distinction than to be known as a 'smart trader.' But the application of such principles to the widow of a former partner proved distasteful even to those who were not sentimentalists. The victory cost Huntington and Stanford and Crocker far more in loss of respect than they gained in dollars.

Moreover, Huntington's messages to 'Friend Colton' focused attention on a situation that, even in the free and easy '80s, the public resented. The Big Four's political methods had been known long before the letters came to light, but it required their publication to dramatize the situation. Huntington's discussion of the cost of votes in the same terms, and often in the same letters, as the cost of other railroad necessities first caused thousands to reflect on the possibility that the picturesque captains of industry who were building up the country would bear closer watching.

Huntington was not allowed to forget Colton's packet of letters; at each subsequent session of Congress they were regularly brought forth to hamper or defeat his most cherished projects. Because of them, correspondents of hostile newspapers watched his every move when he came to Washington. By the middle '90s he had become a symbol of predatory wealth bent on the corruption of the public's servants. Congressmen, fearing the effect on their constituents should they be seen talking with him, dodged down Washington alleys at the old man's approach. Finally, nearly a quarter of a century after they were written, the Colton letters contributed largely to the defeat of Huntington's 'funding bill,' by which he had hoped to postpone for many years payment of both principal and interest on the original subsidy bonds — a piece of bad luck that cost the railroad and its owners many millions of

dollars. To that extent the sheriff of Siskiyou had his revenge.

## XXXVII

A more sophisticated age scarcely understands the extent to which the sentimental '60s romanticized the iron horse. Railroads represented more than mere transportation. The names of the little seventeen-ton locomotives first used on the Central Pacific were for years household words throughout California, and their comparative speed and power became the subject of countless debates among loafers congregated before frame stations at train time. Not small boys alone, but half the male population would have chosen to occupy the engineer's shelf of the 'C. P. Huntington' rather than the Governor's chair. In the fall of 1866, the 'Grizzly Bear,' coasting one afternoon toward Dutch Flat, hit a cow and turned on its side. Crowds gathered from miles around to view the spectacle, and a Sacramento journalist wrote of the mighty cheer that arose when the engine was again on the rails. A speaker at a banquet celebrating the completion of the road assured his listeners that the accomplishment 'completed the work of Columbus'; and in 1868 Henry George, not yet engrossed in *Progress and Poverty*, wrote that 'it will be the means of converting a wilderness into a populous empire in less time than many of the cathedrals of Europe were building.'

Catalogues of the songs of the period regularly repeat the familiar theme, and success awaited any play during the '60s and '70s that introduced a locomotive into its third act or contrived to have its heroine throw the switch and save the night express. As renowned a bard as Joaquin Miller wrote: 'There is more poetry in the rush of a single railroad train across the continent than in all the gory story of burning Troy.' When Bret Harte, in 1868, became editor of a new Western magazine, the device he

chose for that speculative venture included, of course, the universal symbol of progress. Harte was already looking back to the period he was to exploit, with varying success, for thirty-five years, and the *Overland's* trade-mark included not only a railroad track but a California grizzly, head down, legs braced against the ties, disputing the mechanical invasion of his realm.

Years before the road was finished, the wonders of George Pullman's new palaces on wheels filled the imagination of Californians, who impatiently awaited the day when shining Pullmans might be seen on their side of the Sierra. The new cars were worth waiting for. It was the boast of the ex-cabinetmaker who built them that as much money and taste were expended in their decoration as in that of a rich man's parlor.

The millionaire of the period who found himself inside one of them might in truth have imagined himself at home. Scrollwork and gilt, in intricate patterns, velvet upholstery embellished with braid and tassels, carpets with huge floral designs in raw primary colors — these were obviously not for the poor. Yet thousands of impecunious Westerners cheerfully paid extra fees that they might see at first hand how luxury had been so combined with ingenuity that drawing-room, dining room, and sleeping quarters had all been compressed within the walls of a forty-foot coach.

Although the covered wagon was far from extinct, a crossing of the plains in one of Pullman's Golden Palace cars offered a contrast that impressed even the unimaginative. For one seeking a dramatic illustration of what his age had accomplished, an early guidebook advised a passage on the *Overland* out of Omaha. Let the passenger choose a warm day when the doors of all the coaches were open, and take his place on the platform of the last car. 'On either side are the prairies, abode of the buffalo, where the eye sees naught but desolation . . . then, looking back through the

long aisle, or avenue, one gazes on the supreme achievement of our civilization.'

But it was a civilization often thickly coated with dust, and luxury was not synonymous with comfort. An August crossing of the plains, at twenty-two miles an hour, over an uncommonly rough roadbed and through scenery unsurpassed in monotony, was an experience few repeated from choice. To some extent the Pullmans minimized the discomfort, for their innovations were not confined to opulent furnishings, potted ferns and rubber plants, organs and hymnbooks, and towering wood-stoves. Mechanically, George Pullman's masterpiece was a vast improvement on the ordinary passenger coach of the period. Double, rattle-proof windows were already in use in the early '70s; more important, the cars were equipped with springs resilient enough to absorb part of the jolt and sway that made early railroad travel an ordeal.

In general, the discomforts of the cross-country trip were borne with fortitude by pioneer passengers, who looked on them as a small price to pay for the privilege of passing from ocean to ocean in eight days, a journey never before possible in twice the time. The opening of the line in 1869 made the transcontinental tour the world's premier novelty in travel. During the first year of its operation European steamers plied the Atlantic with empty cabins while thousands overcame their fear of starvation, derailment, and wild Indians to set out courageously for the West Coast.

Gathering at Council Bluffs over the three lines then operating west from Chicago, crowds of adventurers were ferried across the Missouri to the fifteen-year-old metropolis of Omaha, eastern terminus of the Union Pacific. There they milled about the long station platform, checked baggage, and purchased Pullman tickets, while beset by peddlers of fruit, food, and remedies for car sickness, solicitors of accident insurance (at disturbingly high rates), newsboys,

runners for hotels farther along the line, salesmen offering lucrative investments in business property, farmlands, and mines. Passengers forced their way through the bedlam to the waiting train, — often six hundred feet long, — found the car and seats assigned them, and sank down exhausted. There they thrilled with anticipation as the engineer applied the steam to the cylinders and released long blasts from the whistle. A series of rattling crashes ran down the train as couplings tightened and cars jerked into motion.

Almost at once the train entered the uninhabited prairie, and the adventurers were free to examine the flat landscape, to admire the trappings of the Pullmans, or, in the words of *Williams' Guide*, merely to 'sit and read, play . . . games and indulge in social conversation and glee.' Narratives of early travelers throw no light on the nature of the latter recreation, but all refer to the conversation, if only to state that it must be conducted at the top of one's voice to be audible above the clatter of the moving train.

To the socially correct, cross-country travel presented a variety of problems, not least of which was the question of what to wear. The following is the recommendation of one authority for a passage, in summer, between Omaha and San Francisco: First day, light spring suit; second day, for the approach to the Rockies, winter suit; third day, for Salt Lake and the Nevada desert, summer suit (gentlemen should retain their coats); for the ascent of the Sierra, the winter suit again, with the addition of 'all your underclothing'; the mountains behind, the summer suit for the passage down the Sacramento Valley; and, at the approach to the bay, a final change to winter garments, to which were added, as the passenger stepped on the ferry, his overcoat and scarf.

During moments when the sartorially correct passenger was not shifting from suit to suit, he was at liberty to consider

the problem of whether he or his female companion should occupy the seat next to the window. Most authorities agreed that she should be installed in the aisle seat, even though that subjected her to inconvenience from unsteady pedestrians and gave her a less than perfect view of the scenery. But on the other hand was the fact that the transcontinental line passed through an imperfectly civilized land, and Indians and Chinese were known to assume undignified postures beside the track in full view of scandalized passengers. Seated next to the window, the watchful escort in such emergencies had but to lean forward to shut off his lady's view.

Three stops a day were made for meals, for overland trains did not regularly have diners until the late '70s. Long before towns were reached, passengers crowded on the steps and platforms, the less encumbered swinging to the ground while the cars were still in motion and leading a headlong dash toward the eating houses. These frame structures were filled with long tables, laden with thick crockery and steaming platters of food. The trains remained twenty minutes, the meals were table d'hôte, and the price, whether for breakfast, dinner, or supper, was uniformly a dollar greenback or, in California and Nevada, seventy-five cents in silver. Food was always abundant, substantial, and could be hastily consumed.

Station eating houses were operated by private individuals under contract. Certain stops became known for their specialties. Those who had been over the line advised travelers to be on the lookout for Laramie's beefsteaks, for antelope cuts at Sidney, for mountain trout at Evanston (where the west-bound travelers first encountered Chinese cooks and waiters), for Green River's biscuits, and at Grand Island for 'lots of everything.' Eating places were sometimes eight hours apart when the trains were on schedule — and they



were often late. Guidebooks urged that travelers provide themselves with 'a little lunch-basket nicely stowed with sweet and substantial bits of food' as insurance against too prolonged fasts.

Trains maintained an average speed of a little more than twenty miles an hour. From the velvet-hung windows of the Pullmans a scenery-conscious generation found even the prairies fascinating; the sunsets were highly spoken of by all. In summer the horizon might be red-dened by the glow of a prairie fire. Amateur hunters kept watch for the still numerous herds of antelope. The animals soon grew accustomed to the trains, hardly bothering to glance up as they rattled past. Word that there were deer ahead was passed down the coaches, windows were thrown up, pistols were drawn from rear pockets and under-arm holsters, and soon a rattle of gunfire ran down the length of the train.

Diversions were few; bored passengers regarded an endless expanse of plain, broken at two- or three-hour intervals by a water tank and a cluster of sod houses — 'like islands in mid-ocean' — at which the train stopped briefly for water and fuel. At points where the railroad chanced to parallel one of the old stage routes, a dusty string of freight wagons might be met and passed, or a covered emigrant wagon crawling westward over rutted roads. In the plush seats of the Pullmans, passengers stared as long as the vehicles remained in sight, reflecting upon the rocket-like progress of their age.

When nightfall blackened the windows, and the suspended kerosene lamps spread a yellow glow over the interiors, passengers were thrown on their own resources, and a more pronounced social atmosphere pervaded the cars. Those musically inclined clustered about the cabinet organ, — a feature of the early through trains, — song-books were distributed, and the notes of 'Oh, Susanna' or of popular hymns rose above the clank of the rails, the rattle of windows,

and the eerie blasts of the locomotive's whistle.

Meantime porters accomplished the ingenious conversion of the seats into comfortable, if not completely private, sleeping quarters. There were always a few who regarded the procedure with apprehension. The American sleeping car was then under suspicion that it might be a menace to morals. Sermons were preached advocating separate cars for males and females. Innumerable conversations weighed the question of whether it was moral for strangers of opposite sexes to occupy couches separated by only a foot or two of space and a pair of denim curtains. The companies took counter-measures, arguing that sleeping cars were as safe as the Christian homes of their patrons. Moreover, train officials patrolled the curtain-lined corridors to thwart any breach of decorum.

Despite these precautions, thousands of Americans resolved never to go to bed on a railroad train. Others lay awake until dawn, the ladies removing only their hats and gloves, and keeping foot-long hatpins close at hand. On this long journey, however, even the strong-willed could hardly remain continuously awake through a ninety-hour journey. As the second evening approached, fatigue persuaded even the faint-hearted to adopt a rational point of view. For, in the language of the guidebooks, 'a restful night's sleep is the only wise preparation for the enjoyment of the wonders of the morrow.'

### XXXVIII

During the early months the novelty made traffic brisk. Before long, however, the journey lost its flavor of adventure, and the number of through passengers fell far below the anticipation. One through passenger train daily was then ample to accommodate the traffic. As late as 1879 this consisted of a combination mail and baggage car, one day coach, and an ancient sleeper. Even these accommodations seemed excessive

to the reporting traveler, for he was the solitary through passenger, and for much of the journey the only passenger of any kind.

The discomforts of the journey undoubtedly caused many to continue to patronize the Panama steamers. But a more important reason was that a French engineer had completed another large construction job on the other side of the globe. The Suez Canal was opened, and colonials of half the nations of Europe found steamer routes between the Orient and their home countries shortened by more than two weeks. This effectually ended a hope to which the railroad owners had clung since Judah's day: that a heavy commerce between Europe and the Far East would flow over their line.

Reluctantly the Big Four were forced to give up their expectation of a large passenger traffic during the early years; this would come only by the slow process of increasing Pacific Coast population. Early travelers saw evidences that the company was making persistent efforts to hasten that growth. Those in the Pullmans caught fleeting glimpses of the interiors of other passenger coaches, far less ornate than their own. These were the emigrant cars, in which less affluent citizens and hordes of settlers newly arrived from every country of Europe were moving out to populate the railroad's lands from Omaha to the Pacific.

A vivid picture of life in an emigrant train was preserved by a thin Scot who on an afternoon late in 1879 stood in a group on the station platform at Omaha. As his name was shouted, Robert Louis Stevenson hurried toward the middle of the three dilapidated coaches at the end of a freight train. He found himself in a long narrow box filled with hard benches, a wood-stove at one end, a watercloset at the other, and a row of feeble lamps suspended from the ceiling.

The official who had checked the group on board divided the men into pairs, unconditionally guaranteeing the honesty

and sociability of each. Stevenson was rejected on the ground of probable dishonesty by one hairy Yankee, then successfully teamed with an ex-sailor from Pennsylvania. When each man had been provided with a traveling companion, the company representative offered each pair at a bargain price 'the raw materials of a bed' — a board cut to fit the space between the facing benches, and three bags leanly stuffed with straw. The travelers were expected to provide their own blankets. Price of the outfit was \$2.50. Before the train left, — and long after Stevenson and his sailor bedmate had paid over their cash, — the offering price fell to \$1.50. A few stations beyond Omaha, peddlers besieged the cars offering identical outfits for forty-five cents.

Domestic arrangements of the emigrants were ingenious. Passengers pooled their resources to buy not only beds but toilet articles, cooking utensils, and food. Stevenson invested in a tin washbasin, his bedmate in a towel; a third member was admitted to the syndicate upon purchase of a cake of soap. The railroad company supplied the water and fuel for the stove, in which, before the sun rose, a fire was crackling. Coffeepots bubbled on its top, bread was toasted, and eggs broken into sizzling frying pans. Soon the rising sun revealed the passengers crowded about their bedboards, converted into breakfast tables, and an air of optimism and mild gayety pervaded the company. It was, Stevenson recorded, the pleasantest part of the day.

The emigrants had trials not shared by more prosperous tourists. Passengers on the low-fare trains were subjected to petty graft by trainmen. One account tells of a trip in which passengers had to take up a collection three times a day to bribe the crew to stop at eating stations. If the bribe was not forthcoming, the train stopped only at points where there were no restaurants.

Other forms of extortion ranged from working agreements with gamblers, who

set up faro games in the coaches, to the admission of peddlers of fake jewelry, furs, and mining stocks. Thieves preyed on passengers' property while the latter slept or ate. Victims naïve enough to complain at headquarters at the end of the journey received nothing more substantial than the promise of an 'immediate investigation' from an incredulous clerk. Some effort was made to clean up the situation, but abuses continued for years. Leland Stanford, testifying before the Pacific Railroad Commission at San Francisco in the middle '80s, denied that he had ever received a share of the profits of professional gamblers operating on the trains.

## XXXIX

During the first years of Central Pacific operation, running time between Omaha and Sacramento was four and a half days. The daily through train left Omaha at noon and arrived the next morning at Cheyenne. The attractions of the second day included the approach to the Rockies. Toward noon a stop was made at Sherman. The little wooden station bore a placard giving its elevation as 8000 feet — 'highest railroad station in the world.' Passengers descended to inhale the cold light air that blew constantly through the pass, and to regard the bleak mountain scenery. The rest of the day the train wound through the mountains, crossed the elevated Laramie plains, and passed on toward the Utah line.

Utah roused the heightened interest of tourists, few of whom failed to make the detour, over the forty-mile Utah Central road, to the City of the Saints. There they inspected the domed tabernacle, familiarized themselves with the exterior of Brigham Young's disappointingly modest 'mansion,' and speculated on the marital status of every woman they encountered on the shady, well-kept streets.

Those who saw Brigham Young found

the portly, seventy-year-old President of the Saints a disappointment. His appearance was that of a prosperous but harassed business man, hardly the ogre of legend who divided his time between plotting insurrections against the Republic and his duties to his multiple wives.

Fears of Mormons that the opening of the transcontinental line might mean the doom of their religion proved groundless. Brigham Young's remark that 'a religion that can't stand a railroad is n't worth its salt' (a common commodity there) was recalled with admiration. The completed line opened new markets for the fruits and grains of the valley, brought in settlers (many of whom became converts), provided funds for world-wide missionary efforts, and drew a lucrative tourist trade. As Young had shrewdly foreseen, the coming of the railroad prolonged the life of Mormonism.

During early operation the junction of the two lines remained at Promontory. There west-bound passengers bade farewell to the Pullmans, for the Central Pacific had not yet agreed to use the new-fangled cars. Until termini were moved to Ogden, the bleak village of Promontory prospered, for there through passengers waited while mail and baggage were transferred. The process never occupied less than an hour; when one or another of the trains was late, the delay extended to half a day. The surroundings were desolate, and bored passengers had to look to the town for means of passing the time.

In the early months of 1870 a young Englishman named Rae became Promontory's unwilling guest during the two-hour wait between trains and strolled down its street to study the inhabitants at their work and play. He was struck by a certain incongruity between the street signs and the structures they advertised. A board shanty bore the name Pacific Hotel, a weather-beaten tent that of the Club House, and the false front of an unpainted frame hut, in large sun-

bleached letters, the Continental House. Toward the lower end of the street, the Englishman's curiosity was doubly attracted by a line of tiny cottages, crowded close together, their doors opening directly on the board sidewalk. These bore no signs; moreover, their windows presented the novelty of 'neatly arranged muslin curtains.' But closer inspection revealed that the doorway of the first framed 'three smiling females,' and the tourist hurried back past a huddle of saloons to the town's leading gambling hall.

Rae spent the rest of his stay on the edge of a crowd about a circular table, regarding the operation of a game that looked 'as simple as thimblery' and that bore an odd name: three-card monte. In fifteen minutes he saw a fellow passenger part with every penny in his pockets and learned that the operators sometimes gave their victims a five-dollar gold piece to tide them over until they reached the Coast, and that the profits of a monte table often reached £300 a day. The Englishman picked his way back to his car, convinced that Promontory harbored as unsavory a nest of assassins as he was likely to encounter.

Early travelers were usually disappointed in the Central Pacific's Silver Palace cars, which were inferior in appointments and comfort to the Pullmans. Their name was conceded to be the best thing about them, for they lacked not only the extremes of ornamentation that distinguished the Pullmans, but also the latter's mechanical excellences, including good springs.

Passengers were less comfortable on the run west from Promontory for still another reason. The country traversed the first day out from Ogden was barren and desolate. In summer, heat and alkali dust reduced whole trainloads of travelers to misery. Sweltering in their plush seats, they faced the alternative of keeping doors and windows closed and enduring semi-asphyxiation, or open-

ing them to the clouds of alkali dust that swirled up from the unballasted roadbed — chemically impregnated particles that irritated the throat and lungs 'as keenly as the steel-dust which cuts short the lives of Sheffield needle-grinders.' One August afternoon east of Elko a group of passengers were not comforted when an optimist remarked that with congenial companions and sufficient water to keep the roadbed sprinkled the passage could be made tolerable. The reply was repeated by travelers for years: 'With plenty of water and good company, hell would not be a bad place to pass through.'

Despite discomforts, the crossing of what was still called the Great American Desert did not lack interest. By the '70s, Nevada had succeeded California as the bonanza state. Few of the early tourists crossed the Nevada line without giving thought to the possibility of a lucrative speculation. Those who wished to try their luck never lacked an opportunity. If they descended at any one of half a dozen parched villages between the Nevada line and Reno they were confronted by a cluster of shed-like structures, all announcing themselves the headquarters of mining enterprises and bearing names connoting a high degree of solvency. Earnest individuals drew passengers aside and poured into their ears tales of treasure concealed in dry hillsides near by, needing only a few dollars for filing a claim or completing assays before it could be sold for a staggering sum to some waiting 'syndicate.'

One passenger in 1871 descended at Elko and in less than a quarter of an hour drove what he believed to be the best bargain of his career. He had hardly reached the ground when a stranger approached and offered him a half interest in the Fork and Spoon Mine for \$1000, which he was assured was virtually a gift. 'In five minutes, this very reasonable asking price had been halved, then quartered. By the time the engine was

filled with water, the price had fallen to \$50, then to \$25. The whistle blew and the train began to move. I stepped from the platform, the philanthropist following, still offering me the certainty of wealth. "Give me ten?" he asked, and I shook my head once more. The train was moving faster. "Hell!" he shouted, now running. "I'm tired of mining. Give me a fiver and the claim's yours!" In fifteen minutes I had made a clear gain of \$995 — no, of \$1000, for even his last offer I refused. With a look of entire good nature he let go of the rail, waved his hand in friendly farewell. I had saved \$1000 — but had I let ten millions slip through my fingers?

The compiler of one guidebook warned west-bound passengers that they might save themselves annoyance by forming parties of four to occupy facing seats from Ogden west. As the distance from the Atlantic Coast lengthened, a certain deterioration might be observed in the quality of passengers. Between Omaha and Salt Lake, only those at least partly familiar with the social graces were likely to be encountered in the Pullmans, but in Nevada anyone, excepting only Indians and Chinese, might take it into his or her head to pay the extra fare and ride in the Silver Palace cars. Without a seatmate of his own selection, the tourist from the East might find himself spending the last dozen hours of his journey in close proximity to some affable but unwashed prospector whose sole traveling equipment consisted of a plug of tobacco and a quart bottle of whiskey. Ladies of unblemished respectability were sometimes forced to share seats with perfumed madams of Virginia City's brothels.

Elko, about midway between Winnemucca and the Utah line, was in the beginning '70s the liveliest of the desert towns. Through dusty windows passengers regarded the crowds milling about its sandy streets, elbowing into the packed stores and saloons, while scores of freight wagons took on machinery and

supplies from the lines of cars on the sidings. There one afternoon a curious tourist saw a crated baby carriage lifted to the top of a six-horse stage and, wandering on, paused to regard a circle of Indians on their haunches in the hot sand, oblivious of the surrounding tumult, while they dealt and redealt a pack of tattered cards, their squaws peering intently over their shoulders.

Farther west the same tourist was privileged to see a resplendent redskin, Winnemucca, 'the Napoleon of the Piutes.' Above his bare feet and tattered trousers this Indian patrician wore a military tunic, with huge epaulets, its front encrusted with filth and faded gold braid, the whole surmounted by a feathered headpiece. It was Winnemucca's custom to meet every train at the town named for him and to stalk up and down the platform, one hand thrust between the buttons of his tunic in the pose that justified his title.

#### XL

Wrecks were inevitable, for the road-bed was uneven, tracks had been hastily laid, and the iron rails, spiked to widely spaced cross ties, frequently broke. To the experienced traveler, a series of crashes ahead announced that the engine was off the rails; by the time the cars had jolted to a stop he had resigned himself to a half-day wait and the probability of missing a meal or two. Earlier, when one of the engines of California's first railroads left the rails, it had been necessary only to secure a fence post from the roadside and pry it back on. The heavier locomotives of the Central Pacific required more formal equipment. Among the crew of each train was one man with a knowledge of telegraphy; passengers saw him, iron spikes strapped to his shoes, climb the nearest telegraph pole and send news of the mishap to the nearest division point. After an hour or two the wrecking train appeared, either to lift the engine back on the track or,



if it had been rendered *hors de combat*, to shove it aside for later salvaging and to draw the train to the next station.

In the Sierra, wrecks were likely to be of more consequence. There a derailed engine, instead of ploughing harmlessly into the sagebrush, might careen over a hundred-foot cliff, drawing half the train after it. Not long after the line opened, a cartoon in a San Francisco weekly portrayed a nervous Englishman addressing a fat miner in the seat ahead: 'I say, my man, would you mind leaning toward the centre on the curves?' On parts of the road, notably the passage around Cape Horn, the tracks skirted the edge of sheer cliffs, and coaches overhung a thousand-foot chasm.

To those of steady nerves, however, the passage 'over the hump' into California was easily the most interesting phase of the journey. When the train, drawn by two laboring engines, began the ascent of the winding Truckee River Canyon, bored tourists awoke to new animation. As the climb continued, they caught glimpses back over the heat-blurred Nevada plains. The cars wound upward through forests of pines, plunged abruptly into the snowsheds, — long dim corridors filled with thunderous echoes and smoke from the wood-burning locomotives, — and as abruptly emerged into the brilliant mountain sunshine. Presently faces were pressed to windows for a view of Donner Lake, forest-circled and peaceful, with no hint of its sinister past. The climb continued; a succession of tunnels and snowsheds followed, then a stop near the summit, where engines took on water and passengers stepped into a curious world of chilly sunshine and light, exhilarating air, and, from a height of seven thousand feet, admired a panorama of mountains and canyons, dropping away to the east and west.

If the train was late, the run to Sacramento was seldom reassuring to the timid. At reckless speed, they coasted

toward the lowlands, the light coaches swaying round the curves while wheel flanges screamed against the rails, and the friction of the brakes heated the metal shoes until they glowed red-hot in the dark, and passengers sniffed nervously at the smell of charring wood beneath the coaches. Yet accidents were infrequent, even before air brakes and proper signaling devices were installed. Passengers regained their courage after the first score of curves had been successfully passed.

Other disturbing phases of the passage, however, were less quickly forgotten. Except in midsummer months, the task of keeping passengers warm in the Sierra proved beyond the company's engineers. Later the installation of steam pipes and vestibule cars solved the problem, but neither was available in the '70s. At each opening of the doors the heat generated by the wood-stoves was swept out as though through a funnel.

After a dozen such icy blasts one winter passenger set his chattering teeth and sketched a device that would have solved the problem. He proposed a long rod, to be suspended from the roof of the coach, bent to a right angle at each end, the angles facing in opposite directions, and the arc of each passing over the top of one of the doors. By a half turn of the rod, one door could be opened and the other locked; their simultaneous opening would thus be prevented and the terrors of frigid gusts sweeping through the car would be ended. The drawing was submitted to a skeptical trainman with the request that he turn it over to the company's engineers at Sacramento. With well-founded pessimism, the philanthropist commented in his diary: 'My little invention is far too simple to interest them. They will find a hundred specious reasons why it cannot be adopted and future passengers will continue to suffer the same inconvenience.'

Hostile California papers made much of the discomforts and dangers. The

failure of the company to operate Pullmans over the line in the early years and the delay in installing safety devices were soundly criticized. Ambrose Bierce for years took pleasure in emphasizing what he called 'the methods devised by the railroad company to punish the Demon Passenger.' The following is typical: 'The Overland arrived at midnight last night, more than nine hours late, and twenty passengers descended from the snow-covered cars. All were frozen and half-starved, but thankful they had escaped with their lives.' When the Southern Pacific designated some of its trains 'flyers,' Bierce quoted figures showing the much superior speed of Eastern trains. To the list of dangers a patron of California railroads faced he added another: 'the passenger is exposed to the perils of senility.'

Details of wrecks were realistically recorded in the *Union* and *Bulletin* and later in the *Examiner*, despite protests by railroad officials. From the middle '80s onward, the *Examiner's* ridicule of Central and Southern Pacific trains and the manner of their operation was so damaging that Huntington gave his personal attention to silencing the paper. Nothing could be done, for the young man who owned the *Examiner* had the backing of a multimillionaire mother.

The *Examiner* continued to harp on the safety of Atlantic Coast railroads as compared with those in California. By the familiar journalistic strategy of giving slight mishaps an importance normally reserved for major catastrophes, the public was persuaded that a ride in one of the company's trains was a hazardous experience. 'Last week in Petaluma,' stated an *Examiner* paragraph, 'a man withdrew to his hay-loft, tied one end of a rope to a rafter and the other about his neck. He then stepped through a trap door. Petaluma is not on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad. The citizens of towns that enjoy that privilege can commit suicide with far less fuss and bother.'

When Hearst sent Bierce to Washington in the middle '90s to fight the refunding bill, his attacks on the Southern Pacific first attracted national attention. Heaping ridicule on Huntington and his projects was no new job for the journalist. In California he had been so engaged for two decades, beginning with his editorship of the *News-Letter* in 1868. On August 4, 1888, he wrote in 'Prattle': 'The worst railroads in America are in the West. The worst railroads on the Pacific Coast are those operated by the Southern Pacific Company. The worst railroad operated by the Southern Pacific Company is the Central Pacific. It owes the government more millions of dollars than Leland Stanford has vanities; it will pay it fewer cents than Collis P. Huntington has virtues. It has always been managed by rapacity tempered by incompetence. Let Leland Stanford remove his dull face from the United States Senate and exert some of his boasted "executive ability" disentangling the complexities in which his frankly brainless subordinates have involved the movements of his trains.'

During the early months after its completion, the Central Pacific had no direct connection with San Francisco, and the transcontinental run ended at Sacramento. Passengers who stepped from the cars before the wooden station at the foot of K Street usually stopped overnight at the capital. Those who chose to continue on to the bay had a choice of two routes. They might transfer to the cars of the California Pacific, which operated a sixty-mile road down the valley to Vallejo, where connection was made twice daily with boats for San Francisco. The more popular alternative was the California Steam Navigation Company, the boats of which were the equals, in size and luxury, of any in the country. After days of travel through a bleak and largely uninhabited country, tourists stepped off the overland train and crossed the levee to the deck of the *Yo-Semite* with a sense of

having returned to civilization at its most luxurious.

Dozens of early travelers exhausted their adjectives to describe the wonders of the *Yo-Semite*. The saloon was likened to the baronial hall of an English country seat, its furnishings to the most elegant drawing-rooms. Dining room and state-rooms were cool and spacious, and at night, with hundreds of deck and cabin lamps lighted, the pampered traveler must have looked back without regret to his passage of the Nevada desert only a few hours before.

One fact, however, marred the informed passenger's pleasure in the river boats: their saloons were commonly more satisfactory than their engines, the boilers inferior to the berths. The first twenty years of steam navigation on the Sacramento presented a disconcerting record of foundering, wrecks, and explosions, with a list of victims mounting into the hundreds. But, having survived the perils of the desert and of the Sierra crossing, overland passengers risked the hazards of the trip down the river for the opportunity it gave them for rest and relaxation. Even after the Central Pacific's trains reached Oakland, in 1870, experienced travelers preferred to descend at Sacramento and to spend a few restful hours on one of the river steamers before facing the noise and confusion of the Coast's metropolis.

## XLI

Such were the trials and rewards of the overland trip when transcontinental railroads were new. Nearly seven decades have passed. If these tourists of 1869 were to repeat the journey to-day, who can guess what their sensations might be?

Of course they would recognize the route itself; it is not much changed — Judah and the other pioneer engineers saw to that. The thousand-mile run from Omaha to Ogden is across the identical prairies, but our travelers of

the '60s might wonder at the farmhouses and tilled fields that have transformed their wilderness, and they would surely fail to associate dozens of thriving towns with the bleak way stations of memory. From Ogden west, the rails more frequently leave the old route. After E. H. Harriman assumed control of the road in 1901, he spent millions building the Lucin Causeway across Salt Lake and eliminating scores of snake-like curves in the desert section, and so shortened the distance from Ogden to Reno by nearly fifty miles.

Judah's old route across the Sierra needed few alterations when, soon after the new century began, the line was double-tracked to take care of the heavy traffic he had long ago predicted. To-day, as in 1869, trains follow the same winding grades through the pine forests, round the same high granite spurs, pass beneath the same miles of snowsheds. Here much remains as it was envisaged by the engineer in the '50s; the Sierra crossing is still Judah's monument.

Passengers of 1869 would not fail to recognize the route if they were to pass over it in one of to-day's trains — but what, one might ask, would they think of the train? Progress here might prove too much for their imaginations to grasp; there was so little about the toy-like locomotives and coaches of the early years to suggest the swift and symmetrical streamliners of to-day. The journey from Omaha to Sacramento then required three days. Modern travelers cover the distance in less than twenty-eight hours, gliding over tracks miraculously freed of rattle and jolt and sway, in cars that defeat the elements by the ingenious devices of air conditioning. Radio has displaced the cabinet organ, steam and electricity the wood-stove and kerosene lamp, diners and bars and coffee shops the station eating houses, and the sleek luxury of lounge and club and observation cars suggests but faintly their kinship to the ornate little Pullmans of long ago.

(The End)



## SOL . . . . THE SCORCHER



**E**XTREME heat is a real danger, if you expose yourself too long to the direct rays of the sun or if you are overactive in warm weather. Those with high blood pressure, heart or kidney trouble are in greater danger than those in sound health. Persons who work in foundries, engine rooms or other places where the temperature is excessive should be especially on guard against heat prostration.

Collapse usually comes suddenly and takes one of two forms—either heatstroke or heat exhaustion. They are radically different from each other in the effect upon the sufferer and in the immediate treatment needed.

In heatstroke the face is red or purple, skin dry and hot, temperature high; the patient is usually unconscious. In heat exhaustion, much the opposite effect is noticed. The face is pale, the skin moist and cold, temperature low; the stricken person is usually conscious. In either case call a doctor immediately. Pending his arrival, do what you can to help the patient. Always remember that the *hot* body should be *cooled* and the *cold* body *warmed*.



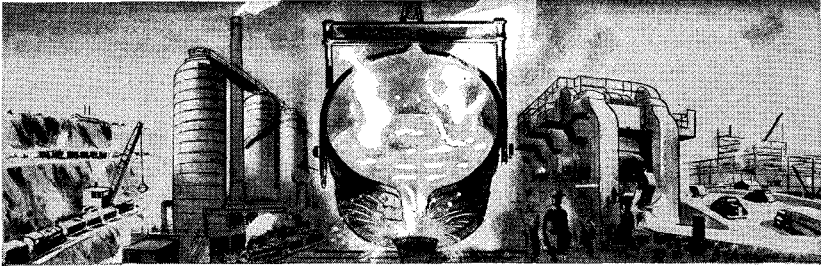
**Heatstroke treatment**—Lay patient on back in a shady place. Remove as much clothing as possible. Reduce temperature by sponging body with cold water. Apply ice bag or cold cloths (iced if possible) to head. Give no stimulants; but after the patient becomes conscious let him have all the cool water he will drink.

**Heat Exhaustion treatment**—Lay patient in reclining position. Loosen clothing. Keep warm with hot-water bottles, blankets, or other means. Give stimulants; tea, coffee, or aromatic spirits of ammonia (1 teaspoonful in  $\frac{1}{2}$  glass water).

Should a hot spell come, wear light, porous clothing. Avoid unnecessary exposure to sun or excessive heat, indoors or outdoors. Keep your head covered when in the scorching sun. Drink adequate amounts of cool water. Use a liberal amount of salt with food to replace the salt lost through perspiration. Observe healthful living habits—sufficient sleep, frequent baths, well-selected and usually light foods. Send for the Metropolitan leaflet "Heat Exhaustion and Sunstroke." Address Booklet Department 738-T.

## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* • ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. • LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*  
Copyright, 1938, by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company



## The Industry for Industry

STEEL—the master tool of civilization—has been a dynamic force in American progress.

The American standard of living is made possible by more than 100,000 steel products—things we use directly, such as refrigerators and automobiles, and the things which serve us indirectly, like machines, bridges and power lines. The amount of steel in use in this country is estimated at 18,000 pounds per person, which is 50% to 200% more than in other leading steel producing countries.

In 1865 the United States was producing only 3% of the world's steel. By 1900 it was producing nearly 50%. In 1937, however, America produced only 38%. The growth of the steel industry in America was not due so much to an abundance of raw material as to an abundance of private enterprise—the necessary alloy for human progress.

Individual initiative and steel seem mutually attractive. 9 out of 10 steel executives rose from the ranks. 93% of steel workmen rate as skilled or partly skilled. Steel is a progressive, rugged business ready to spend millions to keep its plants modern, to develop new processes and to further metallurgical research. More than \$320,000,000 was so spent in 1937, without taking into account some \$200,000,000 spent for maintenance and repairs.

The capital investment for each job in this industry is \$11,500, and approximately 500,000 men are normally employed at wage rates which in 1937 were 25% above 1929—triple the average rate paid to steel workers in eight foreign countries. Taxes of \$169,000,000 paid by the industry in 1937 were 65% greater than in 1929 and equivalent to \$330 for each worker employed.

*As bankers for commercial and industrial enterprises, it is part of our responsibility to contribute something to a better understanding of the facts about private business.*

## BANK OF NEW YORK & TRUST COMPANY

NEW YORK'S FIRST BANK • 48 Wall Street, New York • FOUNDED IN 1784

UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET

Copyright 1938—Bank of N. Y. & Trust Co.



# Educational DIRECTORY

## SCHOOLS

### ANNA HEAD SCHOOL

For Girls. Est. 1887. College Preparatory and General Courses. Accredited—East and West. Post Graduate Department. Lower School. Tennis, Swimming, Hockey, Riding the year round. A home-like school in a college town. MR. AND MRS. T. R. HYDE, 2524 Channing Way, Berkeley, Calif.

### —LOW—HEYWOOD— *On the Sound—At Shippan Point*

Established 1865. Preparatory to the leading colleges for Women. Also General Course. Art and Music. Separate Junior School. Outdoor Sports. For catalog, write  
Mary Rogers Roper, Headmistress, Box A, Stamford, Conn.



### OAK GROVE

A FRIENDS SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

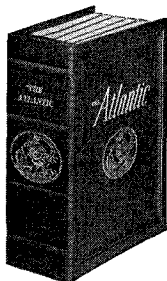
Emphasizes Preparation for College and Gracious Living. Music, Art, Expression. Upper and Lower Schools. Grad. Course Sec. Science. Joyous outdoor recreation.  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Owen, Box 126, Vassalboro, Me.

## MUSIC

**LOVERS** 100,000 of the finest records in the world on sale at 50c and 70c per record (value \$1.50 and \$2). The Symphonies, Chamber Music, Operas, etc. of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Wagner, etc. Mail Orders. Catalog. The Gramophone Shop, Inc., 18 E. 45th Street, New York.

## WANTED ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS

For Immediate Consideration . . . . . Send Poems to  
COLUMBIAN MUSIC PUBLISHERS LTD. Dept. P20 Toronto, Canada



Keep **TIDY**  
with a  
**PERMO-  
BINDER.**

Sturdy, easy to use, and very attractive in its green and gold cover, the PERMO-BINDER will enable you to keep as many as six copies of your ATLANTIC always on hand. You can insert your magazines in the PERMO-BINDER without marring, and remove any one copy without disturbing the rest.

**\$1.50**

POSTPAID

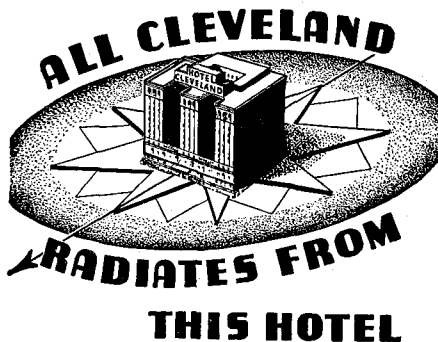
Remit to the American Binder Co.,  
551 Fifth Avenue, New York City

## New Zealand AUSTRALIA

### ALL-EXPENSE TOUR \$513 up Cabin Class

Follow the sun down over the equator on a visit to the fabulous wonderland of New Zealand. 51-day all-expense tours give you 16 days in New Zealand with visits to Hawaii and Fiji on the way there and back. \$687 up First Class; \$513 up Cabin Class. 51-day tour to Australia, \$519 up Cabin Class. See YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or Canadian Pacific: New York, Chicago, 39 other cities in United States and Canada.

*Canadian  
Australasian*



● Under the same roof with you are the five fine buildings of the Terminal development, and the Union Terminal itself. And rooms are luxuriantly comfortable, and meals are famous. *Everyone tries to prove we're glad to have you with us.*

**HOTEL  
CLEVELAND**  
*Cleveland*

A novel of imagination and energy — a stark record of the Asiatic Cossacks of the White Russian Army, led by Baron Ungern-Sternberg —

## *The* **MOUNTAINS AND THE STARS**

By VALENTIN TIKHONOV

Two boys tell the story in terms of their experiences during the gradual destruction of that brutal yet courageous division. \$2.50



*Moments in the life of  
a beloved American*

## **MY FATHER**

*An Intimate Portrait of  
Dwight Moody*

By Paul D. Moody

"Dwight Moody is blessed in having a son who understands him so well, and who can share his affectionate reverence with the readers of this lovely tribute."

—BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

*Illustrated.* \$1.75

*A nature writer takes leave  
of his familiar ground*

## **GOODBYE WEST COUNTRY**

By Henry Williamson

"He is hard to surpass when it comes to describing the life of the English countryside."  
—N. Y. TIMES

"It is not merely beautiful prose, it is intensely and everlastingly factual stuff."—N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE "BOOKS"

*Illustrated.* \$3.00

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS • BOSTON, MASS.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Where is the Author TO WIN \$5,000

for the most interesting unpublished work of  
Non-Fiction submitted before May 1, 1939

## THE KIND OF BOOK

The subject may be biographical, historical, philosophic, or critical. It may be a significant excursion into economics, politics, or morals, a narrative of human adventure, or a journal of stirring events seen at first hand. The book may deal with life in the United States or Europe, or indeed with any explored portion of the globe. In short, *it may be on any subject under the sun.* But it must be interesting—and veritable. Since this competition is confined to book material, we recommend the convenient length of not less than 75,000 nor more than 150,000 words.

## VALUE OF AWARD

The prize is offered jointly by the Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown & Company, who have already conducted four highly successful contests in the field of non-fiction. In 1929 the prize was awarded to the author of GRANDMOTHER BROWN'S HUNDRED YEARS; in 1931 to Professor Archer Butler Hulbert's FORTY-NINERS; in 1933 to POOR SPLENDID WINGS, THE ROSSETTIS AND THEIR CIRCLE, by Frances Winwar; and in 1935 to Mari Sandoz's OLD JULES. Each was acclaimed by critics and readers; each won a place on the national list of best sellers.

W

## THE JUDGES

The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of the Atlantic Monthly Press. The announcement of the winner will, it is hoped, follow within two months of the close of the contest.

## THE PRIZE

To the winning author on the date of announcement, \$5,000 will be paid — \$3,000 as an outright prize, \$2,000 as an advance on account of royalties. This sum is for book rights alone.

For more detailed information write to the  
**FIFTH NON-FICTION CONTEST**  
The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston, Mass.



**MR. GILBERT SELDES**  
*and* **COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM**  
*Discover a Mutual Interest*



photograph of cathode ray tube used in television reception. *Courtesy Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.*

IN May, 1937, *Atlantic's* audience read with interest a penetrating article by Gilbert Seldes, "The Errors' of Television." In that audience as subscribers were executives of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc. They had long recognized their responsibility for riding the flickering image of television through the experimental stages to ultimate clarity. And quite naturally the technique of program development for this

new medium must be directed by an individual with an experienced background in the theatre, and an unbounded imagination.

Until reading Mr. Seldes' challenging article, they had been unaware of his extraordinary grasp of this particular subject. Within ten days Mr. Seldes was called into conference with the heads of Columbia. Shortly thereafter he assumed his new responsibilities as Director of Television Programs.

*Another example of the vitality of Atlantic audience and its breadth of interest. To advertisers, further evidence that, whether your product be the newest automobile or the oldest antique silver, a luxurious tour of the world or a device to make home more comfortable, here is a group of 100,000 it pays to cultivate!*

**THE** *Atlantic*  
**MOST QUOTED PERIODICAL IN AMERICA**  
 Boston • New York • Chicago • Los Angeles • San Francisco